June 6, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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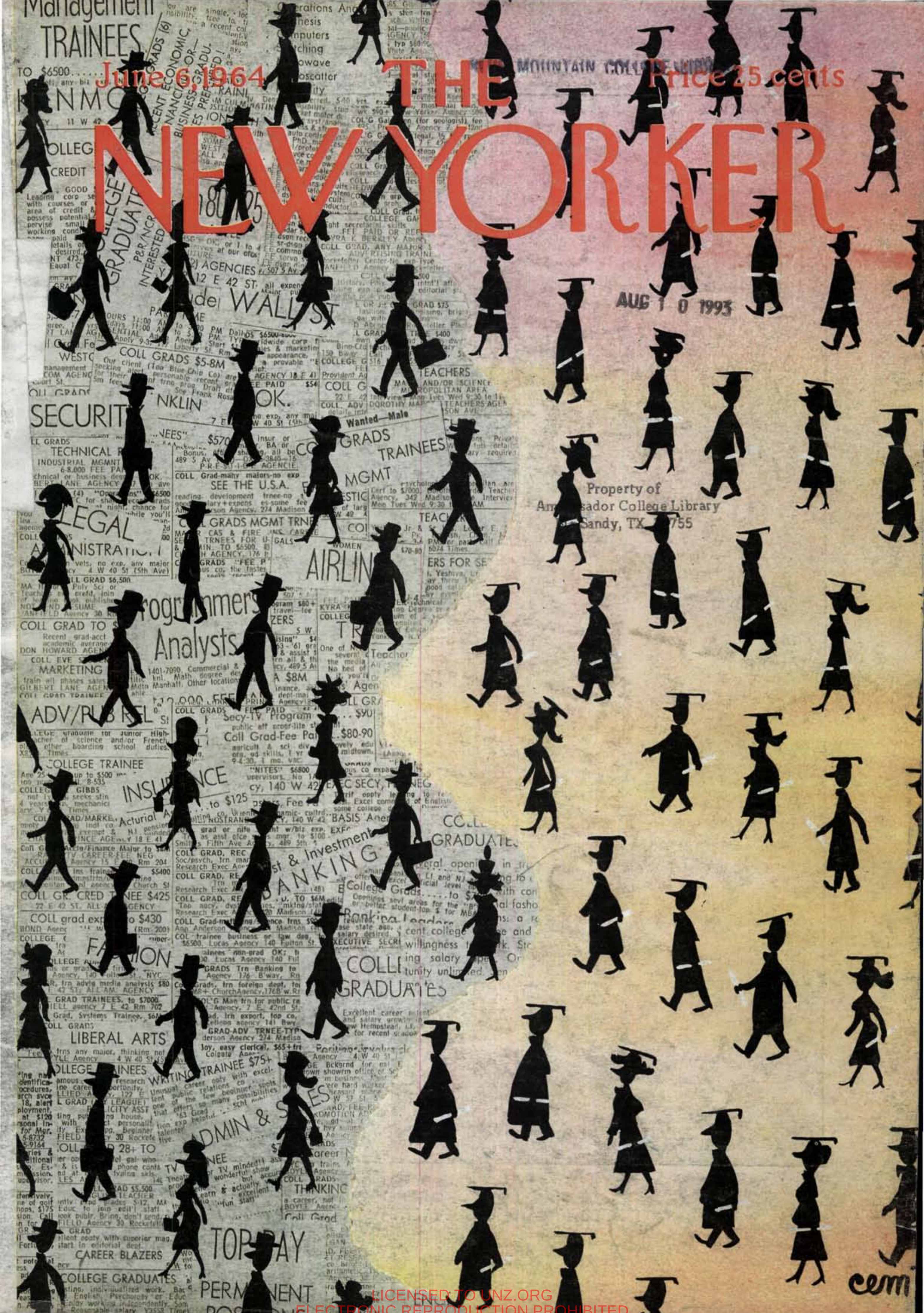
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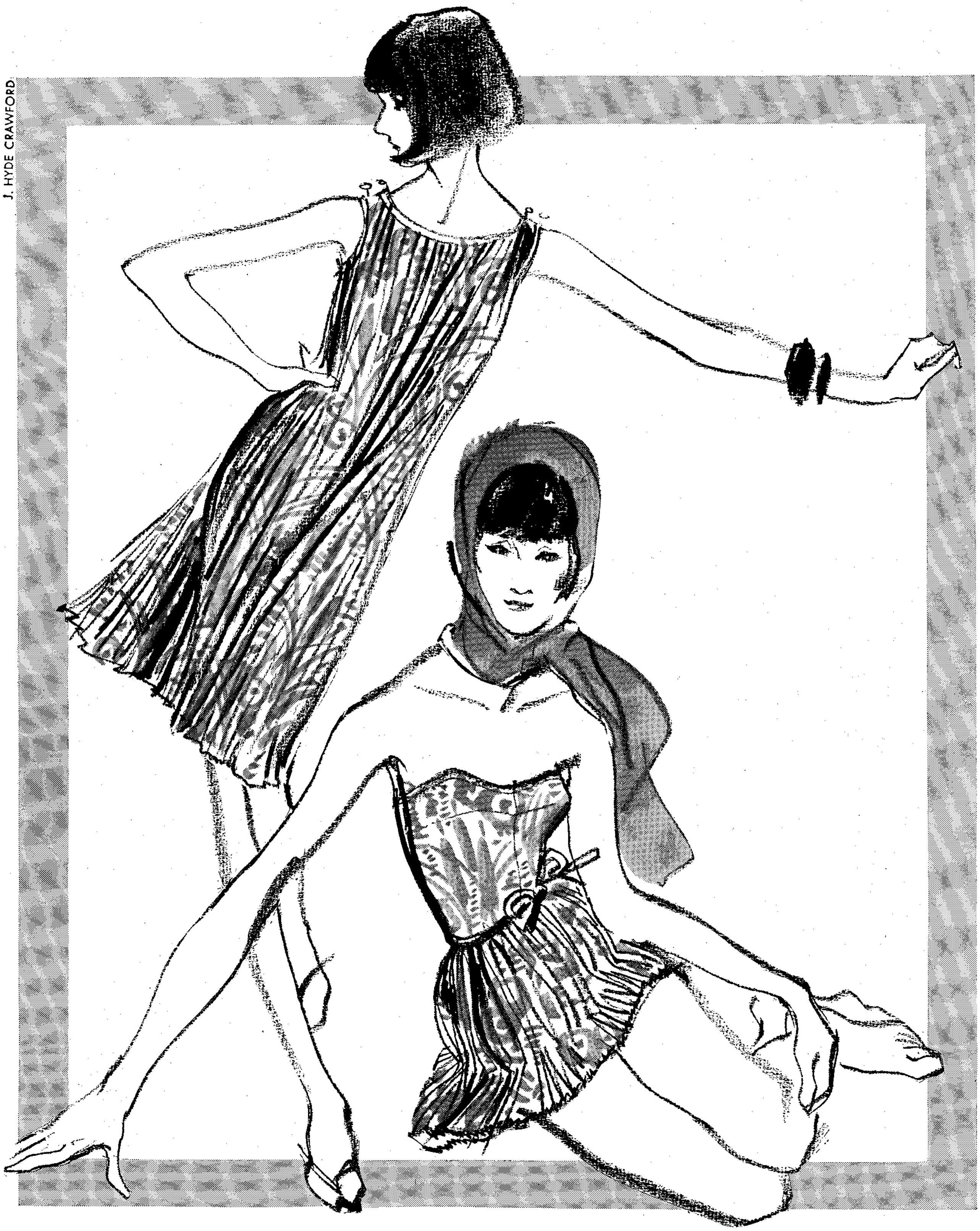

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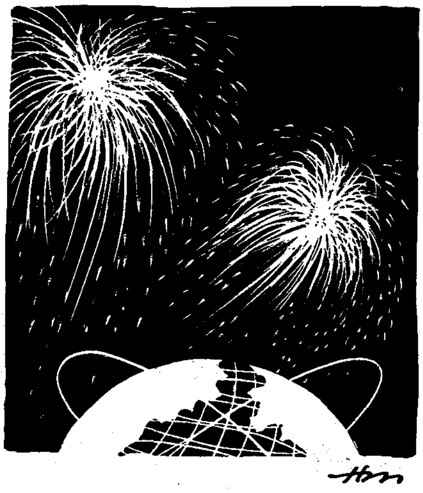
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. There is a hint of an Equity strike in the air at this writing, so it would be wise to keep an eye on the newspapers.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—The title of this disaster derives from a record designed to teach parakeets how to talk. Neither the parakeet nor the three other actors on view (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and James Costigan) seem to get the hang of the language. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given his play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar, who were directed by Mike Nichols, are very diverting in it. Starting Monday, June 8, Penny Fuller will fill in for Miss Ashley for three months. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine has recently succeeded Jeremy Brett in the leading role. Emlyn Williams portrays Pius XII. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A very virile portrayal of the Prince of Denmark by Richard Burton and a very remarkable depiction of Polonius by Hume Cronyn distinguish this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also in it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Barry Nelson (who has replaced Robert Preston) is the star of the show, which was written by Ronald Alexander and ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Roar Like a Dove—Hanky-panky in a Scottish castle, where the laird, after breeding six daughters, wants to have one more try for a son. A bit flimsy, but well acted by a cast headed by Charlie Ruggles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the ups and downs of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Written by Frank D. Gilroy, the play concerns itself with the return of a Second World War soldier to his native haunt, where his father and mother are constantly bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The White House—Vignettes of various Presidents and their wives as they went about housekeeping in the capital. Helen Hayes, Fritz Weaver, James Daly, and a fine supporting cast do well in portraying everybody from Washington to Wilson, plus assorted wives. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—MARY, MARY: An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602, 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 16, June 6, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

**This summer,
when it's mob violence
at just about every resort,
where can you find a place
with unpeopled beaches, and
water like green-blue glass?
Where can you walk in a forest
freckled with wild fruit
and dangle your feet
in a rushing mountain stream?
Where can you find a place
where people have time
to be friendly,
and good times just happen
all by themselves?**

**We'll give you a clue.
It's not the Jersey Shore.**

It's an island. With time on its hands.

Where an ebony-faced bobby in his dazzling white uniform takes a moment to chat when you ask directions. Where a *river raftsman poles his way downstream* a little slower and points out the tiny tree frogs as you glide under an overhanging mango tree. Where half a mile of sunny beach is an intimate place.

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At the Montego Beach Hotel the man in charge of the outdoor bar takes time to teach you to make his incomparable Planter's Punch. At dinner, your waiter takes you on a leisurely tour of the continental menu. And then he lingers a moment to describe a native dish (perhaps Dip and Fall Back or peppery-hot Stamp and Go) which the chef will gladly prepare to your order.

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All for one humane, off-season half-price.

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3 Hotels/Jamaica: Montego Beach Royal Caribbean Jamaica Inn

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top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . **OLIVER!**: An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. Performance Thursday, June 4, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," S. N. Behrman's seriocomic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of literary types, is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinions. Performances Friday, June 5, at 8:30; Saturday, June 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 9-11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire, now thirty-six years old, which contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Performances Sunday, June 7, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 12, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 13, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY—The troupe from Stratford-on-Avon trying to make some headway against the malfunctioning acoustics of the New York State Theatre. The final performances of a three-week repertory. "King Lear," with Paul Scofield: Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "The Comedy of Errors," with Ian Richardson and Alec McCowen: Saturday, June 6, at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"My Fair Lady," with Myles Eason, Marni Nixon, Reginald Gardiner, and Russell Nype, is the last in a series of three shows. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 8:30, and Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Saturday, June 6, and Saturday, June 13, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles": Sunday, June 7, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday, June 9, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLOOD KNOT—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CINDY—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DUTCHMAN and **THE AMERICAN DREAM**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream." Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOME MOVIES—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager, and by Orson Bean who doubles as producer. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE KNACK—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE NEW TENANT and **VICTIMS OF DUTY**—The nonstop prankishness of Eugene Ionesco in a tandem of one-acters. The second play has its moments, though. With Joseph Chaikin, Michael Howard, and Anthony Holland. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, June 7.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE THIRD EAR—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WORLD OF KURT WEILL IN SONG—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

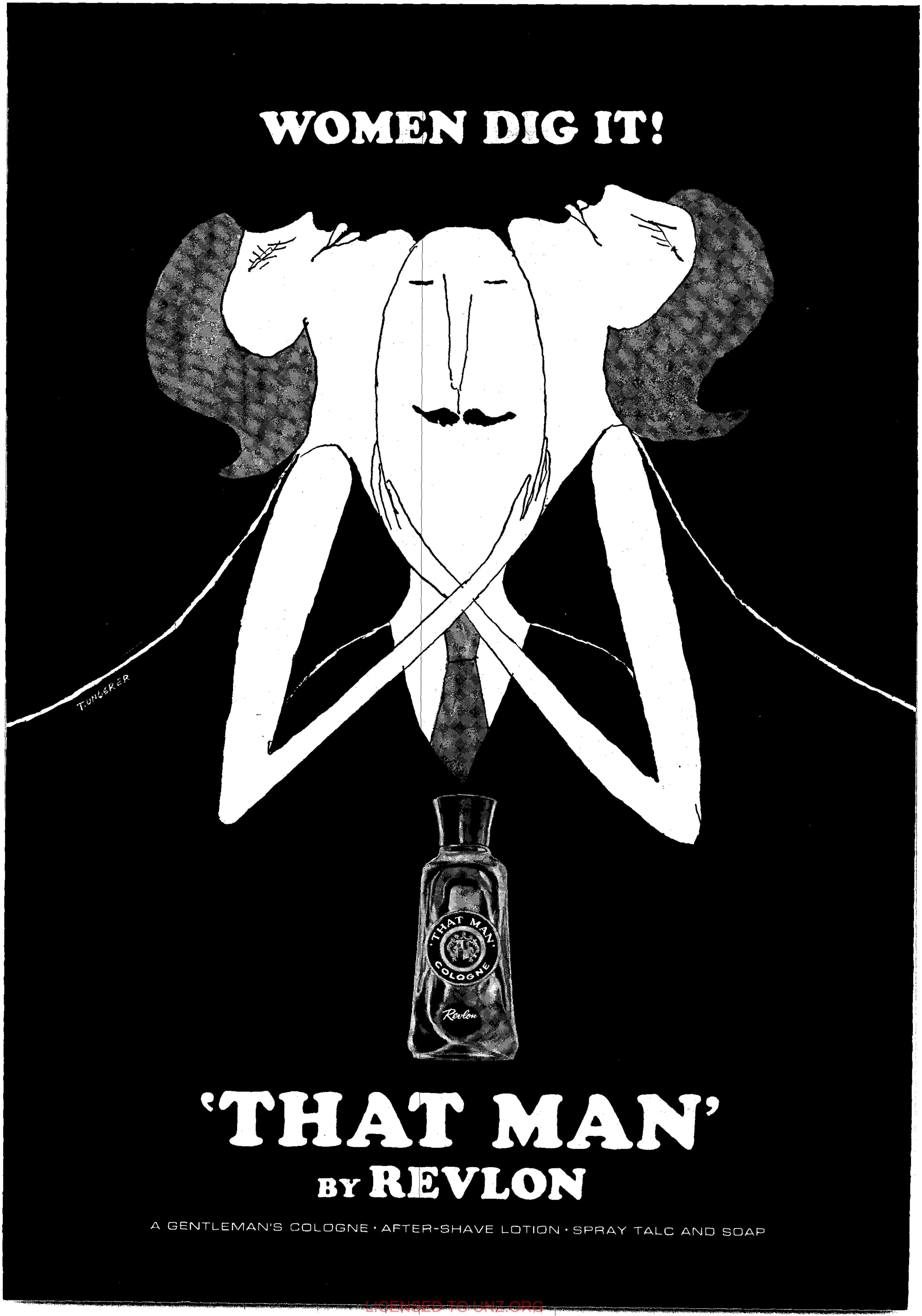
DANCE PROGRAMS

BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY—Fifty dancers and musicians, in a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, June 9, and will run through Sunday, June 28. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15. Opening night and Friday, June 12, will be benefit performances.)

MISCELLANY

FOLIES-BERGÈRE—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—"Hamlet," with Alfred Ryder, Julie Harris, and Howard Da Silva, will be the first in a series of three plays by the company. Free performances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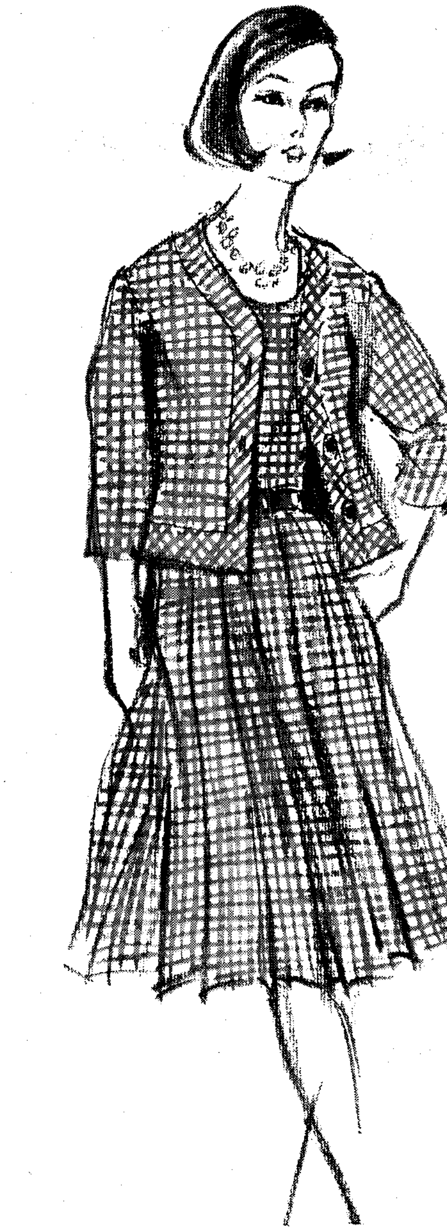

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

start on Wednesday, June 10, and will run through Saturday, July 4. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—All that glitters is not Liberace, but this is hard to believe when, arrayed like Solomon, he sits down at the piano in the Royal Box. Dinner and supper are his stint; there is dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the dining room, whose walls are covered with flora never before seen by the eye of man. In the midst of this astonishment, George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. Sundays, the band is there from one to three as well. The musicians stay home on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Old Order changes, but only into its dinner jackets. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—This is the new name of one of our friendly neighborhood Longchamps, done over into the red plush public rooms of a quite splendid night boat to Albany, Providence, or Nepenthe. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two: all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—does the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the plan.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band provides the dance music. Yvette Souviron, who carols as she strokes a keyboard, is the rest of the music; Mondays are her vacations.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt, who loves to play at being *formidable* or just feline, is always able to find precisely the songs to suit her varying temperatures. She occupies the Persian Room at dinner and supper; dancing occurs to the hummings of the Emil Coleman band and Mark Monte's small assemblage of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court turns pink and lavender with delight, and becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. The moon sets at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The band of Peter Duchin throbs in the Maisonette, which—like his music—is highly ornamental. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos' tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this; Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—You'll know where the wild thyme grows when you watch our *jeunesse dorée* revel on the dance floor, almost at risk of life and beautiful limb. The setting purports to be the house that Somerset Maugham built in the Cairo of another day. The music, simultaneously created by both machinery and mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

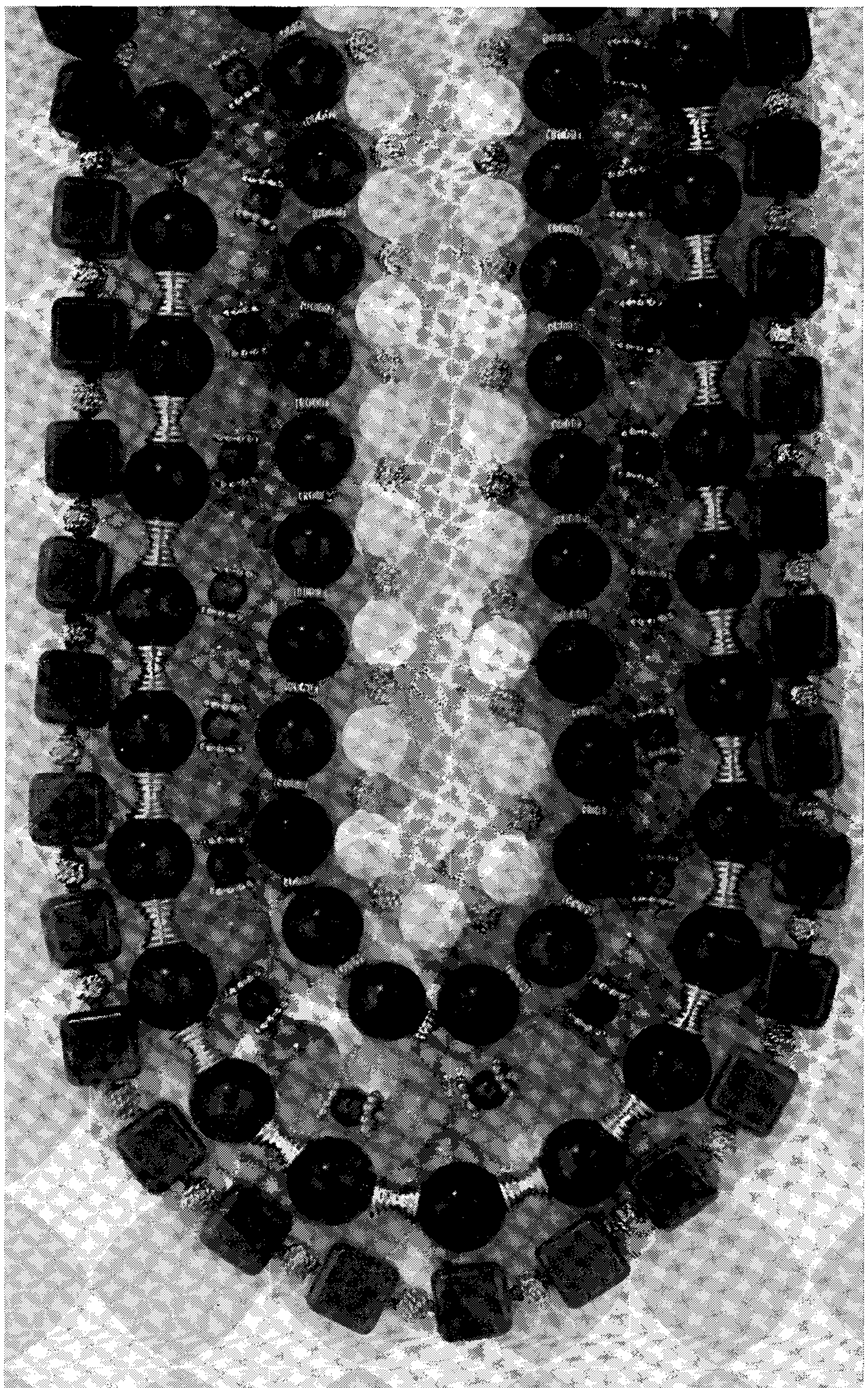
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tripping in the Embassy Club is done to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Electronic music fills in, rather hollowly, when the Shaws take their cat naps. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The children's hour has been extended to well past midnight in the Empire Room, because Paul Anka, who exerts a charm that passeth nearly all understanding, serves as Pied Piper at both dinner and past-bedtime sessions. A perky Meyer Davis orchestra ushered by Emery Davis, and the small band of Horace Diaz, are always on deck. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence where a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) comfortably reënact, in song and story, the scenes of their crimes. The tiny opera company is under the baton of Aldo Bruschi, a pianist who often joins in with his choristers, and *commedia dell'arte* raises its head (and its slapstick) now and then, employing words that, for better or worse, are American. There is leisurely dancing, too, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, who has always dreamed he dwelt in marble halls, now wakes up at ten-thirty to find that he is in one, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. The ensuing song and cavorts are as life-giving as anything in town. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem, love life, are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, held only Fridays and Saturdays, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Forrest Perrin strolls with judicious calm up and down his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with life in Iberia. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are beginning to seem imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in an East Side translation, full of small and large talk. The perambulating corps of violinists are under the wing of the mighty Herman Honigsberg, and a lesser troupe of guitarists falls in behind. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Participants (j.g.) in the performing arts use this as an evening community hall. They find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when solo piano fills in. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer and his leisurely piano are on duty from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Total recall of a Budapest that is now only a memory is the primary occupation of the zimbalonists, fiddlers, sopranos, and tenors (Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, to name one) who are on hand every night but Monday. Dancing. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She and piano and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue, i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who toys with his piano only from six to nine-thirty and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Non-stop but non-obtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner by Kurt Maier's trio, to which one can dance a little. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. No music Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Lovely womanhood stooping to lovely follies is the dominant theme of "Diamond Fair," an opulent pageant that has thirty sterling examples of l. w. on its staff. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Commanding performances are the specialty of Ella Fitzgerald, who can deal conclusively with ballad, bop, and banter. Her assistance is the quartet of Roy Eldridge. Wild Bill Davis's trio is around, too. On Monday, June 8, the scene changes; i.e., the Smothers Brothers, who are a bit better than anyone else at mocking the dead-and-deadly-earnest folk singers, plus—to give the other side of the story—Trini Lopez, a very updated version of a folk singer. Closed Sundays. ... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Hoofing (not loafing) on the job is the order of the evening, which is devoted to a revue, "Vive les Girls," made up almost entirely of very tall young ladies and very small bikinis. The peak of the splendid cast of singers, prancers, and acrobats is Jeanie Stevens, a Hebe upon whom permanent citizenship of this town should be conferred. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the current Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Delphi Harrington, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of fine flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing.... ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. ... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The Muffled Report," No. 3 of the series of dissenting opinions filed by the mask-and-wiggers who call themselves The Establishment, is a complete explanation of how to succeed in government (anywhere in the English-Speaking Union) without trying at all. The performance is the work of the very nearly priceless John Bird, Eleanor Bron, and Jeremy Geidt. Dottie Dodgion, the girl drummer of Marian McPartland's trio, does the ballads, and David Battley, an adroit outfielder, gets into a lot of the acts. There are exhibits at nine and eleven-thirty. Miss McPartland's up-and-at-'em progressive trio appears both onstage and, after the second showing, in the very Piccadilly bar. A rather British dinner and supper menu is part of the accompaniment. The final curtain for the revue falls on Saturday, June 6; starting Monday, June 8, the McPartlands will be the sole entertainment from cocktails through supper. Closed Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," the new revue put forth by the Second City company, is a block-by-block search of our town that brings to light a number of situations, both lighthearted and lugubrious, that no one else seems to have noticed. Contributions beyond the call of duty are made by Severn Darden and Jack Burns; excellent work is appended by Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, Bob Dishy, and Dick Schaal. The music that surrounds these players is composed and performed, on a variety of instruments, by Tom O'Horgan. Also on hand (if his more pressing public appearances allow) is Dick Gregory, an inquiring reporter of great acumen, who has extended his engagement through Friday, June 12. Beginning time is eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): High is the gear into which Felicia Sanders puts her cantatas, and tense are the lyrics, none of them run-of-the-mill. Miss Sanders gets tremendous uplift from the pianos of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn. On Tuesday, June 9, Isobel Robins, that sunny little troupial, with her hand-picked collection of soubrette chansons, will be added to the cast. Closed Mondays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A small Cuba Libre, with cuisine to match and a great deal of music, all of it Latin, too. The brief floor show is of little consequence except when Libertad Lamarque, who has served a long term as cinema and stage *grande dame*, is singing and talking to her volatile constituency. On Monday, June 8, she will give way to Fernando Albuerne, another singer from Latin America. There is also dance music for the customers, not only every night but on Sunday afternoons.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The present incumbents are Max Morath, his rackety-rax piano, his cigar, his sleeve garters, and his stop-at-nothing gay-nineties quartet. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The cast of characters includes Woody Allen, none of whose pearls of wisdom and whimsey are artificial; the Modern Folk Quartet, a just about average outfit of singers; Judy Henske, a strapping girl with a strapping voice and a small regard for the nonsensicalities of hill-and-dale song; and the Red Onion Jazz band, which considers the banjo the greatest invention since the Ark. Mondays other musicians are in possession.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffee-house specializing in folklore and original wit. The squadron of Jim, Jake, and Joan, though young and venturesome, takes ample care of the wit's end of the entertainment; the current folksters are of smaller calibre. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Woody Herman's Herd and Red Allen's quartet blow their and the audience's tops. On Monday, June 8, Maynard Ferguson's shrill cicadas will replace the Herd. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Coltrane, whose horn is a walking-beam up and down the scale, removes his foursome on Thursday, June 4. Next evening, Lennie Tristano's quintet, which now includes Lee Konitz, comes back home. Anything, as one can see, for the sake of modernity is the watchword in this tiny hero-sandwich foundry. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Dave McKenna like to work out on a fast track, but are willing to diminish the pace whenever someone feels inclined to dance. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, now has four sidemen. He and they stay home Mondays. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, are assigned to droppers-in.... **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Tuesday, June 9, is the beginning night for Anita Sheer, who belongs on the very small approved list of American musicians who comprehend the state of mind pertaining to flamenco guitar and song.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. The music is now no great shakes. What matters is that recess is declared at midnight on week nights, ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturdays, and ten-thirty on Sundays so that Tessie O'Shea, a British music-hall song-and-story hand, can do her

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bland, cozening turn.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) in residence here may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERBERT AACH—Paintings; through Friday, June 12. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ALBERTO COLLIE—Sculptures; through June 20. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BERNARD KRIGSTEIN—Paintings; through June 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

BORIS MARGO—Sculptured canvases; through Saturday, June 6. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LUCIANO MINGUZZI—Twenty-one bronze studies for the fifth and final door of the Cathedral in Milan by a contemporary Italian; through June 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL REBEYROLLE—Paintings; through Saturday, June 6. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SECCOMBE—Welded-iron sculptures; through June 18. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

KURT SELIGMANN—Twenty years of prints and drawings; through June 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EVERETT SHINN (1876-1953)—Oils (on theatrical subjects), watercolors, gouaches, and pencil drawings, against a background of drawings and watercolors by Joseph Stella, Robert Henri, William Glackens, and other contemporaries; through Saturday, June 6. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND—Semi-abstract paintings done within the past two years by this English artist; through Friday, June 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

PETER TAKAL—Lithographs of nature and of man; through Friday, June 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN—Watercolors, gouaches, and drawings; through June 20. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

CHARLOTTE YAZBEK—Sculptures in bronze; through June 30. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

SCULPTURES—Nineteenth-century Puerto Rican *santos;* through Friday, June 12. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Carlyle Brown, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) ... **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: "The American Penny Machine," a display of fortune-telling, noise, strength, and movie machines, dating from the turn-of-the-century penny arcade;

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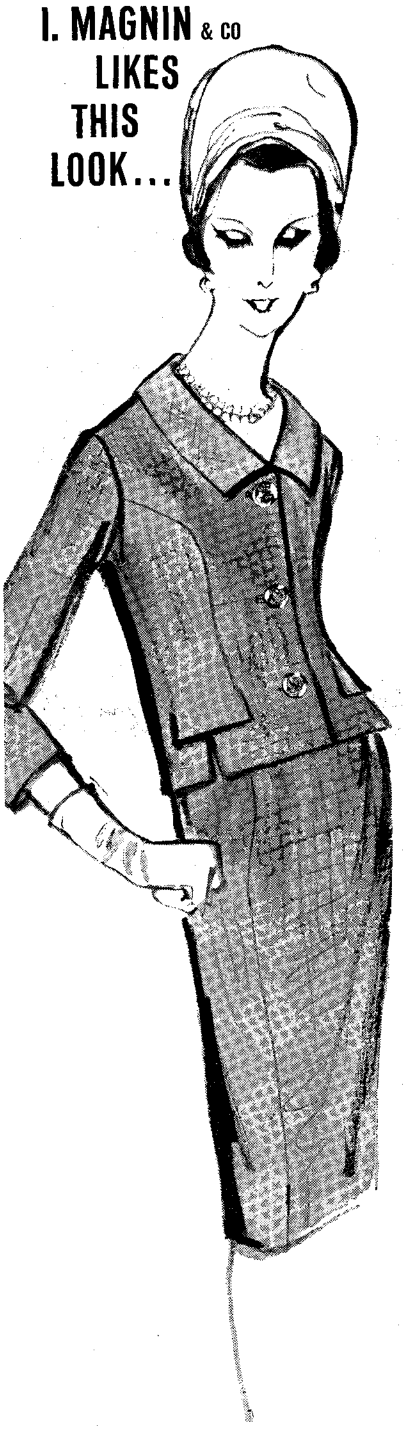

PERFECTIONIST'S SILK . . . RICHLY TEXTURED AND JADE GREEN FOR A SUIT OF GREAT ELEGANCE DESIGNED BY BETTINA WITH CARVED JADE BUTTONS RIMMED IN GOLDEN METAL, 8 TO 16 SIZES 200.00

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, June 6. . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: Robert Gwathmey, William King, John Paul Jones, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: "New York City" is the theme of this year's summer show of paintings (1913-63) and some of the artists are Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler, and Mark Tobey; through Friday, June 5. . . . DURLACHER, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the participants in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GRANVILLE, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Ronnie Elliott, James House, James Brewer, and others; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GREEN, 15 W. 57th St.: Hard- and soft-edge paintings by Bourgoyne Diller, Neil Williams, Tadaaki Kuwayama, Darby Bannard, and Richard Smith; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as Leonard DeLonga, John Heliker, and John Koch; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays; Saturday hours: noon to 5.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, William Thon, and other gallery artists; through June 27. . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Morris Brose, Leon Hartl, and Reginald Pollack; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PHOENIX, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A show of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by the gallery artists, among them Frank Bernarducci, Herbert Simon, and Alice Forman; through June 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St., and ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings of New York City, by (to mention a few) George C. Ault, John Marin, and Herman Rose, plus sculpture by Louise Nevelson; through June 26. (Both galleries closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . SLOAN, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, 145 E. 72nd St.: New works by Robert Indiana, Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenberg, and the like; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Connor, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . BLACK, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, drawings, and watercolors of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and sculptures of various periods, by, for example, Frederick J. Waugh, Arthur B. Davies, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through Saturday, June 13. . . . IOLAS, 15 E. 55th St.: Bernard Pfriem, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Jean Tinguely are three of the dozen participants in a display of paintings, sculptures, and constructions; through Saturday, June 6. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MARKS, 19 E. 71st St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by Frans Krajcberg, Roger Bolomey, Picasso, and others; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SLATKIN, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies," as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings, by such sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters as Albert Charles Lebourg, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, and Larry Rivers are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "American Painters as Lithographers;" through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ "The Photographer's Eye," a loan show of some two hundred pictures by, among others, Mathew Brady, Edward Steichen, and Cartier-Bresson; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Eighty drawings from the Museum's collection, by such artists as Seurat, Matisse, and Leonard Baskin, are being shown along with a collection of prints from seventeen artists, including Pierre Bonnard, André Derain, and Ben Shahn. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through Sunday, June 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—On permanent exhibition is the Huntington Hartford collection of paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings for magazine and book illustrations, together with some American posters, all done between 1900 and 1920 by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. . . . ¶ Environmental sculpture by the architect, designer, and sculptor Frederick Kiesler; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Chinese sculptures, ceramics, bronzes, and jades from Neolithic times through the Sung Dynasty. (Mondays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through June 19. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The American Craftsman," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by thirty outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to name a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Treasures of the New-York Historical Society, 1804-1964," a display commemorating the hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of the Society. Among the items shown are a copy of the New-York *Gazette* dated March 7, 1726, a letter written in 1774 by Paul Revere, and the only known life portrait of Peter Stuyvesant. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Images of America," an exhibit of prints ranging from pre-Revolutionary times to the present, with Reginald Marsh, John Marin, and Antonio Frasconi numbered among the modern artists; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings purchased during the past five years by members of the Friends of the Whitney Museum for their private collections. Among the artists are Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Andrew Wyeth, and William Zorach. Through June 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460.)

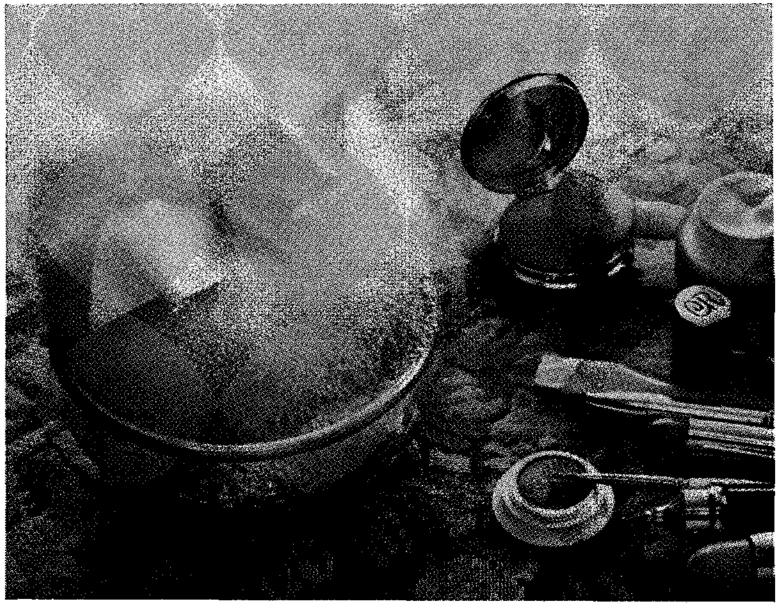
New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, the final performances of the season—Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting a program of English music Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 8:30 (with Lee Venora, soprano); and a program of music based on Shakespearean themes Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Mary Hensley, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Joshua Hecht, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of French music Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 8:30 (with Ozan Marsh, piano, and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and a varied program Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 8:30 (with Toshiya Eto, violin).

Jazz Concert—Thelonious Monk, with an orchestra, in a program of his own compositions. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 6, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Sammy Davis, Jr., Red Buttons, Diahann Carroll, Eydie Gorme, Johnny Ray, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, June 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Shea Stadium:** Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, June 4, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 5, at 8; Saturday, June 6, at 2; and Sunday, June 7, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 9, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, June 10, at 8; and Thursday,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 11, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 12, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, June 13, at 2.

BOXING—Frankie Narvaez vs. Johnny Bizzarro, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 5. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 6.)

GOLF—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7.) . . . ¶ Connecticut Women's Golf Association Stroke Play Tournament. (Cliffside Country Club, Simsbury, Conn. Tuesday, June 9.) . . . ¶ Long Island Seniors' Golf Association Tournament. (North Hempstead Country Club, Port Washington. Thursday, June 11.)

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 7.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 12-14.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 13.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, June 30. The *Belmont,* Saturday, June 6; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 10; and the Coaching Club Oaks, Saturday, June 13. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 5, through Saturday, Aug 8. (A *special train will leave Penn Station* for the track at 11:48. Starting Thursday, June 11, a boat will leave Battery Park at 10:15, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League; Lanerossi vs. Hearts. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, June 7, at 3:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, June 13, at 12:30.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange. Starting Saturday, June 13.)

TRACK—New York Athletic Club Spring Games. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, June 6, at noon.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7.) . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. Monday through Saturday, June 8-13.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45 and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Philip Burton in a benefit performance. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. JU 6-5555. Sunday, June 7, at 8:30.)

KENNEDY EXHIBIT—Photographs, documents, and other mementos of the late President, in a display to be shown in twenty-three cities and eventually placed in the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Daily, 10 to 7; through Saturday, June 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Thursday, June 4, from 9 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—Final auctions of the season—At

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the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Monday, June 8, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculpture, from the estate of Stella Elkins Tyler and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 9, at 8: Paintings, sculptures, furniture, jewelry, and objets d'art, donated by artists and collectors, *in* a benefit auction. Exhibition starts Friday, June 5.

Commencement Dates—Smith, Sunday, June 7; N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 10; and Harvard, Thursday, June 11.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** June 14, June 16-18, June 26-28, June 30-July 5, and July 14-15. . . . **shea stadium:** June 15 (benefit exhibition game, Mets vs. Yankees), June 19-21, June 23-25, July 7 (All-Star game), and July 9-13.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 19-20.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 20.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 1-4.)

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. June 22-26.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 9-12.) . . . ¶ Connecticut State Golf Association Amateur-Pro Championship. (Wallingford Country Club, Wallingford, Conn. July 13.)

Horse Shows—Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. June 14.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 18-21.)

Motorboat Racing—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon, June 21.

Racing—At **ascot,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 16-19. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 20. . . . **aqueduct:** July 1-Aug. 1.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: June 14, 17, 21, and 24, and July 5, 12, and 15.

Sports-Car Racing—At **thompson raceway,** Thompson, Conn.: June 21 and July 5. . . . **watkins glen,** N.Y.: June 28. . . . **lime rock park,** Lime Rock, Conn.: July 11. . . . **bridgehampton race circuit,** Bridgehampton: July 11-12.

Tennis—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 20-28.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 22-July 4.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. June 29-July 5.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 6-10.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 20. . . . ¶ America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. July 8-18.)

Music—Festival Casals, at Carnegie Hall (CI 7-7460), June 15. . . . ¶ Fiesta Mexicana, at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424), June 17-28. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 17-Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 23-Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., July 2-5. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 3-Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Saturday chamber-music concerts by the Berkshire Quartet, at Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., July 4-Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Japan Week, at Philharmonic Hall, July 13-18.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: An adaptation by Randall Jarrell of Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," with Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, and Barbara Baxley. . . . ¶ Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin in a revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," the first of two musicals to be presented by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center, at the New York State Theatre.

Other Dates—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 14; Yale, June 15; and Princeton, June 16. . . . ¶ Second-quarter federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15. . . . ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 17. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Republican National Convention will start on July 13 in San Francisco.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 5-8. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. Gore Vidal wrote the knowledgeable screenplay. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through June 9.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy, in which the brilliant young actor Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 10, tentative.)

The Chalk Garden—A romantic melodrama, played out in the prettiest English country house you ever saw, with, among others, Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, John Mills, Deborah Kerr, and Felix Aylmer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 9.)

The Easy Life—A funny and shocking study of a charming wastrel, whose vitality brings with it death as well as joy. Starring Vittorio Gassman and directed by Dino Risi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 5-8.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—makes a very loud noise indeed. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 5.)

The Night Watch—A grim thriller about an attempted escape from a Paris prison. Directed by Jacques Becker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 9. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 10. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 10, tentative.)

The Silence—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, every one of them first-rate. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 4.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 5-8. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 4. No afternoon performances.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 10, tentative.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—A description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 8.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 10.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 7.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 9.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 4.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; June 4.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 5-8.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 9.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 5-8.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 4.)

The Longest Day (1962)—Darryl Zanuck's reconstruction of D Day. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through June 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 10.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 7.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 10.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Victor Herbert's operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting June 10.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 9.)

Romeo and Juliet (1937)—The Montagues and the Capulets, played by Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Basil Rathbone. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting June 5.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 9.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 5-8.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 9.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 4.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last two programs in a series of Japanese films directed by Yasujiro Ozu. June 4-5, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Good Morning" (1959). June 6-7, showings at 3: "Late Autumn" (1960). . . . ¶ June 8-10, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Rescued by Rover" (1905), a British film; and "Le Tunnel Sous la Manche" (1907) and an excerpt from "Fantomas" (1913), both French films. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) **THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret.

Globe, B'way at 43rd. (LO 5-9889) "Weekend" (in Danish).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "Windjammer," revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100) **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) Through June 9: "The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz. From June 10: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) Through June 9: "A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Muscle Beach Party," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello. From June 10: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795) **THE SILENCE.**

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **CLEOPATRA.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **BECKET.**

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788) **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI,** revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.) June 4: **THE BIG SLEEP,** revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly. June 5-8: **AMERICA AMERICA;** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival. From June 9: "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through June 9: "A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Muscle Beach Party," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello. From June 10: "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through June 9: **THE BEST MAN.** From June 10: **THE LONGEST DAY,** revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) Through June 9 (tentative): "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda. From June 10 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY;** and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI,** revival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255) Through June 9: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.** From June 10: **NAUGHTY MARIETTA,** revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) Through June 9: **THE LONGEST DAY,** revival. From June 10: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262) "Voice of the Hurricane," Muriel Smith.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) "Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) **MODERN TIMES,** revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH,** revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535) **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI,** revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) **TOM JONES.**

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) "Ring of Treason," Bernard Lee.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through June 9 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.** From June 10 (tentative): **BILLY LIAR;** and "Waltz of the Toreadors," revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

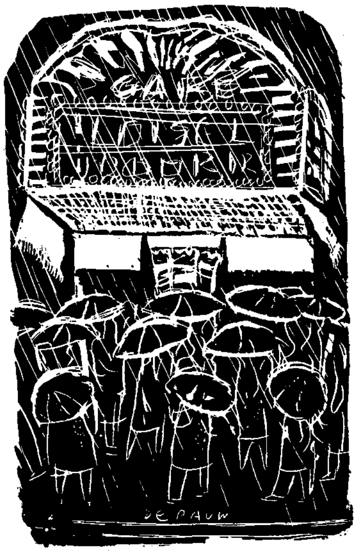
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) Through June 9: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.** From June 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through June 9: "A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Muscle Beach Party," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello. From June 10: "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through June 9: **THE LONGEST DAY,** revival. From June 10: "Advance to the Rear," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens; and "Mail Order Bride," Keir Dullea, Lois Nettleton.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) June 4: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival. June 5-8: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival. From June 9: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through June 9: **THE BEST MAN.** From June 10: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) "The Doll" (in Swedish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through June 9: **THE LONGEST DAY,** revival. From June 10: "Advance to the Rear," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens; and "Mail Order Bride," Keir Dullea, Lois Nettleton.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through June 9: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.** From June 10: "Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer; and another feature, to be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050) Through June 9: **THE BEST MAN;** and "The Secret Door," Robert Hutton. From June 10: "A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Life in Danger," Derren Nesbitt.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) Through June 7: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM,** revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala. From June 8: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323) **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) June 4: **HAMLET,** revival. From June 5: **ROMEO AND JULIET,** revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123) **THE SERVANT.**

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) Through the afternoon of June 7: "Disorder" (in Italian), Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg. From June 8, at 8:30: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo. (Opening night is a benefit. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 794.)

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through June 9: **THE LONGEST DAY,** revival. From June 10: "Advance to the Rear," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens; and "Mail Order Bride," Keir Dullea, Lois Nettleton.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) June 4: **THE GREAT DICTATOR,** revival. June 5: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina. June 6: "Dead of Night," revival, Michael Redgrave; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane. June 7: **DUCK SOUP,** revival; and "The Cocoanuts," revival, the Marx Brothers. June 8: **BRINGING UP BABY,** revival; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall. June 9: **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS,** revival; and "Christmas in July," revival, Ellen Drew, Dick Powell. June 10: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES,** revival; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through June 9: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY;** and **HUD,** revival. From June 10: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) June 4: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy. June 5-8: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French), revival. From June 9: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through June 9: "Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret; and "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe. From June 10: "Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer; and another feature, to be announced.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ The Fair looks its best and is least crowded between 9 and 10 in the morning and under the lights at night. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children Over Three—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) or in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum). . . . ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; *parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway* and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; $1 each way.

Boats—Circle Line ferries leave from Pier 80, at the foot of West 40th Street, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.; return at 11:45 A.M. and 4 P.M. Fare $2.75 outward bound, $2 inward bound; run takes about an hour and three-quarters. . . . ¶ Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way). Newark Airport ($12.60), La Guardia Airport ($5.25), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair; adults $6.50, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

South Dakota—South Dakota Day will be celebrated by Indian dancers in the Court of States between 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. on Thursday, June 4.

Yonkers—Yonkers Day will be observed in the New York State Pavilion on Sunday, June 7.

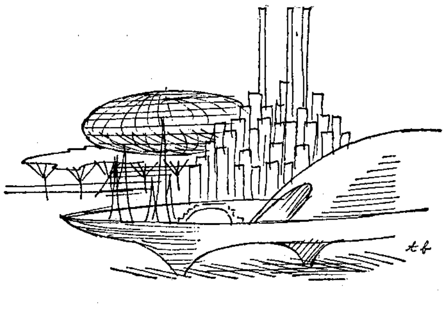
Hairdressers—Clairol Hairdressers Day falls on Monday, June 8, this year.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.



Du Pont—A live narrator and four singers and dancers coöperate with cartoons and actors on film to present a musical history of chemistry that stresses the contributions of du Pont. Three actors in laboratory jackets perform a series of chemical demonstrations, making them look like sleight of hand. The show goes on about forty times a day, and there are almost always long waiting lines.

Federal Pavilion—On the first floor of the United States exhibit, a short film called "The American Voyage"—mostly about immigrants to this country—is shown every half hour, and on the second floor an open car leaves every ninety seconds for a trip through a short multiple-screen movie called "The American Journey," which is about American history.

Florida—There is *no admission charge to see* an exhibit of paintings by Rubens, Renoir, Veronese, Cézanne, Monet, Winslow Homer, Jawlensky, and Soulages, among others, which were lent by Florida museums and collectors, but it costs adults two dollars, and children a dollar, to see a sea lion and five porpoises do tricks to organ music.

Billy Graham Pavilion—In a 70-mm. Todd A-O film, voices speaking for St. Augustine, Pascal, and Tolstoy support the evangelist's claim that men and women of culture generally have faith in God. Multilingual spiritual *counsellors may be consulted after the film,* which is shown hourly.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is not only the most beautiful structure at the Fair but, because of its trees and flowers—to say nothing of a corny accordionist who alternates songs like "Bye, Bye Blackbird" with improvisations based on information fed to him by his audience—standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Morocco—The Moroccan Pavilion is designed to accommodate an outdoor market selling carpets off the rack or custom-made, and native garments that might make good bathrobes.

Sermons from Science—The Moody Institute of Science of Los Angeles sponsors twelve different programs a day to illustrate the relationship between science and God. One program is a film showing poppies popping open, a caterpillar turning into a butterfly, paramecia proliferating, and a man who says there is no greater sin than unbelief.

Sierra Leone—Among the exhibits are a butterfly collection, diamond-industry displays, and the first free-form, self-adhesive postage stamp in history.

Spanish Pavilion—It costs twenty-five cents to get in to pay a dollar to see paintings by Picasso, Dali, Miró, Goya, El Greco, Velásquez, Murillo, and several present-day Spanish painters. The glass covering the Goyas reflects everything in sight, and the glass on the El Greco reflects the Velásquez.

Republic of the Sudan—The Sudanese exhibit includes an archeological museum (admission is fifty cents), ivory carvings and leopardskin purses for sale, Sudanese paintings, and a small outdoor restaurant that never seems to be crowded.

Sweden—The Swedish Pavilion is full of industrial exhibits, one of which is the oldest stock certificate in a still existing company; it is dated June 16, 1288, and written in medieval Latin. There is a shop where Swedish arts and crafts are for sale.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, the rest of the week; $1.

General Cigar—The smoke-ring-blowing machine seems to be working these days.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Les Poupées de Paris—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2.50; children $1.25.

To Broadway with Love—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business" on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 3:30, 7, and 10. Admission $2 to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—The museum's inhabitants include Toulouse-Lautrec, Rock Hudson, and former President Eisenhower. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

"Wonder World"—A mammoth stage show that ends with a man noisily propelled across the stage by a rocket belt fuelled with hydrogen peroxide. Shows at 2:30 P.M., 5:30 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. in the Amphitheatre in the Lake Amusement Area; $1 to $3.50.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to be in the right one at the right time. The majority of them do not accept reservations.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort, are often the most likely places to get something to eat.

Caribbean Pavilion—There is a three-dollar minimum, a small menu, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710. The acoustics and the view of the stage show are better from outside the pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—An expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

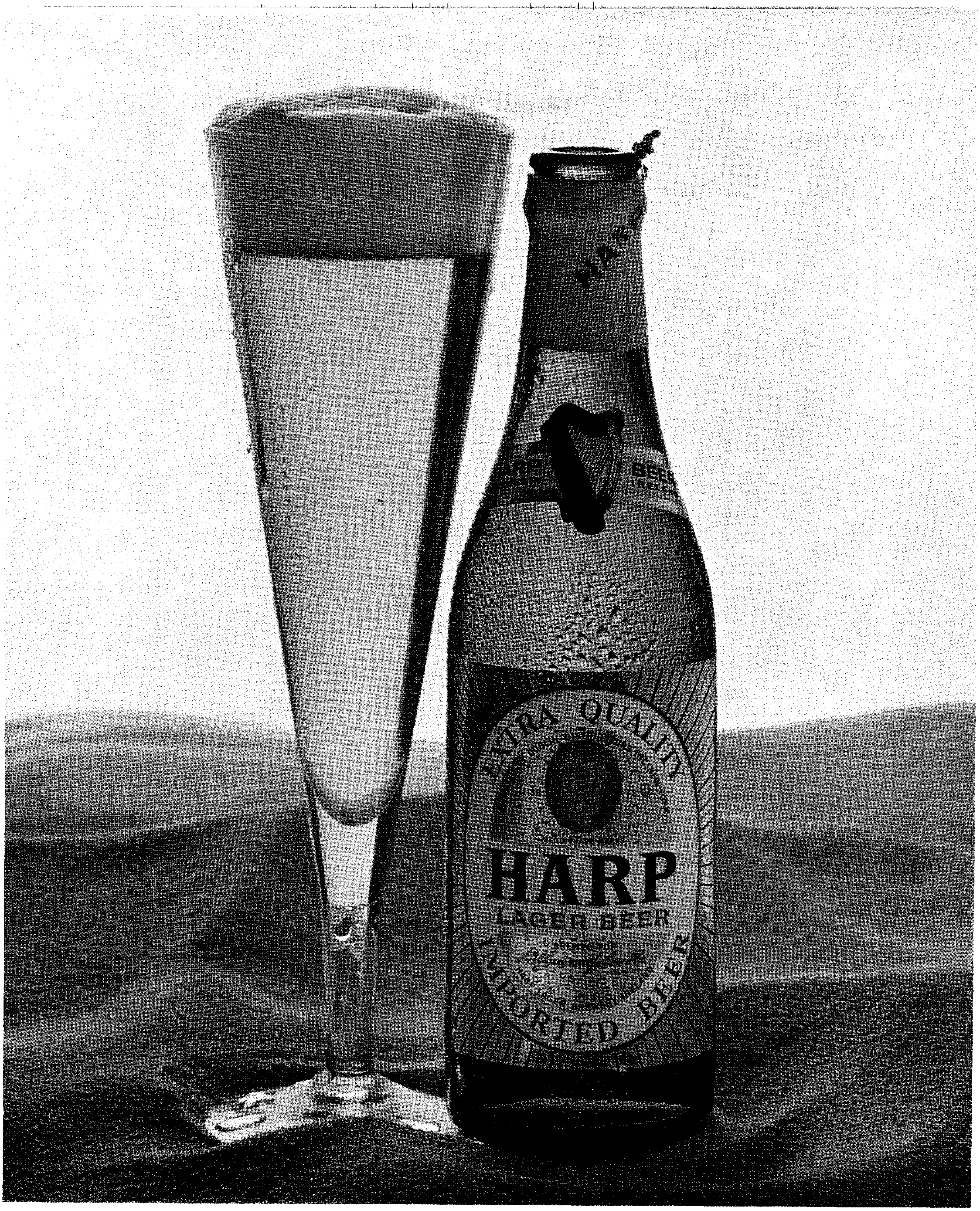
Florida—Fresh orange juice is sold for a quarter a glass at a Florida Citrus Commission stand inside the Florida Pavilion.

Indonesian Pavilion—A complete Indonesian meal costs $6.50, and at 7:30 and 9:30 there is a stage show featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and dancing, and a rendition of "Home on the Range" in English. The restaurant closes at about 10 P.M.

Swiss Exhibits, Inc.—A stand in the Swiss Pavilion sells frozen custard made with Tobler chocolate for twenty-five cents.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.


HARP
HARP
BEER
IRELAND
EXTRA QUALITY
HARP
LAGER BEER
BREWED FOR
HARP LAGER BREWERY IRELAND
IMPORTED BEER

If it's just something cold and wet you want, drink water.

Harp is too good to waste on a thirst. Too full of flavor. Too full of taste and overtones of taste that linger deep in the throat long after Harp's first golden bubbles burst. Drink it slowly. Enjoy the beer with a twinkle in its taste, the beer that only Ireland could have brewed. Drink Harp to please the palate, to savor the flavor, sipping, not gulping. Let lesser beverages slake the thirst.

IMPORTED BY DUBLIN DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK

Telling a man
he's a subtle blend of
adventurer and cosmopolite,
squire and boulevardier,
sportsman and intellectual,
worldly wisdom
and irrepressibility,
is strictly old hat.

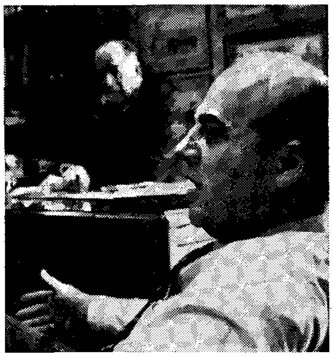
These days...
just give him
roosters.

rooster

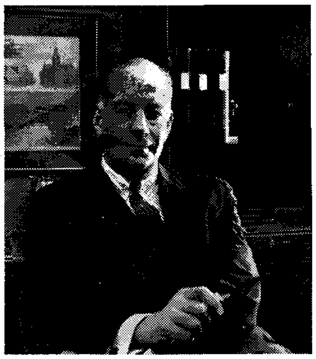
If you want him to get the message for Father's Day, you'll find Rooster ties at leading stores everywhere, 2.50. **ROOSTER CRAFT, INC., 10 EAST 40, N.Y.**

Enro shirt company discusses sales with prospective advertising agency

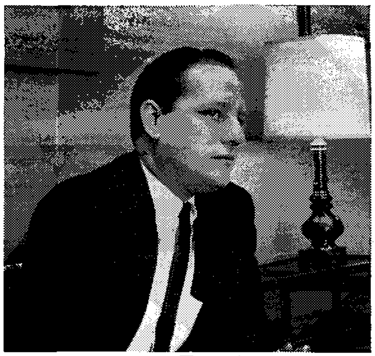
Tell me, how have spring **sales** been going?



This is our **Fall** season, Mr. M . . .



As a matter of fact, our shirt sales are **UP 30%.**



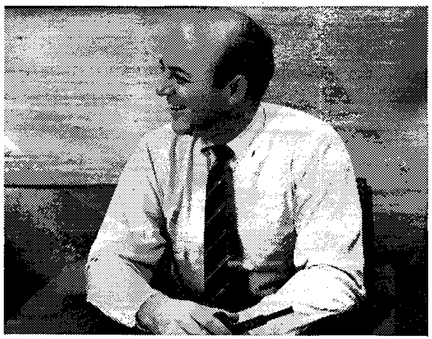
To what do you **attribute** this, Mr. R.?

Two things really . . . our new **wide-track stripes . . .**

and our exclusive **diagonal twill** oxford line.

Don't you think the **advertising** might have had something to do with it?

Advertising?



What advertising!

Enro

©Copyright 1964 by the Enro Shirt Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky., a Division of Wilson Brothers

(shirtbuilders)

Make believe you own a Renault.

2
1
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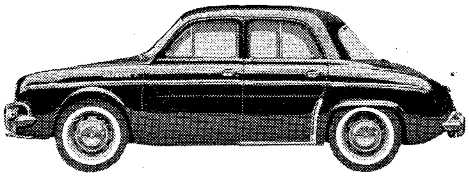
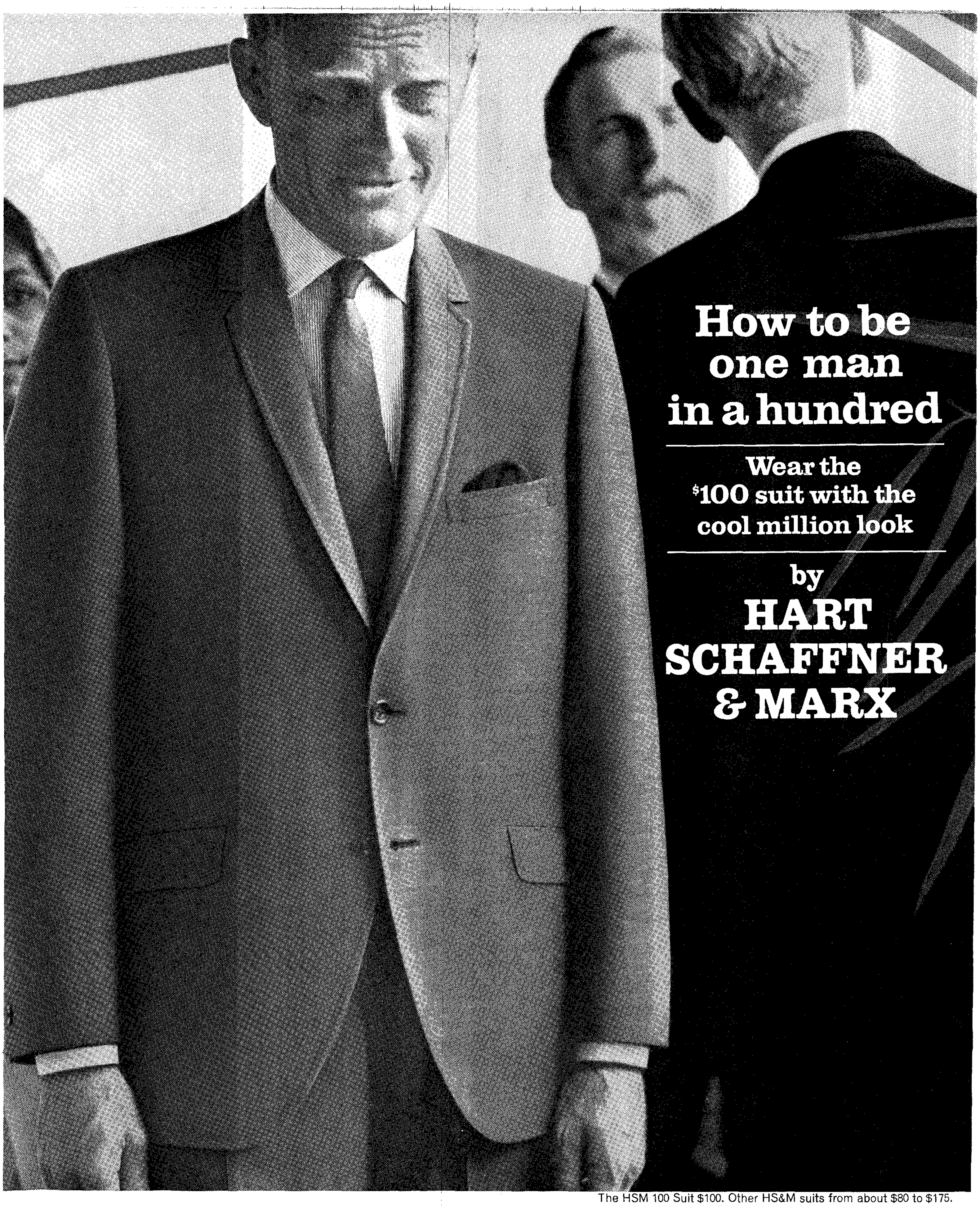
N
R
JAEGER

Cut out this automatic pushbutton panel and paste it on your dashboard. Now let's see you try to coax 40 miles a gallon from *your* car.



Some cars offer automatic transmission. Some cars offer great mileage. Renault offers you both. Plus 4-wheel disc brakes, comfortable seating for 4 grown-ups and beautiful styling. For a lot less than you think. If making believe won't really satisfy you, forget about pasting our pushbutton panel on your dashboard. It won't help. Honest. Come in for a free test ride and drive the real thing instead. Then try making believe you'll ever be happy with anything but a Renault.

RENAULT


How to be one man in a hundred
Wear the $100 suit with the cool million look
by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

The HSM 100 Suit $100. Other HS&M suits from about $80 to $175.

The HSM 100 is the suit for important moments. You're well-dressed. You're at ease. In any group.

One hundred dollars is a modest investment for such obvious assets.

First, the fabric. Styled, woven and imported just for Hart Schaffner & Marx. Lightweight and luxurious. Blessedly cool, yet able to shrug off the wrinkles of oppressive weather or a lively party.

But look behind the seams. For example, the underpressing. Those numerous pressings inside the coat shape and mould it during the tailoring. Not after. When a sleeve is fitted, it's pressed. When a seam is joined, it's pressed. When a pocket is set in, it's pressed. When the lining is added, it's pressed.

The look you buy is the look you keep.

This summer, wear an HSM 100 —look and feel like a million! A cool million!

SECRET OF VENUS

...the divine perfume oil...grows more intense, more alluring, the longer you wear it.

SECRET of VENUS

never a drop will evaporate!

made and sealed in France by Parfums Weil

Henson® Kickernick

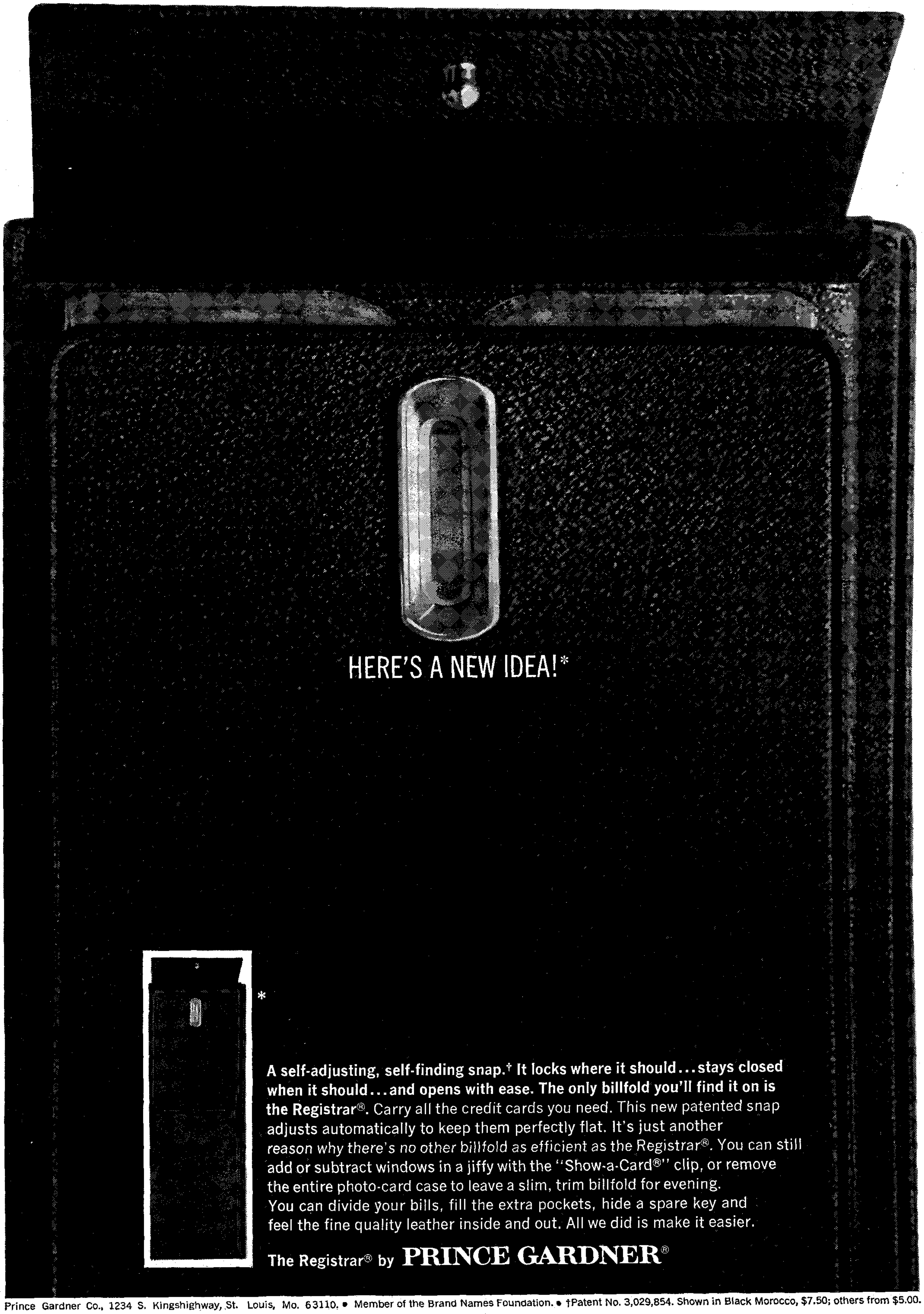
HENSON-KICKERNICK, Inc., Greenville, Texas

TOTAL FASHION EFFECT*

BEGINS WITH AN UNDERLINER

*Trademark

Henson-Kickernick believes today's fashions call for new thoughts in underfashions. This Fond de Robe with its scooped neck and wide straps coordinates well with the princess line, empire waist and decollete fashions. In white, bisque or black; average and junior sizes . . . **6.95** at B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue and suburban stores.*



A self-adjusting, self-finding snap.† It locks where it should...stays closed when it should...and opens with ease. The only billfold you'll find it on is the Registrar®. Carry all the credit cards you need. This new patented snap adjusts automatically to keep them perfectly flat. It's just another *reason why there's no other billfold as efficient as the Registrar®.* You can still add or subtract windows in a jiffy with the "Show-a-Card®" clip, or remove the entire photo-card case to leave a slim, trim billfold for evening. You can divide your bills, fill the extra pockets, hide a spare key and feel the fine quality leather inside and out. All we did is make it easier.

The Registrar® by PRINCE GARDNER®

Prince Gardner Co., 1234 S. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo. 63110. • Member of the Brand Names Foundation. • †Patent No. 3,029,854. Shown in Black Morocco, $7.50; others from $5.00.

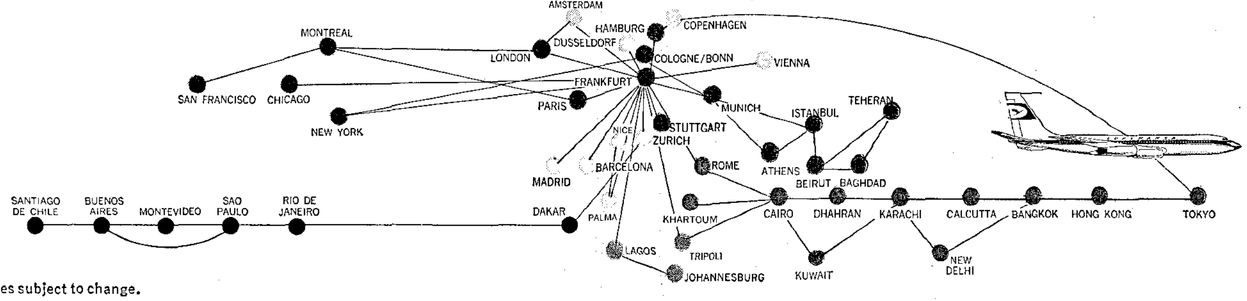
happiness is a trip on LUFTHANSA

Fly away to fun. But have fun flying there. That's the aim of our heart-warming service. Who else would tap a cask of Rhenish wine for you? Or ply you with mellow Brie Käse?

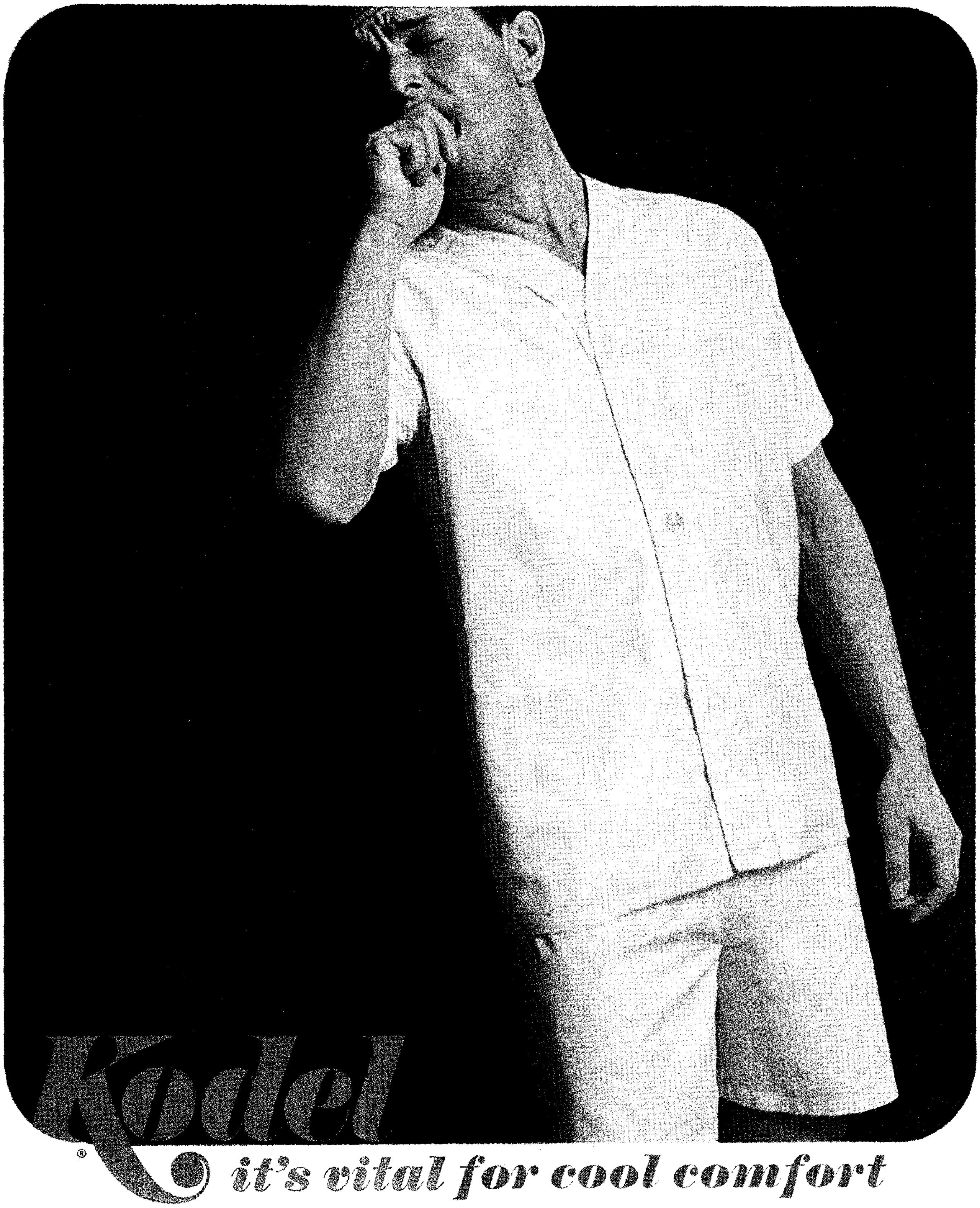
Gifted chefs will serve you mountains of gourmet treats, charming stewardesses attend you and able crews smooth your flight. Of such things are happy vacations made.

Two million people flew Lufthansa world-wide last year. And happily made us one of the first four airlines to Europe. Won't you come too? Fares are now excitingly low.

See your travel agent. Or call us. We're in the principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada. You deserve a happy trip. There's really no other kind on Lufthansa German Airlines.


AMSTERDAM
HAMBURG
COPENHAGEN
MONTREAL
DUSSELDORF
LONDON
COLOGNE/BONN
VIENNA
FRANKFURT
SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO
PARIS
MUNICH
ISTANBUL
TEHERAN
NEW YORK
NICE
STUTTGART
ZURICH
BARCELONA
ROME
ATHENS
MADRID
BEIRUT
BAGHDAD
SANTIAGO DE CHILE
BUENOS AIRES
MONTEVIDEO
SAO PAULO
RIO DE JANEIRO
DAKAR
PALMA
KHARTOUM
CAIRO
DHAHRAN
KARACHI
CALCUTTA
BANGKOK
HONG KONG
TOKYO
LAGOS
TRIPOLI
JOHANNESBURG
KUWAIT
NEW DELHI

All routes subject to change.



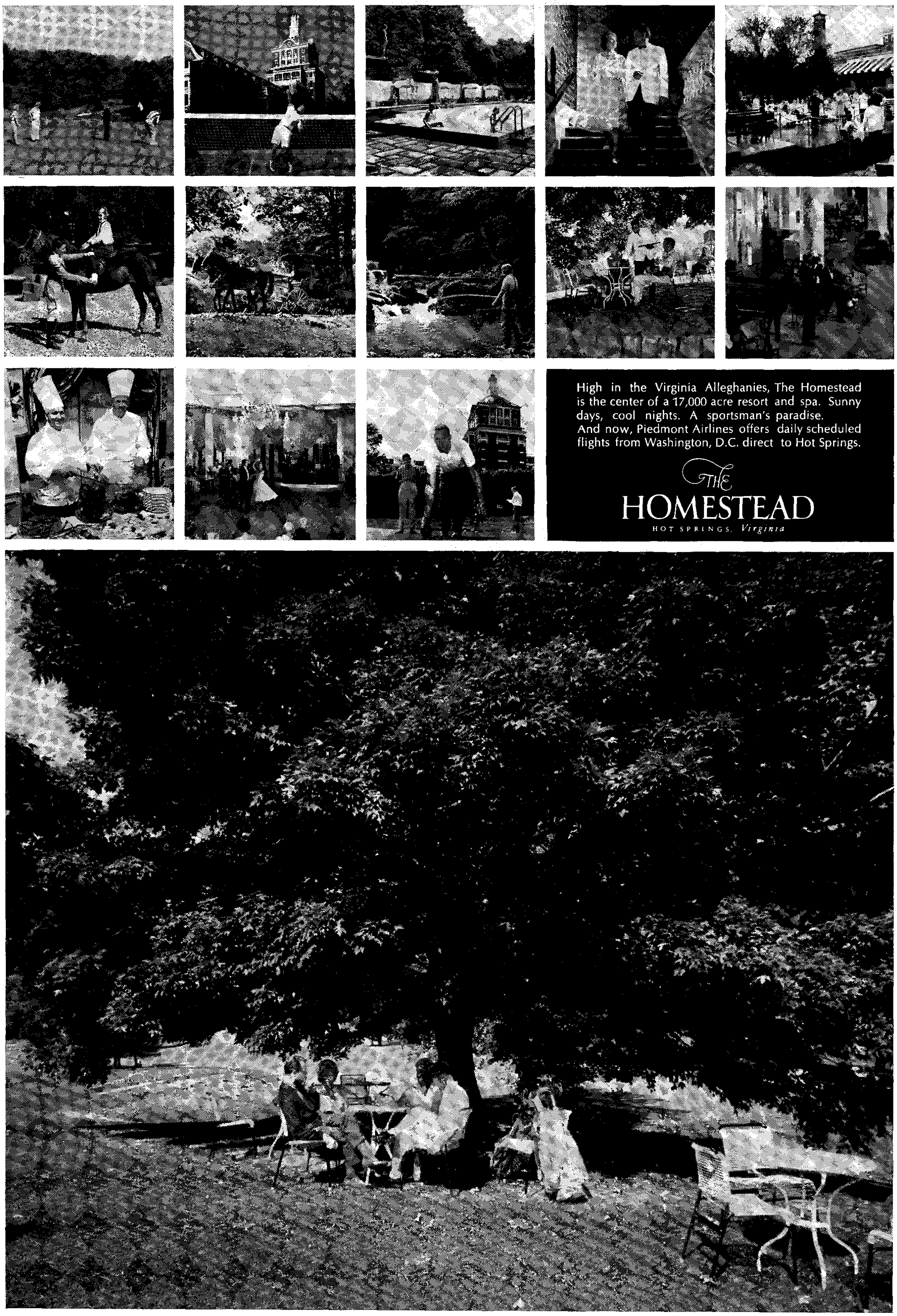
it's vital for cool comfort

These pajamas "play it cool"...stay comfortable...and stay fresh. The reason's no secret: Kodel in the blend. It's vital. (Great Father's Day idea...right?) Pajamas in a batiste of 65% Kodel polyester, 35% cotton. Maize/white, blue/white or beige/white. Made to sell for about $6.50. Sizes A, B, C and D. At fine stores everywhere. Styled by **ENRO**

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

a certified fabric with
KODEL
POLYESTER FIBER
Eastman Kodak

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not fabrics or garments



High in the Virginia Alleghanies, The Homestead is the center of a 17,000 acre resort and spa. Sunny days, cool nights. A sportsman's paradise. And now, Piedmont Airlines offers daily scheduled flights from Washington, D.C. direct to Hot Springs.

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

Peck & Peck

Visiting the Thailand Pavilion at the World's Fair.

HABERDASHER
At Peck + Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl lives in Dacron®

A very "Fair" choice, indeed: our easy-wear, easy-care Haberdashers with the wonderful bonus of no-wilt Dacron polyester. *Left:* the blouson-and-pleat look in bottle green or sapphire blue Dacron/cotton blend, 8 to 16, *25.00* *Right:* all Dacron in light navy or black, with deep inverted front pleats from a bow-tied, set-in waistband; 5 to 15, *25.00* Note the tote bag! Folds up small, unfolds to shoe-bag size. Pink/green print burlap, *5.00**

**Plus 10% federal tax*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

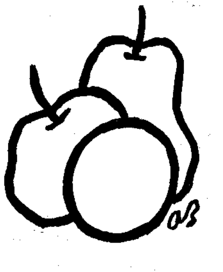
Notes and Comment

TWO of the oldest and bitterest struggles of our time are the war for privacy and the war for free expression. The battle lines of these long, skirmish-punctuated campaigns are frequently occupied by the same troops—writers and artists and civil-libertarians equally concerned with the defense of the individual's front door and the defense of his right to open that door to whatever callers or communications he wishes to receive. Lately, however, it has occurred to us that these separate lines are drawing uncomfortably close to each other; a stray shell from one battlefield occasionally sails into the other and blows a front door right off its hinges. In support of this paradox, we present a letter we received this week from a man we know who was recently victimized by such a crossfire.

"The other day," he writes, "I experienced a most curious and uncomfortable shock while engaged in a most ordinary and comforting process—having my hair cut. I was in my regular barbershop (downstairs in my office building), seated in my regular chair (head of the line), and my regular barber (Joe) was lowering my ears in the regular way (not too much off the sides and easy on the clippers). As is my custom, I had picked up three or four magazines from the shop's reading table before taking my seat; snugly sheeted, lulled by the click of the shears and the valued silence of my old friend, I was flipping sleepily through these publications when I abruptly sat bolt upright—thereby almost impaling my thinly protected scalp on the scissors—and cried, '*Oh, no!*' I apologized at once to Joe—who had retreated to a distance of three yards—and resumed my old position. Then I reopened the magazine I had been looking at, and found the pages that had so jarred me. There was no mistake. I closed the magazine and dropped it on the floor.

"What I had been reading is called, I believe, a *man's*, or *guy's*, magazine. They are a commonplace, especially in barbershops, and I am normally unstartled by their contents, which include photographs of undressed young ladies interspersed with spurious advice about savoir-faire and ruffled evening shirts. Perhaps the only innovation in these publications is their recent habit of supplying the names as well as the physical dimensions of the immodest females—information of no interest to me, since I have never heard of the young models and have felt no particular desire to meet them. It was an exception to this semi-anonymity that had upset me—that upsets me still. What I had seen was two pages of color photographs—perhaps a dozen of them—of a young actress I recognized at once, in spite of her total lack of clothing. I knew her and I was ashamed, for I had been in love with her for several years.

"I see that I have been withholding the lady's name, but gallantry must now give way to historical responsibility. It was Susannah York. I loved Miss York—the agreeable daughter of Alec Guinness in 'Tunes of Glory,' the pale, lovely hysteric of 'Freud,' the captivating Sophia Western of 'Tom Jones'—as I had loved no other actress since Madeleine Carroll. I found this natural, for I felt that both these ladies possessed, in addition to warm eyes and blond tresses and splendidly clear British complexions, an enrapturing quality of distance and private worth. I loved them as visions should be loved—from a distance. In the theatre and in my mind, they remained *lointaines*, and I wanted nothing from them but the continuing privilege, so rare in our time, of longing. It is this that was taken from me—literally stripped away—by the pictures of Miss York in that magazine, and I fear that my feeling for her will never be the same. The fact that the photographs (as I learned from my second inspection) are stills from an upcoming film in which Susannah York will appear and will be visible at one point without clothes does not alter the matter; I do not contest the producer's right to make such a movie, or the magazine's right to publish the pictures. I have been injured, all the same, and I must place the blame for my sudden unhappiness. I blame the magazine, of course. I blame the makers of that film, whoever they may be, for furthering the popular current belief that boldness equals honesty, and that the public now desires or needs nothing but the boldest kind of truth. I blame Miss York's managers and, sadly, Miss York herself, for so misunderstanding and injuring the privacy and subtlety of her gentle beauty. And I blame myself, for carelessly opening a door I wish I had left shut.



"Naturally, I realize that this communication will expose me, or my unconscious, to all kinds of innuendoes and knowing counter-suggestions, which I defy. At the very least, scoffers will charge me with a love of unreality, a childlike fondness for uncomplication and dreams. To which I cry, 'Exactly so!' If the theatre, the movies, and the vision of a lovely actress can no longer give us these, where are we to find them?"

Stars, Moths, and Birds

ONE of the things we enjoy about scientific powwows is the lift they give to our humanities-bound vocabulary. At last year's annual evening meeting of the Carnegie Institution, in Washington, we picked up such nuggets as "isopentane," "olefins," and "volatile esters" in the course of a talk on "Chemicals from Ancient

Life," by Dr. Philip H. Abelson, director of the Institution's Geophysical Laboratory. At this year's fixture, Dr. Ira S. Bowen, who is director of the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, in Pasadena, which the Institution operates jointly with Cal Tech, gave a slide-illustrated talk on "Explorations with the Hale Telescope" and enlarged our semasiological frame of reference by stressing "a recalibration of the magnitude scale," "an extensive study of the magnitudes of the cepheids in Andromeda," "a redetermination of the luminosities of the cepheid variables," and the identification of extra-atmospheric radio waves with "remnants of supernovae and peculiar galaxies." The problem of communication between scientists and laymen is a continuing one, and we were grateful for the thoughtfulness of the Institution, which distributed to its audience an outline of Dr. Bowen's speech that cleared up not only the aforementioned phrases but such other Bowenisms as "blackbody radiation," "radio interferometer," "redshift," "synchrotron radiation," and "velocity of recession."

"Dr. Bowen was too modest to emphasize some of the really great things his department has recently accomplished, such as the first definite observation of water vapor on Mars," Mrs. Caryl P. Haskins, wife of the Institution's president, said to us at a reception in the Administration Building, "honoring the Trustees and their Wives," that followed.

We presently cornered her husband, and, referring to a conversation that we had had with him last year, asked how he was making out with his experiments in crossbreeding Angulifera and Promethea moths at his place in Connecticut.

"As you may know, the two species are closely related and similar in appearance, behavior, and general ecology, both as larvae and as imagoes," he said. "There is, however, a marked difference in their cocoon-spinning habits. The Promethea larva typically rolls a single leaf into a tube, lines it with silk, and then, leaving the tube, binds the stalk of the leaf and its adjoining twig with a coating of silk, after which the larva returns to the tube and completes the cocoon, which remains attached to the plant. The Angulifera larva simply gathers several leaves and fastens them together; its cocoon has no stem, and falls to the ground once the leaves are shed. Well, this difference presented a good opportunity to look into the inheritance of innate behavior patterns through the study of hybrids; Prometheas and Anguliferas intermate readily. So by crossing six female Prometheas with some male Anguliferas, I secured several hundred such hybrids—larvae from the eggs, that is—and raised them, mostly on tulip trees. The females of both species are primarily nocturnal, and so are male Anguliferas, but male Prometheas are day-flying, so female Prometheas that have been prevented from mating with them on the afternoon following their emergence from cocoons are well disposed that evening toward Angulifera suitors. When my hybrid larvae came to spin their cocoons, every kind of behavior was reflected between complete stemming and total lack of it, with most of the population intermediate. In other words, in point of cocoon-spinning a predominantly polygenic pattern of inherited behavioral characteristics emerged. Food selection was another story."

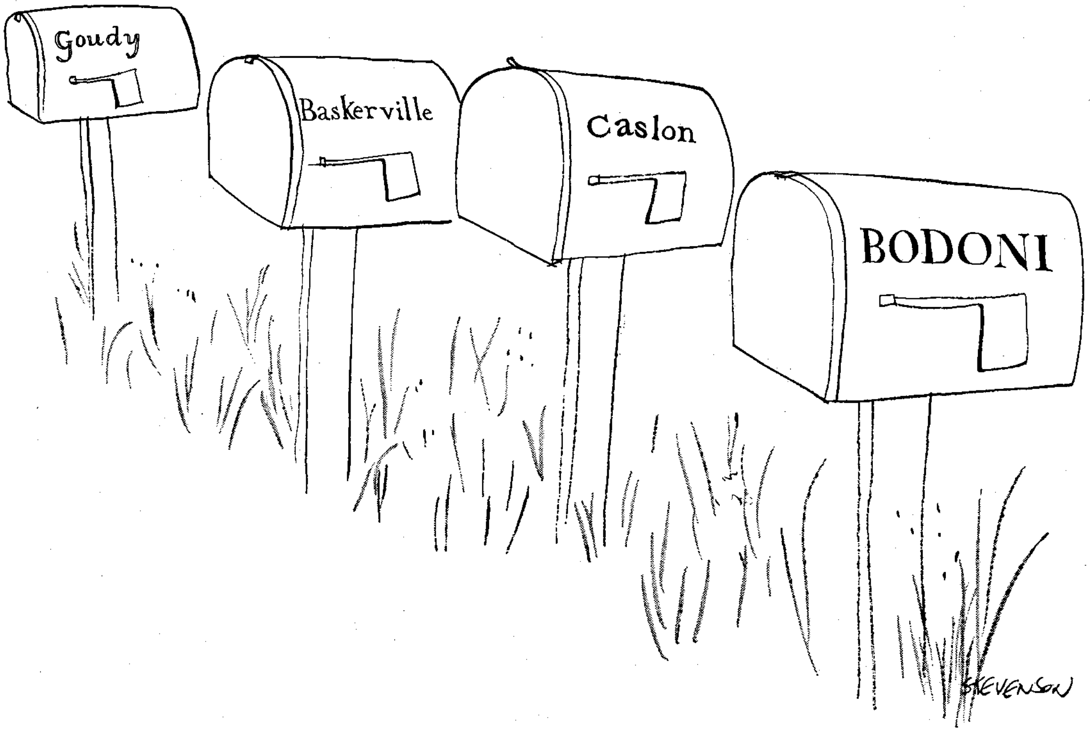
Here Dr. Haskins was deflected by a trustee's wife, and we never got this gastroheterocerous story, but we got a pretty good bird story the next day, at a lunch we attended at the Institution. This followed a board-and-staff-bigwig meeting, and we found ourself, after cocktails, at a convivial table with the Messrs. Barklie McKee Henry and Crawford H. Greenewalt, both trustees; Dr. Merle A. Tuve, director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism; and Dr. Horace W. Babcock, associate director of the Observatories. "I'm just back from recording birds' songs in Bermuda," said Mr. Greenewalt, who is also chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and the author-photographer of an unrivalled work on hummingbirds. "There are nine species of birds there that overlap ours—English sparrows, white-eyed vireos, and so on—and I wanted to find out whether their songs were different from those of their opposite numbers here. I took along so much equipment that I must have looked like a man from Mars. To get a decent recording, you must be within twenty or twenty-five feet of the bird. Well, I got some good recordings, and, sir"—he politely turned to us, as the table's outsider—"I am preparing to write a classic. I am going to tell how birds sing—the acoustical process of bird song."

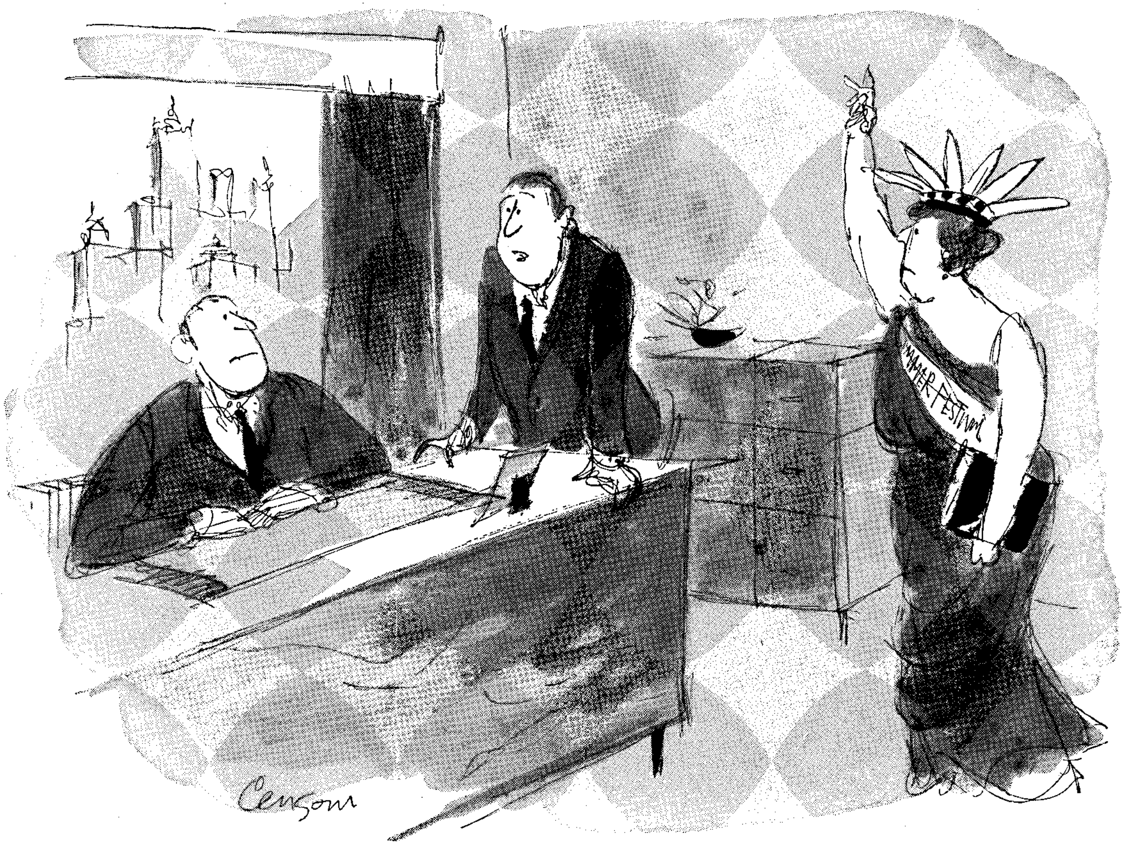
"How?" we asked, over roast beef and mushrooms.

"Their vocal process is in the chest cavity, and they have two sound sources," he said. "This has been known for a long time. What I think *isn't* known is that birds can use them independently, so they can sing internal duets. They have two bronchia, before you get to the trachea."

"How do you know?" Dr. Tuve asked.

"From my gear," Mr. Greenewalt said. "I have the most sophisticated gear you ever saw. Beautiful apparatus, electronically very sophisticated. I think





"With the budget the way it is and all, it's the best we could do this year."

I do know now how birds sing. Ornithologists have called their song instinctive. They say the bird is saying one of two things—'Mary, I'm Joe,' or 'Get the hell off my territory'—but there's far more to the song sparrow's virtuosity than either of those two statements. He's celebrating spring, love, and so on."

During strawberry shortcake, the conversation turned to a great telescope that the Institution is thinking of building in Chile, and Dr. Babcock explained for our benefit that the "seeing" of galaxies is particularly good there. "You have to have superb seeing for at least a few nights a year, and that is rare," he said. "In calibrating the luminosity of stars, good seeing is just as important as having a telescope with a large aperture."

"We need eighteen million dollars for the instrument and twelve million dollars for maintenance, but I don't think there's any better way you could spend thirty million dollars," Mr. Greenewalt said. "It's a chance to explore another whole part of the sky."

On the way home, on a train, we continued to improve our scientific vocabulary. "Greenstein finds that a substantial number of the so-called high-velocity subdwarfs are spectroscopically abnormal, in the sense of indicating higher luminosity through the strength of the ionized lines," we read in the Institution's current yearbook as we receded, with increasing velocity, from Washington.

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OVERHEARD in the Pan Am Building, one brightly bejewelled secretary to another: "Once I get married, I'll quit smoking for good, because then I won't have an anxiety to get rid of."

Kvass vs. Coke

NOT long after the Russians announced that they had a notion to put a drink called *kvass* on the world market, to compete with Coke, we had a chat with J. Paul Austin, the president of the Coca-Cola Company, who commutes between New York and Atlanta, his headquarters, where he directs operations in this country and a hundred and twenty-seven foreign lands. Mr. Austin once declared that the way to get ahead in the soft-drink business is always to run scared, but on this occasion he was relaxed and self-confident. "There's no evidence yet that the Russians have actually done anything with *kvass*," he told us. "Have a Coke." We did, and he did, and he confessed that he himself might, inadvertently, have launched the Russians on their soft-drink tangent, if it is a tangent. "I spent fifteen minutes in Moscow last December with Khrushchev and Mikoyan," he said. "Just the three of us, and an interpreter. I was travelling with a group of businessmen. We were all purely tourists, and we paid our own way, but Khrushchev couldn't believe we weren't a trade mission. He had just concluded his wheat deal with Canada, and his mind was on breadbaskets rather than soft drinks, and what he cared about most was whether any of us could supply him with mineral fertilizers or, better still, mineral-fertilizer plants. When it became clear to him I was useless in that respect, he brought up Coca-Cola. At that, Mikoyan broke in. 'I want to ask you a question,' he said to me. 'I was in Havana during the missile crisis, and why did you ever let Castro take over your bottling plants?' I suspected some kind of joke was coming, but I played along, and replied, 'Why, Mr. Deputy Prime Minister, we didn't have anything to say about it.' 'Well, I'm sorry it happened,' Mikoyan said, 'because Castro turns out a *horrible* Coke.' He and Khrushchev both laughed. Of course, Castro wasn't turning out Coke at all, because we weren't shipping him anything he could have made it from. I don't know what kind of colored water he was putting in Coke bottles. Anyway, when this *kvass* business cropped up a few months later, I couldn't help suspecting that that conversation might have started the Soviet government thinking about introducing its drink into the Western world."

Mr. Austin, a tall man of forty-nine with russet hair and a ruddy complexion, is a Georgian by birth, like most Coke commissars. He is also the first president of the Coca-Cola Company to have gone to Harvard. The solidity and security of both institutions is reflected in his calm attitude toward *kvass*. He has never sampled the beverage, which has a slight alcoholic content and tastes, the knowledgeable say, like a blend of cider, wine, and soda pop. "I wouldn't know how to go about getting hold of some *kvass* if I wanted to taste it," Mr. Austin said. "I suppose I could ask the

American Embassy in Moscow to send me some, but I'm not all that curious. If the Russians really want to come into our market, let them, provided they'll reciprocate by allowing us to go into theirs and by respecting our trademark. Essentially, this business of ours is very simple. All we have to do is to sell seventy-five million drinks of Coke a day. But we also have to sell seventy-five million tomorrow and seventy-five million the day after tomorrow, and then it becomes complicated. There's nothing easier than launching a new consumer product in a free-enterprise economy. The tough part is getting and keeping a share of the market, and the Russians may not be altogether aware of what they're up against. You may say, in sum, that we have heard nothing about *kvass* that impels us to change any of our projections, short-term or long-term. Whatever happens, we feel that we understand our market and can take care of ourselves in it and perhaps do a little bit better than the next fellow. That's all I know, except that I was talking to Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin in Washington the other day, and when I said, 'I understand you're now a competitor of mine,' he reacted in true ambassadorial fashion by saying something noncommittal about *kvass's* being better suited to European tastes than to American tastes."

We felt much relieved.

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THE Mayflower Furniture Company, of West Newton, Massachusetts, makes this proud boast: "24 Years Without a Sale!"

The Message

GRASS-ROOTS democracy in action can be a fearsome thing, as we learned when we journeyed down Fifth Avenue to New York University's Washington Square campus one balmy evening last week and heard an auditoriumful of Greenwich Villagers tell Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris just what they thought of his scheme for remodelling Washington Square Park. On our way to the meeting, we strolled through the park, walking under the Arch and past the usual congeries of dog walkers, ball throwers, sandals, beards, guitars, young children romping barefoot in the fountain, young mothers watching them romp, young lovers watching each other, old men kibitzing around silent games of chess and checkers, and a nervous policeman prowling the paved paths and twirling his nightstick as though it were some particularly ugly baton.

We reached the scene of the meeting—the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, on the south side of the Square—at eight o'clock, and found about two hundred people seated in rows of uncomfortable folding chairs. They looked very much like the people outside, except that in here everyone seemed to be more carefully dressed, each in his own style. The meeting was called to order by Anthony Dapolito, a baker who takes time out from his shop, on Prince Street, to serve as chairman of Local Planning Board No. 2, under whose auspices this gathering was being held. Mr. Dapolito reminded his audience that the Greenwich Village community had discussed the park situation in a series of open meetings two years ago (when everyone had agreed that it was "deplorable"); that the community had polled and surveyed and repolled and resurveyed itself, and finally produced a list of fourteen specific recommendations, which had been passed along to the Parks Department; that while Commissioner Morris had agreed to honor these recommendations in overhauling the park, the new design, unveiled publicly three weeks before, had met with a new surge of disapproval; and that tonight Mr. Morris and his chosen architect, Mr. Gilmore Clarke, were there to defend their design before the community.

Mr. Morris, a tall, bespectacled public servant of distinguished mien, began by assuring the audience that he had no intention of going down to City Hall to ask for money to rebuild Washington Square "unless I have the community behind me." Pointing to a scale model of the "new" park, on a table just below the lectern, Mr. Morris said, "The older I get, the more conservative I get, but I see no reason that, just because a park was designed in Queen Victoria's day, we can't make a few changes to keep it up to standards." Several rows in front of us, a very small child began to cry. The mother shifted the infant from one shoulder to the other, but the noise did not diminish.

Mr. Morris went on to introduce Mr. Clarke, a man of equally distinguished mien, who said he had lived in New York all his life and had probably known Washington Square longer than anyone else in the room. "At least, I don't see anyone here as old as I am," he said. "I used to come down here in a horse and rig to visit an old aunt of mine who lived on lower Fifth Avenue." Then, having remarked that he had been in the "parks game" for fifty years, Mr. Clarke patiently explained the high points of his plan, which calls for, among other things, a complete reordering of the present network of paths, a shifting of the fountain to put it on a visual axis running down the middle of Fifth Avenue and through the center of the Arch, and the construction of two comfort stations connected by a neo-Grecian colonnade, which would form the southern tip of this north-south axis. All this would be done, Mr. Clarke said, to turn the Square into a more formal, more peaceful, more attractive place. When he had finished, Mr. Dapolito threw the meeting open to questions, and a moment later the roof fell in.

Irate young mothers wanted to know what they were supposed to do with their children while the park was closed for fifteen months—the estimated time required for the alterations. Earnest young men asked where the money to rebuild the park was going to come from when there didn't seem to be enough to maintain the present park properly. Older Villagers wanted to know why the city's most successful park should be totally reconstructed, at a cost of more than a quarter of a million dollars, when the community only wanted its beloved old park restored and rehabilitated. Three little girls from the seventh grade of Junior High School No. 3 came to the front of the hall to report that they had drafted and circulated their own petition and collected four hundred and fifty-five signatures against the new plan, which they had read about in the *Times*. "We play in the park every day, and we like it the way it is, and we're willing to fight for it," the leader of the three girls said, right into the microphone. A few people here and there in the audience spoke in favor of the new design, but they were clearly in the minority.

Standing up sturdily under the

barrage of criticism, Mr. Morris and Mr. Clarke defended themselves and their plan on various aesthetic grounds, explained that large capital funds for major improvements were actually easier to get than smaller funds for day-to-day maintenance, and reassured everyone that all they wanted was what every Villager wanted—a more beautiful and useful Washington Square Park. About halfway through the question period, Mr. Clarke asked to be excused, so that he could catch a plane. He was given a sporting hand by the meeting, which then turned the full force of its convictions on Mr. Morris. Finally, when everyone in the room had had his say, Mr. Morris regained the floor and announced solemnly, "I want to assure you all that I got the message." Plainly more in sorrow than in anger, he went on, "I came down here in deep sincerity, with what I thought was a good plan, but obviously our taste doesn't coincide with yours, and we're certainly not going to City Hall with a specific request for funds unless there's a certain amount of unity behind us. Fortunately, we haven't spent a lot of money preparing detailed plans. All we have is this model, and that didn't cost us very much."

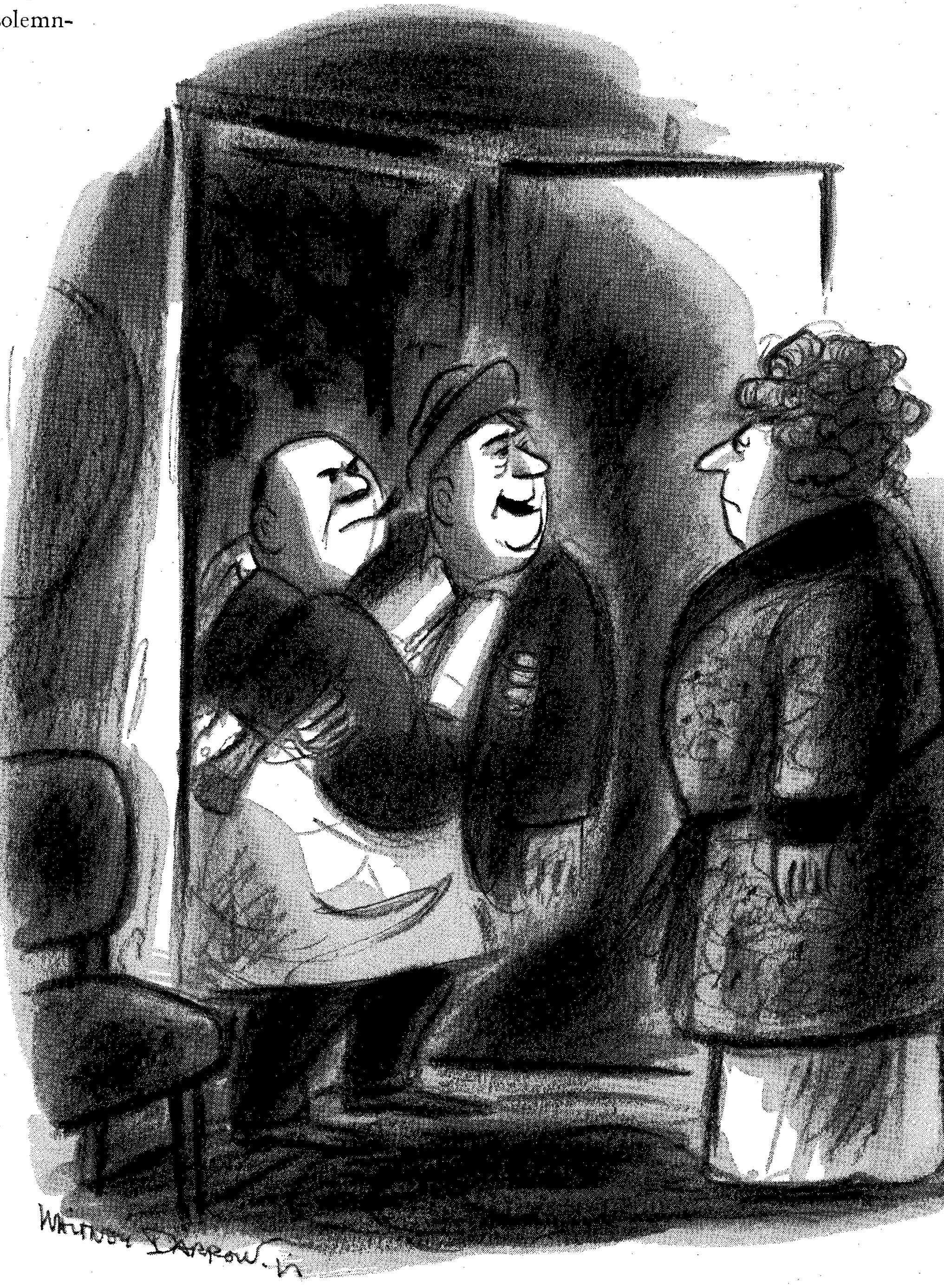
A well-dressed woman who had been especially vehement in condemning the new design rose to her feet and asked the meeting to express its appreciation of Mr. Morris. "I've been fighting this fight for a good many years now—ever since Robert Moses tried to put a depressed highway through the Square—and I've never known before a Parks Commissioner willing to come down here like this and exchange ideas with us," she said.

There was warm and prolonged applause. Nodding acknowledgment, Mr. Morris made his exit. He left his scale model behind him.

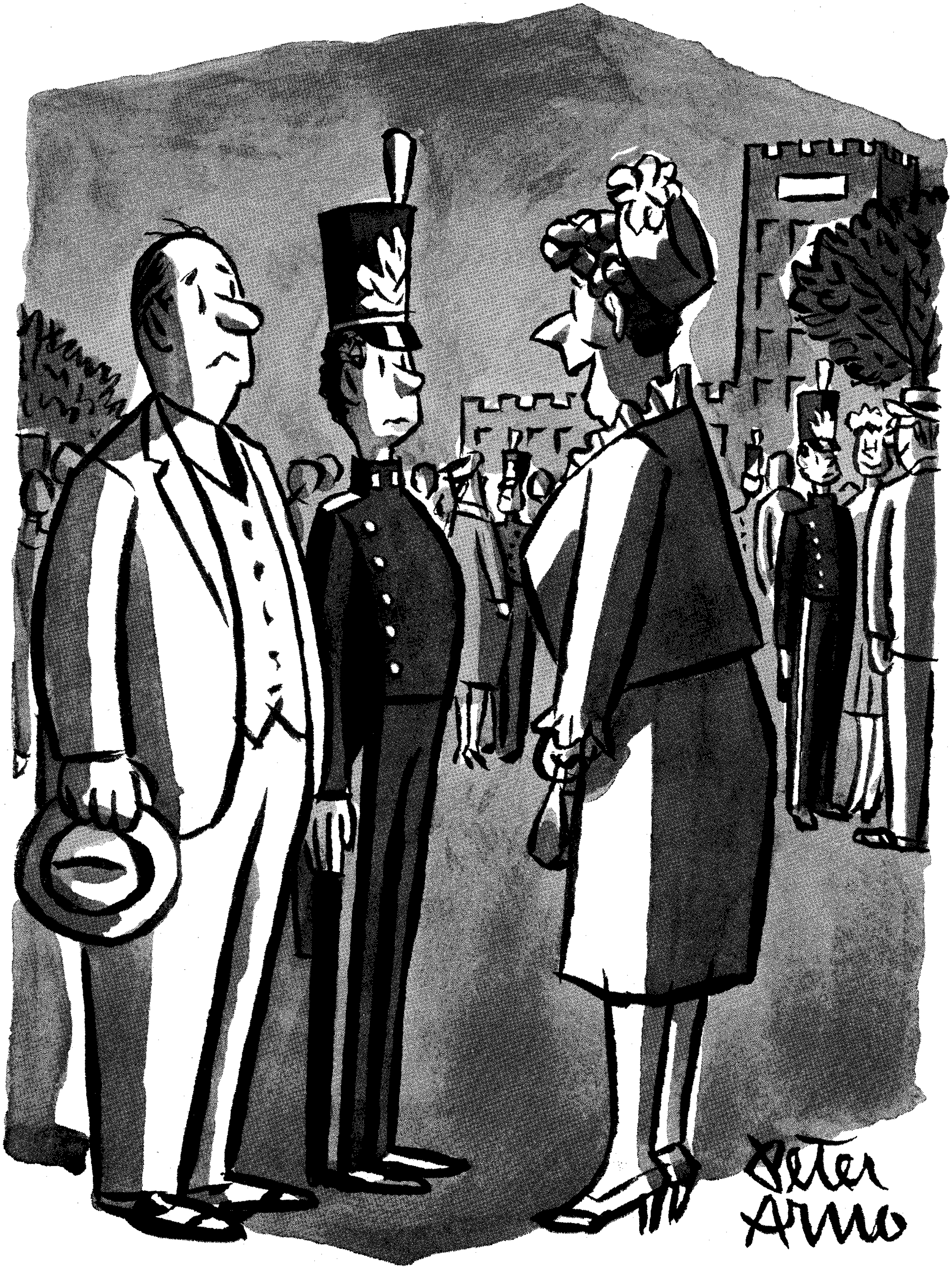
When the meeting finally adjourned, at eleven-fifteen, we took one more turn around the park. A full moon was shining through the trees, and we counted ten people sitting on the rim of the now dry fountain. A couple were embracing beside a sign that read, "No Loitering After Midnight." Most of the kibitzers had deserted the gaming area at the southwest corner of the park, but three games of checkers and five games of chess were still in progress in the light of the streetlamps. And around the base of the monument dedicated to the memory of Alexander Lyman Holley—identified in a barely legible stone inscription as "foremost among those whose genius and energy established in America and improved throughout the world the manufacture of Bessemer steel"—four people were walking their dogs.

Memo

A SUBURBAN mother we know told us of recently turning out the pockets of her thirteen-year-old son's mud-caked jeans before immersing the garment in her washing machine. Expecting to find the traditional articles—a broken jackknife, a few marbles, a piece of string—she was rather nonplussed to discover just a slip of paper with the following words scribbled on it: "Xerox closed at 97⅝ today."



"Miriam, I believe you know Mr. Bockman, our friendly neighborhood tavernkeeper."



"Why, Lorimer! You're taller than your father!"

MONTRALDO

THE first time I robbed Tiffany's, it was raining. I bought an imitation-diamond ring at a costume-jewelry place in the Forties. Then I walked up to Tiffany's in the rain and asked to look at rings. The clerk had a haughty manner. I looked at six or eight diamond rings. They began at eight hundred and went up to ten thousand. There was one priced at three thousand that looked to me like the paste in my pocket. I was examining this when an elderly woman—an old customer, I guessed—appeared on the other side of the counter. The clerk rushed over to greet her, and I switched rings. Then I called, "Thank you very much. I'll think it over." "Very well," the clerk said haughtily, and I went out of the store. It was as simple as pie. I walked down to the diamond market in the Forties and sold the ring for eighteen hundred. No questions were asked. Then I went to Thomas Cook and found that the Conte di Salvini was sailing for Genoa at five. This was in August, and there was plenty of space on the eastbound crossing. I took a cabin in first class and was standing at the bar when she sailed. The bar was not officially open, of course, but the bar Jack gave me a Martini in a tumbler to hold me until we got into international waters. The Salvini had an exceptionally percussive whistle, and you may have heard it if you were anywhere near midtown, although who ever is at five o'clock on an August afternoon?

That night I met Mrs. Winwar and her elderly husband at the horse races. He promptly got seasick, and we plunged into the marvellous skulduggery of illicit love. The passed notes, the phony telephone calls, the affected indifference, and what happened when we were behind the closed door of my cabin made my theft of a ring seem guileless. Mr. Winwar recovered in Gibraltar, but this only seemed like a challenge, and we carried on under his nose. We said goodbye in Genoa, where I bought a second-hand Fiat and started down the coast.

I got to Montraldo late one afternoon. I stopped there because I was tired of driving. There was a semicircular bay, set within high stone cliffs, and one of those beaches that are lined with cafés and bathing houses. There were two hotels, a Grand and a National, and I didn't care for either one of them, and a waiter in a café told me I could rent a room in the villa on the cliff. It could be reached, he said, either by a steep and curving road or by a flight of stone steps—one hundred and twenty-seven, I discovered later—that led from the back garden down into the village. I took my car up the curving road. The cliff was covered with rosemary, and the rosemary was covered with the village laundry, drying in the sun. There were signs on the door in five languages, saying that rooms were for rent. I rang, and a thickset, bellicose servant opened the door. I learned that her name was Assunta. I never saw any relaxation of her bellicosity. In church, when she plunged up the aisle to take Holy Communion, she looked as if she were going to knock the priest down and mess up the acolyte. She said I could have a room if I paid a week's rent in advance, and I had to pay her before I was allowed to cross the threshold.

The place was a ruin, but the whitewashed room she showed me into was in a little tower, and through a broken window the room had a broad view of the sea. The one luxury was a gas ring. There was no toilet, and there was no running water; the water I washed in had to be hauled out of a well in a leaky marmalade can. I was obviously the only guest. That first afternoon, while Assunta was praising the healthfulness of the sea air, I heard a querulous and elegant voice calling to us from the courtyard. I went down the stairs ahead of the servant, and introduced myself to an old woman standing by the well. She was short, frail, and animated, and spoke such a flowery Roman that I wondered if this wasn't a sort of cultural or social dust thrown into one's eyes to conceal the fact that her dress was ragged and dirty. "I see you have a gold wristwatch," she said. "I, too, have a gold wristwatch. We will have this in common."

The servant turned to her and said, "Go to the devil!"

"But it is a fact. The gentleman and I do both have gold wristwatches," the old lady said. "It will make us sympathetic."

"Bore," the servant said. "Rot in hell."

"Thank you, thank you, treasure of my house, light of my life," the old lady said, and made her way toward an open door.

The servant put her hands on her hips and screamed, "Witch! Frog! Pig!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you infinitely," the old lady said, and went in at the door.

THAT night, at the café, I asked about the *signorina* and her servant, and the waiter was fully informed. The *signorina*, he said, came from a noble Roman family, from which she had been expelled because of a romantic and unsuitable love affair. She had lived as a hermit in Montraldo for fifty years. Assunta had been brought here from Rome to be her *donna di servizio*, but all she did for the old lady these days was to go into the village and buy her some bread and wine. She had robbed the old woman of all her possessions—she had even taken the bed from her room—and she now kept her a prisoner in the villa. Both the Grand Hotel and the National were luxurious and commodious. Why did I stay in such a place?

I stayed because of the view, because I had paid my rent in advance, and because I was curious about the eccentric old spinster and her cranky servant. They began quarrelling early the next morning. Assunta opened up with obscenity and abuse. The *signorina* countered with elaborate sarcasm. It was a depressing performance. I wondered if the old lady was really a prisoner, and later in the morning, when I saw her alone in the courtyard, I asked her if she would like to drive with me to Tambura, the next village up the coast. She said, in her flowery Roman, that she would be delighted to join me. She wanted to have her watch, her gold watch, repaired. The watch was of great value and beauty and there was only one man she dared entrust it to. He was in Tambura. While we were talking, Assunta joined us.

"Why do you want to go to Tambura?" she asked the old lady.

"I want to have my gold watch repaired," the old lady said.

"You don't have a gold watch," Assunta said.

"That is true," the old lady said. "I no longer have a gold watch, but I used to have a gold watch. I used to have a gold watch, and I used to have a gold pencil."

"You can't go to Tambura to have your watch repaired if you don't have a watch," Assunta said.

"That is true, light of my life,

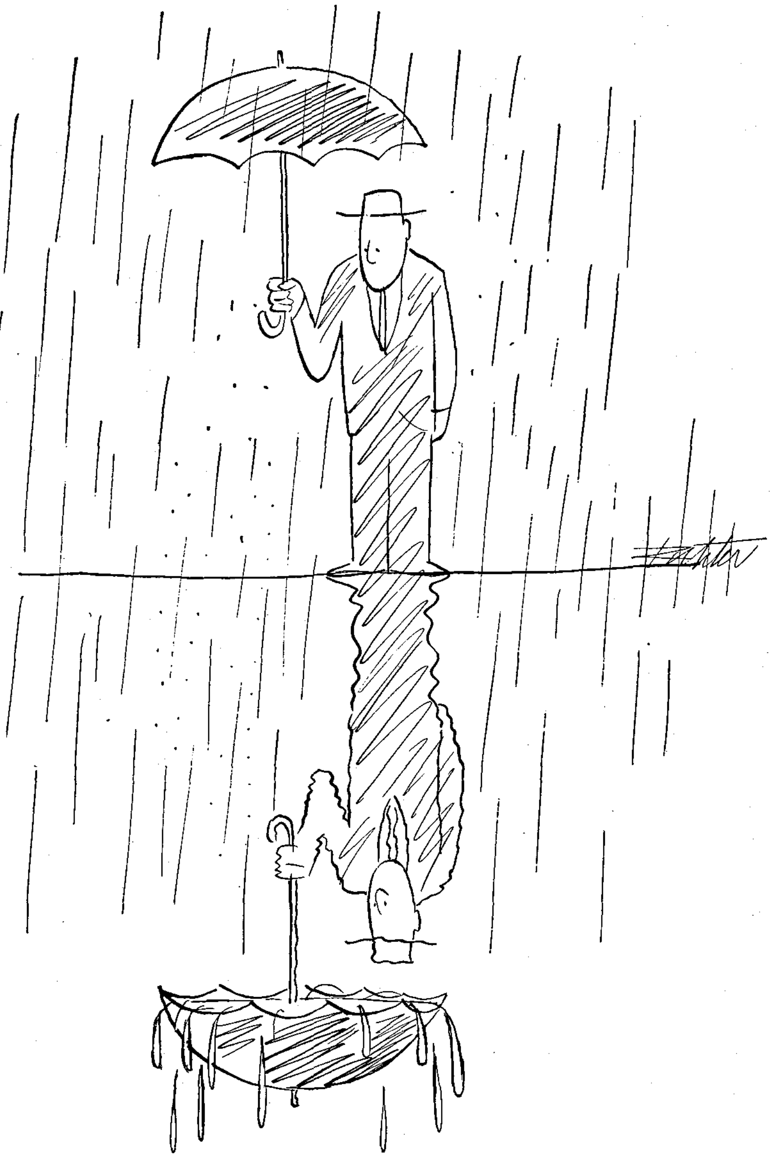
treasure of my house," the old lady said, and she went in at her door.

I SPENT most of my time on the beach and in the cafés. The fortunes of the resort seemed to be middling. The waiters complained about business, but then they always do. The smell of the sea was riggish but unfresh, and I used to think with homesickness of the wild and magnificent beaches of my own country. Gay Head is, I know, sinking into the sea, but the sinkage at Montraldo seemed to be spiritual—as if the waves were eroding the vitality of that place. The sea was incandescent; the light was clear but not brilliant. The flavor of Montraldo, as I remember it, was immutable, intimate, depleted—everything I detest; for shouldn't the soul of man be as limpid and cutting as a diamond? The waves spoke in French or Italian—now and then a word of dialect—but they seemed to speak without force.

One afternoon a remarkably beautiful woman came down the beach, followed by a boy of about eight, I should say, and an Italian woman dressed in black—a maid. They carried sandwich bags from the Grand Hotel, and my guess was that the boy lived mostly in hotels. He was pitiful. The maid took some toys from an assortment she carried in a string bag. They seemed to be all wrong for his age. There was a sand bucket, a shovel, some molds, a whiffle ball, and an old-fashioned pair of water wings. I suspected that the mother, stretched out on a blanket with an American novel, was a divorcée, and that she would presently have a drink with me in the café. With this in mind, I got to my feet and offered to play whiffle ball with the boy. He was delighted to have some company, but he could neither throw nor catch a ball, and, making a guess at his tastes, I asked, with one eye on the mother, if he would like me to build him a sand castle. He would. I built a water moat, then an escarpment with curved stairs, a dry moat, a crenellated wall with cannon positions, and a cluster of round towers with parapets. I worked as if the impregnability of the place was a reality, and when it was completed I set flags, made of candy wrappers, flying from every tower. I thought naïvely that it was beautiful, and so did the boy, but when I called his mother's attention to my feat she said, "*Andiamo*." The maid gathered up the toys, and off they went, leaving me, a grown man in a strange country, with a sand castle.

At Montraldo, the high point of the day came at four, when there was a band concert. This was the largesse of the municipality. The bandstand was wooden, Turkish in inspiration, and weathered by the sea winds. The musicians sometimes wore uniforms, sometimes bathing suits, and their number varied from day to day, but they always played Dixieland. I don't think they were interested in the history of jazz. I just think they'd found some old arrangements in a trunk and were stuck with them. The music was comical, accelerated—they seemed to be playing for some ancient ballroom team. "Clarinet Marmalade," "China Boy," "Tiger Rag," "Careless Love"—how stirring it was to hear this old, old jazz explode in the salty air. The concert ended at five, when most of the musicians packed up their instruments and went out to sea with the sardine fleet and the bathers returned to the cafés and the village. Men, women, and children on a beach, band music, sea grass, and sandwich hampers remind me much more forcibly than classical landscapes of our legendary ties to paradise. So I would go up with the others to the café, where, one day, I befriended Lord and Lady Rockwell, who asked me for cocktails. You may wonder why I put these titles down so breathlessly, and the reason is that my father was a waiter.

He wasn't an ordinary waiter; he used to work at a dinner-dance spot in one of the big hotels. One night he lost his temper at a drunken brute, pushed his face into a plate of *cannelloni*, and left the premises. The union suspended him for three months, but he was, in a way, a hero, and when he went back to work they put him on the banquet shift, where he passed mushrooms to kings and presidents. He saw a lot of the world, but I sometimes wonder if the world ever saw much more of him than the sleeve of his red coat and his suave and handsome face, a little above the candlelight. It must have been like living in a world divided by a sheet of one-way glass. Sometimes I am reminded of him by those pages and guards in Shakespeare who come in from the left and stand at a door, establishing by their costumes the fact that this is Venice or Arden. You scarcely see their faces, they never speak a line; nor did my father, and when the after-dinner speeches began he would vanish like the pages onstage. I tell people that he



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was in the administrative end of the hotel business, but actually he was a waiter, a banquet waiter.

The Rockwells' party was large, and I left at about ten. A hot wind was blowing off the sea. I was later told that this was the sirocco. It was a desert wind, and so oppressive that I got up several times during the night to drink some mineral water. A boat offshore was sounding its foghorn. In the morning, it was both foggy and suffocating. While I was making some coffee, Assunta and the *signorina* began their morning quarrel. Assunta started off with the usual "Pig! Dog! Witch! Dirt of the streets!" Leaning from an open window, the whiskery old woman sent down her flowery replies: "Dear one. Beloved. Blessed one. Thank you, thank you." I stood in the door with my coffee, wishing they would schedule their disputes for some other time of day. The quarrel was suspended while the *signorina* came down the stairs to get her bread and wine. Then it started up again: "Witch! Frog! Frog of frogs. Witch of witches!," etc. The old lady countered with "Treasure! Light! Treasure of my house! Light of my life!," etc. Then there was a scuffle—a tug of war over the loaf of bread. I saw Assunta strike the old woman cruelly with the edge of her hand. She fell on the steps and began to moan "Aiee! Aieee!" Even these cries of pain seemed florid. I ran across the courtyard to where she lay in a disjointed heap. Assunta began to scream at me, "I am not culpable, I am not culpable!" The old lady was in great pain. "Please, *Signore*," she asked, "please find the priest for me!" I picked her up. She weighed no more than a child, and her clothing smelled of soil. I carried her up the stairs into a high-ceilinged room festooned with cobwebs and put her onto a couch. Assunta was on my heels, screaming, "I am not culpable!" Then I started down the one hundred and twenty-seven steps to the village.

The fog streamed through the air, and the African wind felt like a furnace draft. No one answered the door at the priest's house, but I found him in the church, sweeping the floor with a broom made of twigs. I was excited and impatient, and the more excited I became the more slow-moving was the priest. First, he had to put his broom in a closet. The closet door was warped and wouldn't shut, and he spent an unconscionable amount of time trying to close it. I finally went outside and waited on the porch. It took him half an hour to get collected, and then, instead of starting for the villa, we went down into the village to find an acolyte. Presently a young boy joined us, pulling on a soiled lace soutane, and we started up the stairs. The priest negotiated ten steps and then sat down to rest. I had time to smoke a cigarette. Then ten more steps and another rest, and when we were halfway up the stairs, I began to wonder if he would ever make it. His face had turned from red to purple, and the noises from his respiratory tract were harsh and desperate. We finally arrived at the door of the villa. The acolyte lit his censer. Then we made our way into that ruined place. The windows were open. There was sea fog in the air. The old woman was in great pain, but the notes of her voice remained genteel, as I expect they truly were. "She is my daughter," she said. "Assunta. She is my daughter, my child."

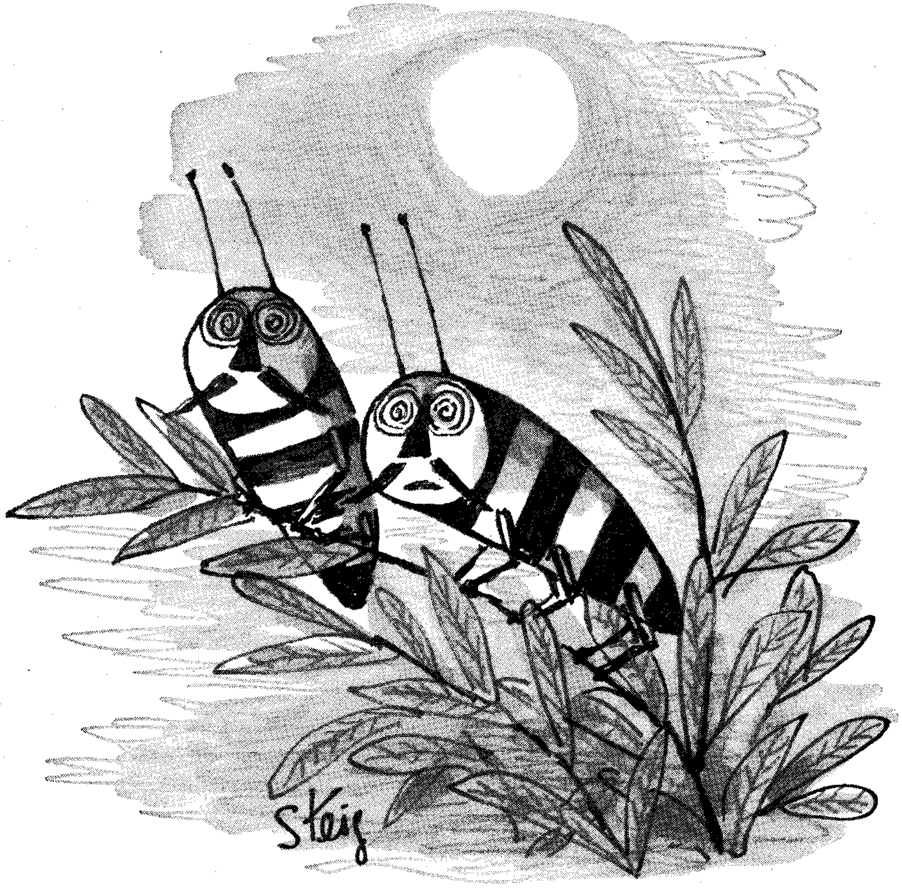
Then Assunta screamed, "Liar! Liar!"

"No, no, no," the old lady said, "you are my child, my only child. That is why I have cared for you all my life."

Assunta began to cry, and stamped down the stairs. From the window, I saw her crossing the courtyard. When the priest began to administer the last rites, I went out.

I kept a sort of vigil in the café. The church bells tolled at three, and a little later news came down from the villa that the *signorina* was dead. No one in the café seemed to suspect that they were anything but an eccentric old spinster and a cranky servant. At four o'clock the band concert opened up with "Tiger Rag." I moved that night from the villa to the Hotel National, and left Montraldo in the morning.

—John Cheever



"Sometimes I wonder what it's all about."

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A LAST POEM

A last poem, and a very last, and yet another—
O, when can I give over?
Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails
And my breath fails and I shake with fever?
Shall I never hear her whisper softly,
"But this is one written by you only,
And for me only; therefore, love, have done"?

—Robert Graves

THE VALUE OF MONEY

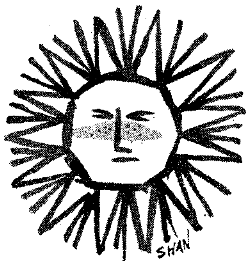
“MY son Ned, from New York,” Mr. Ferrers said.

Why, he’s proud of me, Edward Ferrers thought; he wouldn’t be introducing me like this if he weren’t.

He put his thin hand through the grilled window in the waiting room of the railway station and shook hands with the ticket agent, who said, “Glad to know you, Ned.”

The ticket agent checked Edward’s return ticket (the sleeping-car reservation needed to be confirmed in Chicago) and ignored the telegraph key’s urgent, lisping *click-click . . . click-click . . . click-click-click . . . click . . . click. . . .* The wall calendar, compliments of Orton Grain & Feed Co., was open to the month of June, 1952.

Edward Ferrers came home to Draperville once every three years, for three or four days, which wasn’t quite long enough for him to get used to the way the town looked, and so he was continually noting the things that had changed and the things that had not changed. He also had changed, of course, and not changed. He had acquired the tense, alert air of a city man, and his accent was no longer that of the Middle West but a mixture, showing traces of all the places he had lived in. On the other hand, people who had known him as a little boy on his way to the Presbyterian Sunday school or marching with the Boy Scouts on the Fourth of July had no trouble recognizing him, even though he was now forty-three years old and the crown of his head was quite bald.



“I want to stop at the bank for a minute,” he said, as they were leaving the station.

“What for?” Mr. Ferrers demanded.

“I want to cash a check.”

“How much do you need?”

“I just want to be sure I have enough for the diner and the porters and the taxi home,” Edward said. “Ten dollars ought to do it, with what I have.” His voice in speaking to his father was gentle but careful, as if he were piloting a riverboat upstream with due regard for submerged sandbars and dangerous snags under the smoothly flowing surface of the water.

Mr. Ferrers took out his billfold, which was as orderly as his person, and extracted two new ten-dollar bills. “Your Aunt Alice is expecting us at one,” he said. “You don’t want to keep her waiting.”

Edward took the money and put it in his billfold, which was coming unsewed and was stuffed with he had no idea what. “I’ll give you a check when we get home,” he said.

“All right,” Mr. Ferrers said.

Neither as a child nor as an adult had Edward ever lied to his father, but he did hold back information that he had reason to think his father would be troubled by. For example, he didn’t tell his father what his salary as an associate professor was, or how much money he had. If his father knew, it would upset him, certainly. And what would upset him even more was that Edward had failed to put anything by. One of the primary rules of Mr. Ferrers’ life was that a certain percentage of what he made should be saved for a rainy day.

As a sullen adolescent Edward had accused his father—often in his mind and once to his face—of caring about nothing but money. This was not true, of course. Mr. Ferrers never confused the making of money with a man’s concern for his family or his own self-respect. But he took money seriously (who doesn’t?) and to this day carried about with him, in his inside coat pocket, a little memorandum book containing an up-to-the-minute detailed statement of his assets. He took it out and showed it to Edward the day before, while they were admiring the roses in the back yard. What would have happened if Edward had asked to see what was written in the little book he didn’t dare think. His father would probably have said that it wasn’t any of his business, and in fact it wasn’t.

They got in the front seat of the car and Mr. Ferrers rolled the window up on his side, though it was a warm day. He was past seventy, and the gradual refining and shrinking process of old age had begun, and with it had come a susceptibility to drafts.

“I can raise my window, too,” Edward said.

Mr. Ferrers shook his head. “I’ll tell you if I feel it.”

The car was a Cadillac, five years old but without a scratch. It had been washed in honor of Edward’s visit and looked brand-new.

“We ought to leave Alice’s around three, if you want to see Dr. McBride,” Mr. Ferrers said.

“I thought he was dead.”

“Not at all. Old Doc goes his merry way at eighty-eight, spending his capital and thinking he can cure his ills and pains, which at his age is impossible. And Ruth hasn’t had a new dress in many years. But he knows you’re here, and he’ll be hurt if you don’t come to see him. . . . I tried to head your Aunt Alice off, but she wanted to do something for you.”

“I know,” Edward said.

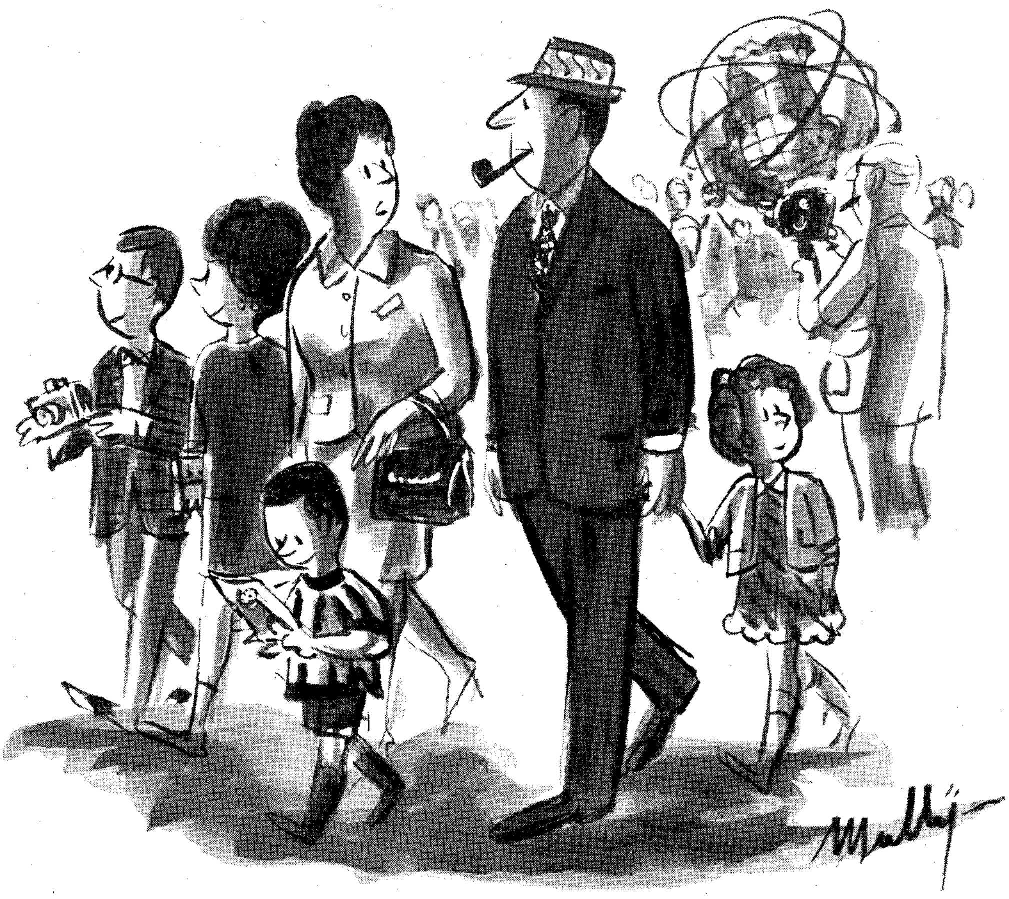
“You’d think that by having people at the house where they could see you that that ought to satisfy them, but it doesn’t. They all want to have you for cocktails or something, and the result is that I don’t get any time with you—which I don’t like. But there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“This evening we’ll have some time,” Edward said.

“Three days is not enough.”

“I know it isn’t.”

Once they had left the business district there was no traffic whatever. As Edward drove, he continued to look both at the quiet empty street ahead of them and in the little oblong, bluish rear-view mirror, at his father. Mr. Ferrers was aware that he was being studied, but what reasonable man is afraid of the scrutiny of his own child? Before he retired and moved back to Draperville, Illinois, Mr. Ferrers had been the vice-president in charge of the Chicago office of a large public-utility company. He was accustomed to speak with authority, and with confidence that his opinion, which had been arrived at cautiously and with due regard for the opinions of others, was the right one. He also came from a long line of positive people. Introspection was as foreign to his nature as dishonesty. Right was right and wrong was wrong, and to tell one from the other you had only to examine your own conscience. In general, Mr. Ferrers was on the side of the golden mean, or, as he would have put it, the middle of the road. When it came to politics, he threw moderation to the winds and was a fanatical Republican. Though he could not swallow the Book of Genesis, he believed every word that was printed in the Chicago *Tribune*. Also that Franklin D. Roosevelt had committed suicide. Fishing and golf were his two great pleasures. At the bridge table he deliberated, strumming his fingers, without realizing that he was holding up the game, and drove his wife, Edward’s stepmother, to make remarks that she had meant to keep to herself. Now that his eyesight had begun to fail, he had trouble recognizing people at any distance, and so he spoke courteously to everyone he met on the street. He had no enemies. The younger men, Edward’s contemporaries, looked up to



"Somehow I seem to remember having had a much better time at the last Fair."

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him, and came to him for advice. The older men, Mr. Ferrers' lifelong friends, considered it a privilege to be allowed to fasten the fly on the end of his fishing line, and loved him for his forthrightness, and saw to it that he did not lack company at five o'clock in the afternoon, when he got out the ice trays and the glasses and a bottle of very good Scotch.

"This part of town hasn't changed at all," Edward remarked.

He meant the houses. The look of things had changed drastically. The trees were gone. In a nightmare of three or four years' duration, the elm blight had put an end to the shade—to all those long, graceful, leafy branches that used to hang down over roofs and porches and reach out over the brick pavement toward the branches on the other side. Now everything looked uncomfortably exposed, as if standing on the sidewalk you could tell how much people owed at the bank. Not that there had ever been much privacy in Draperville, Edward thought; but now there was not even the appearance of privacy. . . . In the dark, cold, hungry, anxious to get home to his supper, he used to ride over these very lawns on his bicycle, and when he was close enough to the front porch he would reach backward into his canvas bag, take out a folded copy of the Draperville *Evening Star*, and let fly with it. That dead self, the boy he used to be. *The one you used to have such trouble with*, he wanted to say to his father, but Mr. Ferrers did not like talking about the past. "That's all water over the dam," he said once when Edward asked him a question about his mother. On the other hand, he did sometimes like to talk about local history—what the business district was like when he was a boy, where some long defunct drygoods store or shoe store or law office or livery stable used to be, and who the old families were. And gossip said that when he went to see old Dr. McBride, he talked about Edward's mother. So perhaps it's only that he doesn't like to talk about the past with me, Edward thought. Aloud, he said, "This car drives very easily, after our 1936 Ford."

"You ought to get a new car," Mr. Ferrers said.

"The old one runs. It runs very well."

"I know, but so does a new car. And Janet might enjoy having a car that isn't sixteen years old, did you ever stop to think of that?"

Edward smiled, without taking his eyes from the street, and did not commit himself. This was not the first time that his father had brought up the subject of their car, which had stopped being a joke and was now an affront to the whole family. Except possibly his Aunt Alice, who didn't have a car, because she had very little money—barely enough to live on. What she did have slipped through her fingers. This was equally true of Edward. When he was a little boy, his father made him lie stretched out on his hand in shallow water. "Don't be afraid, I won't take my hand away," he said, and when Edward stopped thrashing and looked back, his father was ten feet away from him and he had learned to swim. But learning the value of money was something else again.

On Edward's sixth birthday, Mr. Ferrers started his son off with a weekly allowance of ten cents—a sum so large in Edward's eye that when Mrs. McBride gave him another dime for ice-cream cones, he wasn't sure whether it was morally right for him to take it. With advancing age, the ten cents became a quarter, all his own, to spend when and on what he pleased, and of course once it was spent there was no possibility of more until another week rolled around. In first-year high school, the quarter became fifty cents, and then, in Chicago, where he had lunch at school and carfare to consider, it jumped suddenly to three dollars. By walking to school, and a good deal of the time not eating any lunch, he could buy books, and did. Sometimes quite expensive ones. And in college he had sixty, then seventy-five, and then ninety dollars a month, with no questions asked, out of which he fed himself and paid for the roof over his head and bought still more books. If he ran short toward the end of the month, he lived on milk and graham crackers—which was not what his father had intended. And once when he ran out of money early in the month because he had shared what he had with a roommate whose check from home didn't come, he got a job waiting tables at a sorority house. What it amounted to was that he had learned when the money ran out not to ask for more.

When he finished college, he thought he wanted to teach English, but after three years of graduate work he threw up his part-time appointment with the university where he had been an undergraduate, took the hundred dollars that he had in a savings account, bor-

"What's a nice kid like you doing on a non-scheduled flight like this?"

rowed another hundred from his father, and went to New York on a Greyhound bus and got a job. After working three weeks, he paid his father back. A great load fell from Mr. Ferrers' shoulders with this act. He sat with Edward's letter and the check for a hundred dollars in his hand and wept. The only one of his three children who had ever given him cause for worry had demonstrated that he was responsible where money was concerned, and Mr. Ferrers felt that his work had been accomplished. It appeared to be so well accomplished that Edward, receiving raise after raise, in four years reached a point at which he must be making about as much income as his father. Since his father never revealed how much money he earned, this had to be concluded by inference, from his scale of living and his remarks about other people. Edward decided on ten thousand dollars a year as his mark, and when he reached it he rested there a few months, during the summer of 1939. His father and stepmother came East for the World's Fair in Flushing Meadow. Sitting in the Belgian Pavilion, with a clear view of the French Pavilion, where the food was better but notoriously expensive, Edward announced that he had resigned from his job in order to get a Ph.D. and go back to teaching. Mr. Ferrers took this decision calmly. Edward was a grown man now, he said, and he would not presume to tell him how to lead his life.

As Edward drove up in front of the place where his aunt lived, Mr. Ferrers said, "Don't get too close to the curbing—you'll scrape the whitewalls."

"How is that?" Edward asked.

Mr. Ferrers opened the door on his side and looked. "You're all right," he said.

Though now and then some old house would be divided into apartments, this was the only building in Draperville that had been originally designed for that purpose. It was two stories high, frame, with small porches both upstairs and down. It was painted a dreary shade of brown, and it backed on the railroad tracks. Mr. Ferrers' sister lived on the second floor, at the top of a rather steep flight of stairs.

"You go ahead, son," he said. "I have to take my time."

There were two doors at the top of the stairs. The one on the right opened and Edward's Aunt Alice said, "I've been watching for you. Come in, come in," and put her arms around him and gave him a hearty smack. Looking past her into the apartment, he saw that his stepmother had already come.

"What a pretty dress," he said.

"I put it on for you," his Aunt Alice said, and her face lit up with pleasure.

Edward loved her because his mother had loved her, and because she had been very good to him after his mother died—the one person who brought cheerfulness and jokes into a house where life had come to a standstill and people sat down to meals and went upstairs to bed and practiced the piano and read the evening paper and answered the telephone only because they didn't know what else to do. He always thought of her as she was then, and so it was a shock to find her with white hair, false teeth, wrinkles, rimless bifocals, and hands twisted out of shape by arthritis. And living alone for so many years had made her melancholy. Only her voice was not changed. Unlike most people of her generation, she could speak about her feelings. The night before, sitting off in a corner with him where nobody could hear what they were saying, she said, "I know I'm old, but my heart is young." During a long life, very little happiness had come her way and she had taken every bit of it, without a moment's fear or hesitation. And would again.

"Well, Alice," Mr. Ferrers said as he kissed her, "how are all your aches and pains today?"

"They're not imaginary, as you seem to think."

"Don't listen to him," Edward said.

"I know he just likes to get my goat," she said. "But even so."

"If you can't stand a little teasing," Mr. Ferrers said.

"I don't mind teasing, but sometimes your teasing hurts."

When they were children and he got into a fight on the way home from school, she dropped her books and sailed in and pulled his tormentors off him. Mr. Ferrers had had asthma as a boy and was not strong; but he outgrew it; the time came when he didn't need anybody to protect him. From the way she spoke his name, it was perfectly clear to Edward how much his aunt loved his father still.

The living room of the apartment was robbed of light by the porch. The deep shade that was lacking everywhere outside was here, softening the colors of Oriental rugs that were familiar to him from his childhood; like books that he had read over and over. His childhood was separated sharply from his adolescence by his mother's death, which occurred when he was ten. He was thirteen when his father remarried, and when he was fifteen they moved from Draperville to Chicago. He had known his stepmother since he was four years old. She had been his kindergarten teacher, and so it was not as if his father had married a stranger.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ferrers came East for a visit with Edward and his wife, the two couples played gin rummy with a good deal of gaiety and went for long drives. Edward's wife and his stepmother were comfortable together. If there was ever any strain, it was between father and son—because Edward had miscalculated the length of time it took to drive from the handsome street of old houses in Litchfield, Connecticut, to the inn where Mr. Ferrers could sit down to his evening drink; or because Mr. Ferrers could not keep off the subject of politics even though he knew what Edward thought of Senator McCarthy. But when Edward was going to high school in Chicago, it was different. He did not like to think of all that his stepmother had put up with—the sullenness; the refusal to admit her completely into his affections lest he be disloyal to his mother; the harsh judgments of adolescence; sand in the bathroom, tears at the dinner table, and implacable hostility toward his father. As if to make belated amends, he sat now holding her hand in his and reminding her of things that had happened when they were living in Chicago.

"Do you remember what a time you had teaching me to drive?" he said, and they both laughed. Streetcars had exerted a fatal attraction for him. He killed the engine on Sheridan Road. Returning to the garage where the car was kept, he couldn't decide between the entrance and the exit and almost drove up on a concrete post.

"I used to hear you coming home," Helen Ferrers said, "when we lived on Greenleaf Avenue, and your walk sounded so like your Dad's that I couldn't tell which of you it was."

Edward also had put up with something. For the first few years, she suffered from homesickness and she and his father went home to Draperville as often as they could, and they had a good deal of company—mostly Helen's friends, who came up to Chicago for a few days to do some shopping. There was no guest room in the apartment, and when they had company Edward slept in the dining room, on a day bed that opened out. In his room there were twin beds with satin spreads on them, and before he got into bed at night he folded the one on his bed carefully and put it on the other, but sometimes forgot to pin back the glass curtains so they wouldn't be rained on during the night. He studied at a card table, and in his closet, in a plastic bag, were Helen's evening dresses. The two pictures on the wall were colored French prints, from a series entitled "Les Confiances d'Amour." By the light switch there was a small framed motto:

Hello, guest, and Howdy-do.
  This small room belongs to you.
And our house and all that's in it.
  Make yourself at home each minute.

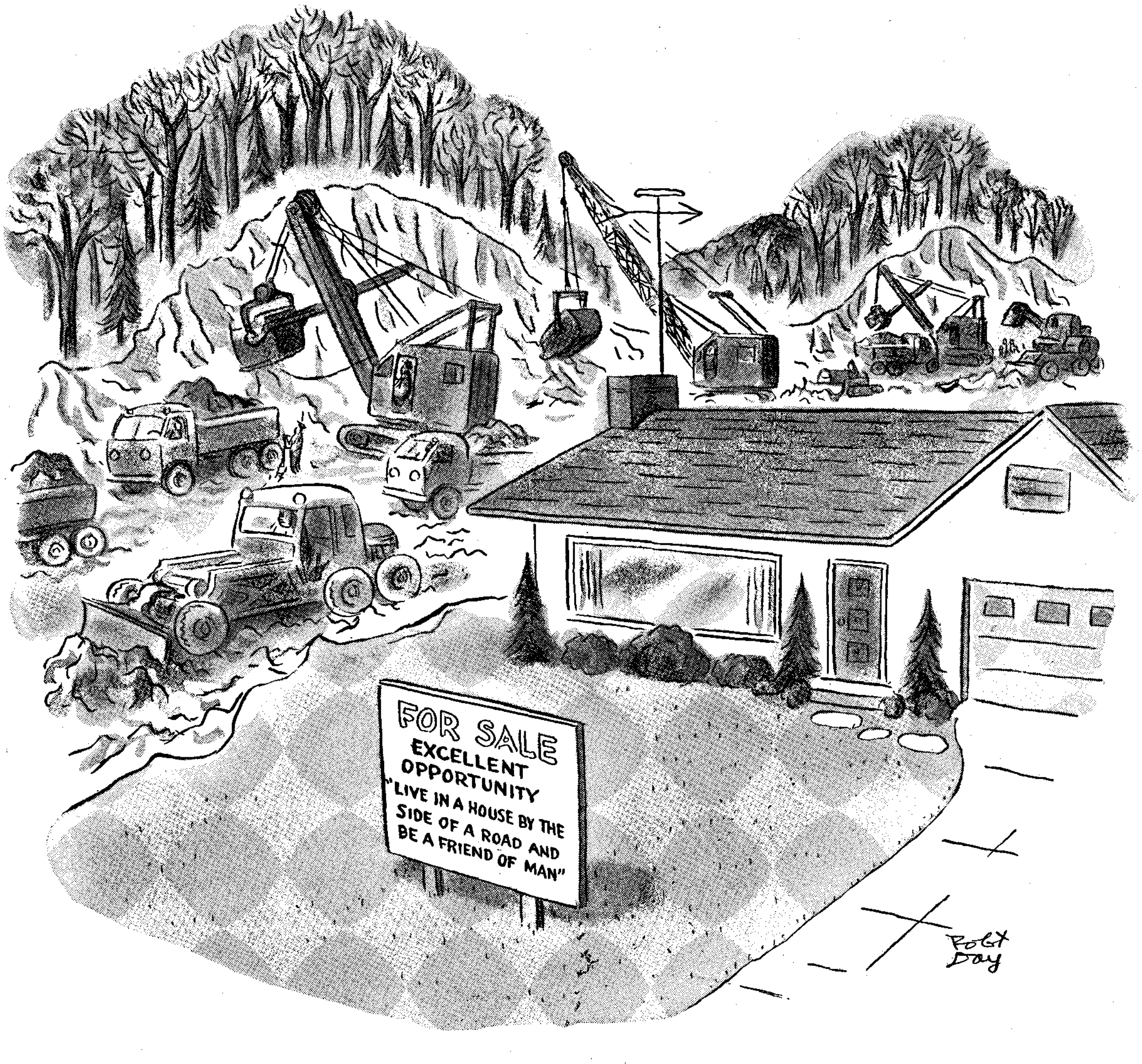
Helen let go of his hand in order to go out to the kitchen and help put lunch on the table. Edward heard his Aunt Alice say, "I'm all ready. As soon as the iced tea is poured, we can sit down. I know Ed likes to have his meals on time."

"You shouldn't have gone to so much trouble," Helen said—meaning sweet corn and garden tomatoes and fried chicken and a huge strawberry shortcake.

"It wasn't any trouble," his aunt said, which was of course untrue; at her age everything was hard for her, and usually she was perfectly willing to admit it. When they pushed their chairs back from the table, an hour later, she said, "No, you can't help me, any of you. I won't hear of it. I don't have Edward with me very often, and we're going to talk, we're not going to stand around in the kitchen doing dishes. I don't mind doing them if I can take my time."

What they talked about, sitting in a circle in her small, dark living room, was her health. The doctor was trying cortisone, and she thought it had helped her. She had more movement in her fingers, and could put her hair up without feeling so much pain in her shoulder.

THEY were late getting away—it was after three-thirty when they said goodbye and got in the car and off


FOR SALE
EXCELLENT
OPPORTUNITY
"LIVE IN A HOUSE BY THE
SIDE OF A ROAD AND
BE A FRIEND OF MAN"
Robt Day

to call on Dr. McBride, whom they found sitting up in bed in the downstairs room where he used to see patients who came to the house. "Sit right here on the bed where I can see you," he said.

"He won't be comfortable," Mrs. McBride objected.

"How do you know?" Dr. McBride said. He was born in Scotland and spoke with a noticeable burr. "Sit down, my boy. Don't pay any attention to your auntie. I've been expecting you. You have your mother's eyes. You remember her?"

Edward nodded.

"And you like living in New York?"

"Yes."

"And you're teaching. That's a fine profession for a man to be in. Very fine. You'll never have to worry for fear your life is being wasted. And how old are you now?"

Edward told him.

"I can recall very well the day you were born. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Yes, I would," Edward said.

"It was an extremely hot day, in the middle of August. . . ."

This was the first real conversation that they had ever had. Mrs. McBride never failed to remind Edward that she had carried him on a pillow when he was a baby, and so he took it for granted that she was fond of him, but Dr. McBride had idolized—as people said—Edward's older brother, and as a child Edward had thought, like all children, that there is only so much affection and if one person gets more, some other person is going to get less. Now, looking into the old man's faded blue eyes, he saw that this was not so; that of course Dr. McBride had been fond of him, too, when he was little.

THREE GREEN WINDOWS

Half awake in my Sunday nap,
I see three green windows
in three different lights—
one west, one south, one east.
I have forgotten that old friends are dying.
I have forgotten that I grow middle-aged.
At each window such rustlings!
The trees persist, yeasty and sensuous,
as thick as saints.
I see three wet gargoyles covered with birds.
Their skins shine in the sun like leather.

I'm on my bed as light as a sponge.
Soon it will be summer.
She is my mother.
She will tell me a story and keep me asleep
against her plump and fruity skin.
I see leaves—
leaves that are washed and innocent,
leaves that never knew a cellar,
born in their own green blood
like the hands of mermaids.

I do not think of the rusty wagon on the walk.
I pay no attention to the red squirrels
that leap like machines beside the house.
I do not remember the real trunks of the trees
that stand beneath the windows
as bulky as artichokes.
I turn like a giant,
secretly watching, secretly knowing,
secretly naming each elegant sea.

I have misplaced the Van Allen belt,
the sewers and the drainage,
the urban renewal and the suburban centers.
I have forgotten the names of the literary critics.
I know what I know.
I am the child I was,
living the life that was mine.
I am young and half asleep.
It is a time of water, a time of trees.

—Anne Sexton

• •

While Mrs. McBride and his father talked about the new road to Peoria and what a difference it would make, Dr. McBride held Edward's hand and told him things he had done and said when he was a little boy, and then he began to tell Edward about his own boyhood in Scotland. "My father was very strict," he said, "and by the time I was eleven years old I'd had enough of his heavy hand and I made up my mind to run away to America. I told my mother, because I couldn't bear not to, and because I knew she'd feel worse if I'd kept it from her. She gave me all the money there was in the teapot, and told me I mustn't leave without saying goodbye to my father. So I did. I edged my way all around the room until I arrived at the door, and then I said, 'Goodbye, Father, I'm leaving home,' and started running as fast as my legs would carry me. . . ."

He got a job on a tramp schooner that landed him eventually on the coast of California. He was homesick and couldn't find work, slept in doorways, and was half starved when he met up with a man whose name was also McBride, a well-to-do rancher who had recently lost his only son.

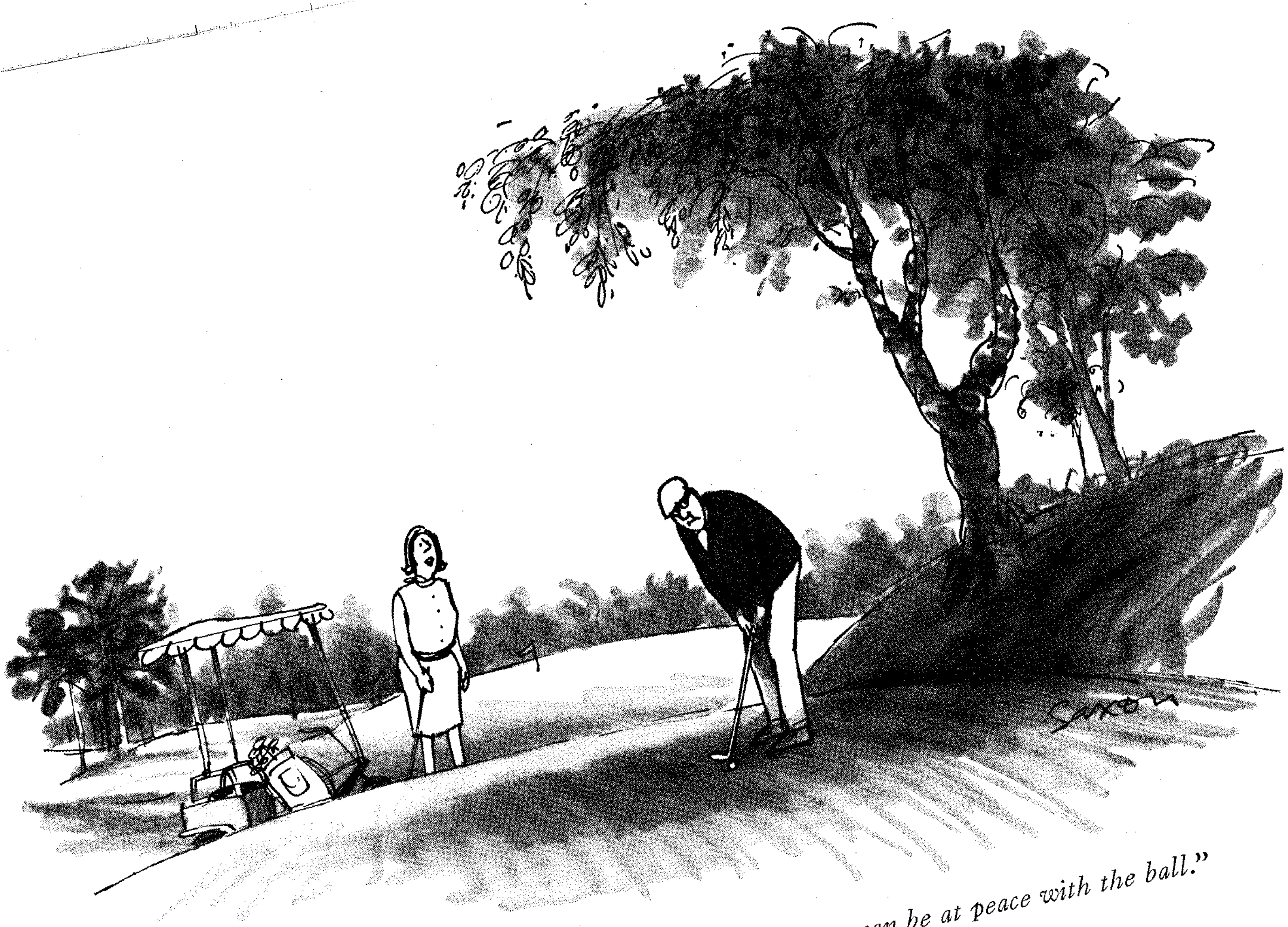
Somewhere, possibly during that far-off boyhood in Scotland, Dr. McBride had been exposed to the storyteller's art. He understood the use of the surprising juxtaposition, the impact of things left unsaid. Again and again there was a detail that couldn't not be true. He never relapsed into the pointless, never said "to make a long story short," and seemed not even to be aware that he was telling stories, and yet there was not one unnecessary word.

STOP
NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP
EE

"Oh, but did that really happen?" Edward exclaimed. "How marvellous."

"It *was* marvellous," Dr. McBride agreed.

And a minute later Edward said, "But weren't you afraid of him?" He said, "He was still waiting, after all that time?" And "It's so beautiful—that it worked out that way." Looking altogether a different person—as if the essential part of him, his true self that could never show its face in Draperville because no child after he grows up can ever be wholly natural with his parents,



"First you must be at peace with yourself. Then you can be at peace with the ball."

had come and joined them on the bed—he asked, "And then what happened?" The old man's eyes lit up. He had found the perfect audience.

Mr. Ferrers consulted his wristwatch and then said, "Much as I hate to do this, Ruth, we've got to be moving on. We're due at the Franklins' at five."

Dr. McBride winked at Edward and said, "Your father is the slave of time," and went on telling the story of his life.

Edward got up from the bed only because it was the third time his father had spoken to him about leaving, and even then it was very hard to do. The stories he did not hear now he never would, and he had the feeling that he was depriving himself of his birthright.

"I thought you'd decided to spend the rest of your life there," Mr. Ferrers said crossly when they were in the car. "Do you have any idea what time it is?"

"I know, Dad," Edward said, "but I couldn't bear to leave. He's the most wonderful storyteller I ever heard, and I didn't even know it."

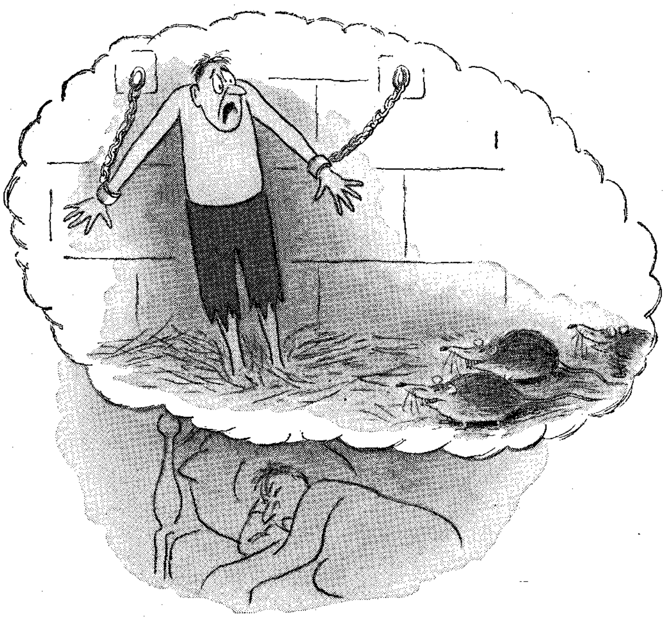
"I've heard Doc's stories," Mr. Ferrers said dryly. "He's always the hero."

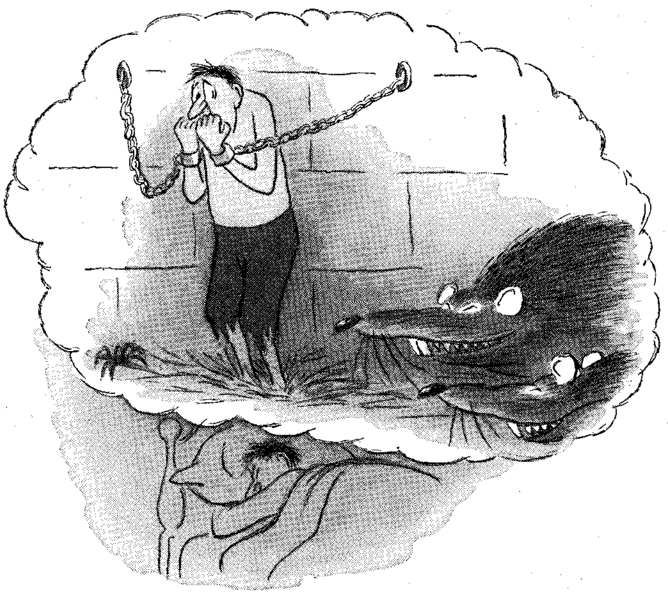
What made Mr. Ferrers' anger so impressive was that it was never unleashed. The change in him now was less than it was in Edward, whose voice rose in pitch, in spite of his efforts to control it. He stammered as he defended himself from his father's remarks. The effect of this skirmish was to move them both back in time, to Edward's fifteenth year and Mr. Ferrers' forty-fifth—the difference being that Edward regarded it as a personal failure in steering the riverboat upstream, whereas Mr. Ferrers five minutes later had dismissed the incident from his mind.

AT the Franklins', Edward threw himself into one conversation after another, enjoying himself thoroughly, and trying, as always, to make sure that no one was skimped—as if the amount of attention he paid to each person who had known him since he came into the world was something that he must try to apportion justly and fairly. Why this should be, he had never asked himself.

From the Franklins' they drove downtown again, to join Helen's family in the cafeteria of the New Draperville Hotel. With several drinks under his belt, Edward looked around the noisy dining room. The faces he saw were full of character, as small-town faces tend to be, he thought, and lined with humor, and time had dealt gently with them. By virtue of having been born in this totally unremarkable place and of having lived their lives out here, they had something people elsewhere did not have. . . . This opinion every person in the room agreed with, he knew, and no doubt it had been put into his mind when he was a child. For it was something that he never failed to be struck by—those sweeping statements in praise of Draperville that were almost an article of religious faith. They spoke about each other in much the same way. "There isn't a finer man anywhere on this earth," they would say, in terms of absolute conviction, sometimes about somebody who was indeed admirable, but just as often it would be some local skinflint, some banker or lawyer who made a specialty of robbing widows and orphans and was just barely a member of the human race. A moment later, opposed to this falsehood and in fact utterly contradicting it, there was a more realistic appraisal, which to his surprise they did not hesitate to express. But it would be wrong to say that the second statement represented their true opinion; it was just their other one.

He saw that somebody was smiling at him from a nearby table, a soft-faced woman with blond hair, and he put his





napkin down and crossed the room to speak to her. He even knew her name. She lived down the street from him, and when he was four years old he was hopelessly in love with her and she liked Johnny Miller instead.

When they walked into the house at ten o'clock, he was talked out, dead-tired, and sleepy, and aware that the one person who had been skimped was the person he had come to see in the first place, his father, and that he couldn't leave without a little time with his father, and that his father had no intention of permitting him to.

As they put their coats away in the hall closet, Helen said, "Ned, dear, you must be dead. I know I am. What time do you want breakfast?"

"Eight-thirty or nine o'clock will be all right," Mr. Ferrers said. "His train doesn't leave till eleven. You go on up. Ned and I want to have a little visit."

"I think I will," Mrs. Ferrers said. But first she went around the room emptying ashtrays and puffing up satin pillows, until the room looked as if there had never been anybody in it. The two men walked through the sun parlor and out onto the screened porch. Mr. Ferrers sat down in the chair that was always referred to as his, and lit a cigar. Edward sat on a bamboo sofa. They did not turn the light on but sat in the dim light that came from the living room. Mr. Ferrers began by remarking upon the many changes he had seen in his lifetime—the telephone, electric light, the automobile, the airplane—and how these changes had totally changed the way people lived. "It's been a marvellous privilege," he said, drawing on his cigar, "to have lived in a time when all this was happening."

Edward managed not to say that he would gladly have dispensed with all of these inventions. He listened to his father's denunciation of the New Deal as he would have to some overfamiliar piece of music—"Fingal's Cave" or the overture to "Rosamunde"—aware that it was a necessary prelude to the more substantial part of the conversation, something uppermost in his father's mind that had to be said in order to get around to things that were deeper and more personal.

So long as Edward did not argue with his father or attempt to present the other side of the political picture, Mr. Ferrers did not investigate his son's opinions. When Edward was twenty, he had tried to convert his father to the liberal point of view, but current history—the depression, in particular—had done more than Edward could possibly have hoped to accomplish with rational arguments. Mr. Ferrers was aware that there is such a thing as social responsibility, and he merely complained that it had now gone far enough and any further effort in that direction would weaken the financial structure of the country. So far as Edward could make out, his father's financial structure had weathered the storm very well.

When Edward put his feet up and arranged the pillows comfortably behind his head, Mr. Ferrers said, "If you're too tired, son, go to bed." But kindly. There was no impatience in his voice.

"Oh, no," Edward said. "I just felt like stretching out."

"It's too bad it has to be this way. When we lived in Chicago, there was no one to consider but ourselves, and we could talk to our hearts' content."

Actually, in those days it was Mr. Ferrers who talked. Edward was full of secrets and couldn't have opened his mouth without putting his foot in it.

"Very nice," he said, when his father asked what he thought of his Aunt Alice's apartment. "She seemed very comfortable."

"She keeps very peculiar hours. She likes to read till two in the morning. But you can't tell other people how to lead their lives, and I guess she's happy doing that. And she's got all her things around her—all those old drop-leaf tables and china doodads she sets such store by and that no second-hand dealer would give you more than two dollars for, if that."

"Aunt Alice's things are better than you think," Edward said.

"If you like antiques," Mr. Ferrers said. "I used to argue with her, but I don't anymore. I've given up. There's a first-floor apartment coming vacant in the same building that she wants to move into. It's more expensive, but she complains about the stairs, and at her age they are a consideration. I'll probably have to help her with the rent. . . . She could have been in a very different situation today. I know of three very fine men who were crazy to marry her. She wouldn't have them. They've all done well for themselves."

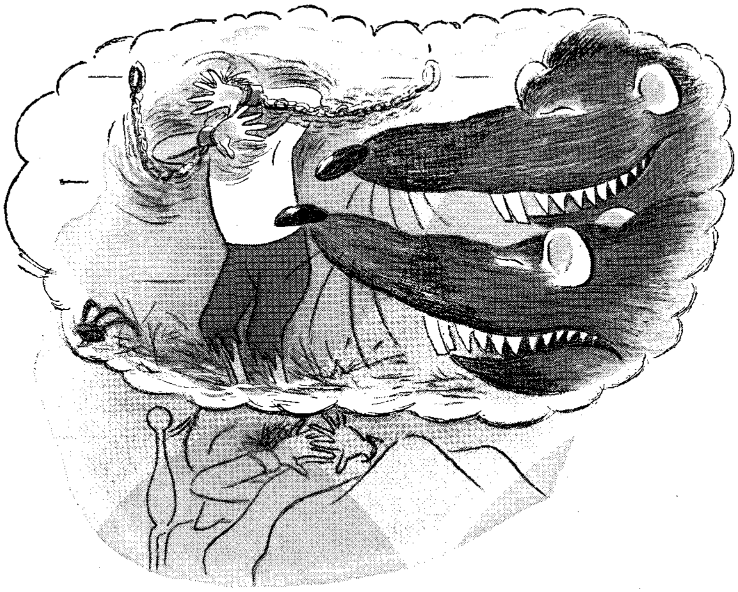
They probably bored her, Edward said to himself in the dark.

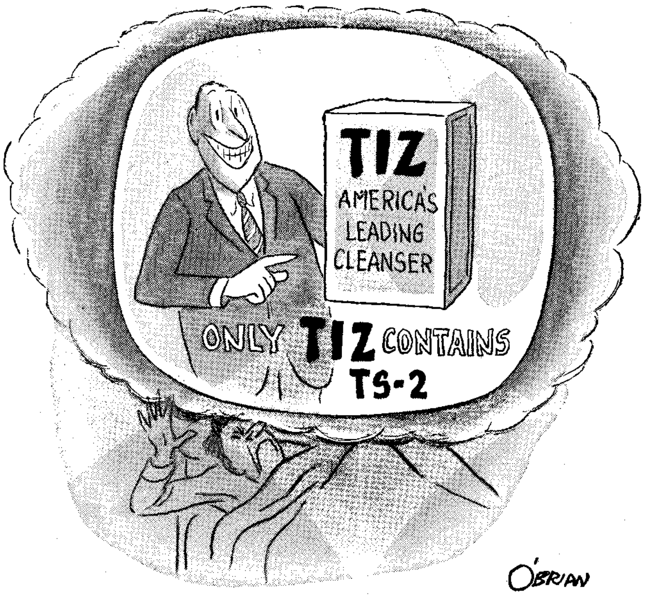
"Father begged her with tears in his eyes not to marry George Frazer," Mr. Ferrers said. "But she wouldn't listen to him."

"She's had lots of pleasure from her life, even so," Edward remarked.

"Now she wants to sell all her securities—she hasn't got very much: some Quaker Oats and some U.S. Gypsum and a few shares of General Motors—and buy an annuity, which at her age is the silliest thing you ever heard of."

Silly or not, she had his father to fall back on, Edward reflected philosophi-





cally. And then, less philosophically, he wondered what would happen if his Aunt Alice outlived his father. Who would look after her? Her only son was dead and she had no grandchildren. The question contained its own answer: Edward and his brothers would take on the responsibility that until now his father had shouldered alone.

"What was he like?"

"What was who like?"

"Grandfather Ferrers."

"He was as fine a man as you would ever want to know," Mr. Ferrers said soberly, and then he added to a long finished picture a new detail that changed everything. He said, "Father never saw me until my brother Will died."

Edward opened his eyes. His father very seldom ever said anything as revealing as this, and also it was in flat contradiction to the usual version, which was that his father and his grandfather had been extremely close.

The earliest surviving photographs of his father showed him playing the mandolin, with his cap on the back of his head and a big chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. His brother Will died at the age of twenty-five, leaving a wife and child, and Grandfather Ferrers' health was poor, and so Edward's father, who had wanted to study medicine, dropped out of school instead and began to help support the family.

From where he lay stretched out on the sofa, Edward could see into the lighted living room of the house next door. The son-in-law sat reading a copy of *Life* under a bridge lamp. The two Scotties, whose barking Mr. Ferrers complained of, were quiet. There had been a divorce that had rocked the house next door to the foundations, but that, too, had quieted down. The whole neighborhood was still. Not even a television set. Just the insects of the summer night. His father would have been a good doctor, Edward thought, staring at the outlines of the house next door and the trees in the back yard, silhouetted against the night sky. He felt his eyelids growing heavier and heavier.

"But all that changed," Mr. Ferrers said. "Toward the end of his life we got to know each other."

Edward heard his stepmother moving about upstairs, and then without warning his mind darkened. When he came to, after he had no idea how long, Mr. Ferrers was discussing his will. Though Edward could hardly believe that this conversation was taking place at all, what made it seem even stranger was the fact that his father spoke without excitement of any kind, and as if all his life he had been in the habit of discussing his financial arrangements with his children. The will was what Edward had assumed that it would be. There was nothing that he could object to, nothing that was not usual. Everything was to go to his stepmother during her lifetime, and then the estate would be divided among Mr. Ferrers' three sons.

"I wanted very much to be able to leave you boys something at the time of my death," Mr. Ferrers said. "About fifteen thousand dollars is what I had planned. I wanted you to have a little present to remember me by. But with the state and federal inheritance tax, I don't see how this can be managed."

"It doesn't matter," Edward said.

"It matters to me," Mr. Ferrers said, and there they were, right back where they started.

Mr. Ferrers drew on his cigar and the porch was illuminated by a soft red glow. "When I was a young man," he said, "and just trying to get my feet on the ground, my father said to me, 'If you can just manage to save a thousand dollars, you'll never be in want, the whole rest of your life. . . .' " Though Edward had never heard Dr. McBride's stories, this story he knew by heart. His father had done it, had managed to save a thousand dollars, and his grandfather's words had proved true. As a young man, having been told the same thing by his father, Edward had put this theory to the test; he also had saved a thousand dollars, and then, gradually, unlike his father and his grandfather, he had spent it. Little by little, it went. But strangely enough, so far at least, the theory still held. He had never been in actual want, though the balance in their—his and Janet's—joint checking account at this moment his father would not have considered cause for congratulation.

It was an amusing thought that the same reticence that prevented his father from telling him just how much money he had would prevent him also from inquiring into Edward's financial circumstances. But it would not prevent him from asking if Edward was saving money. The conversation was clearly heading for this point, and so Edward braced himself and was ready when it arrived.

Mr. Ferrers said, "I assume you have managed to put something aside?"

Edward neither confirmed nor denied this.

"If you haven't, you should have," Mr. Ferrers said sternly. Then a long circuitous return to the same subject, this time in the guise of whether or not Edward had enough insurance, so that if anything happened to him Janet was taken care of.

Janet was taken care of. But not

through Edward's foresight. She had money of her own, left to her by her grandmother. They did not touch the principal but used the income.

"If anything happens to me, Janet is taken care of," Edward said. And it was all he said.

"That's fine," Mr. Ferrers said. "I'm very glad to hear it."

He passed on to the subject of Edward's two brothers, who were in business together, and, though very different, were adjusting to each other's personalities. His older brother had already done extremely well; his younger brother, just starting out after a two-year period in the Army, when his schooling was interrupted, had, of course, a long way to go, but he was showing such a determination to succeed that Mr. Ferrers could find nothing but satisfaction in contemplating his son's efforts.

"I know," Edward said, and "That's true," and "He certainly does," and his answers sounded so drowsy that at last Mr. Ferrers said with exasperation, "If you're so sleepy, why don't you go to bed?"

"Because I don't feel like it," Edward said. "I'm fine here on the sofa." Leaving the riverboat with nobody at the wheel, he began to talk about himself—a thing he did easily with other people but not with his father. He talked about his teaching—what he tried to put into it, and what he got from it. And about a very talented pupil, who showed signs of becoming a writer. And then about the book that he himself had been occupied with for the past five years—a study of changing social life in nineteenth-century England as reflected in the diaries of the Reverend John Skinner.

His older brother, it appeared, considered that Edward was a failure—not only financially but as a teacher. If he were a successful teacher he would be called to Harvard or Princeton or Yale.

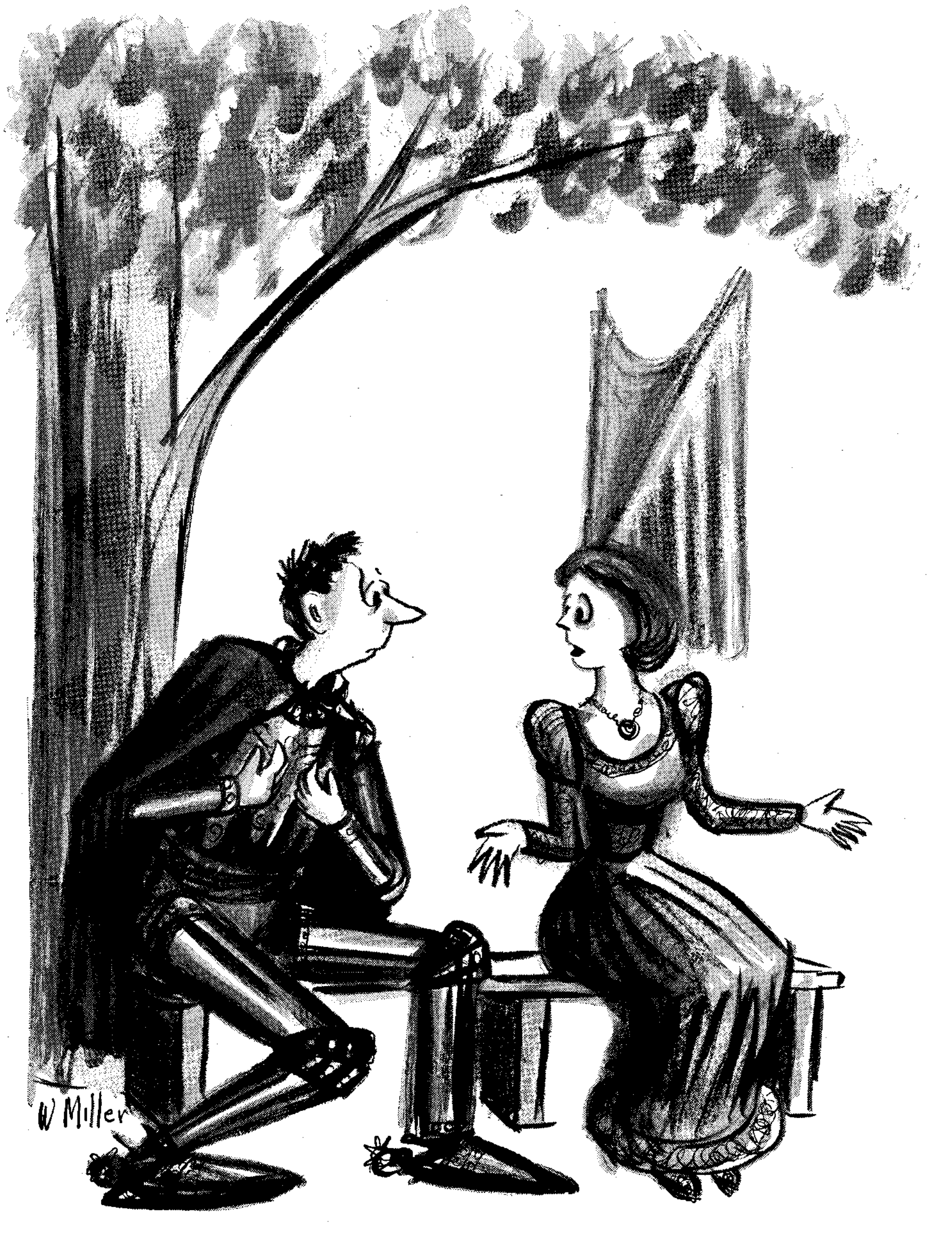
"I don't know that I'd be happy teaching at Harvard or Princeton or Yale," Edward said. "And I am happy where I am. And valued."

"He doesn't understand," Mr. Ferrers said. "He lives very extravagantly—too much so, I think. They're flying very high these days. But he judges people by how much money they make. I explained to him when he was here that you care about money, too, but that you also care about other things, and that you are content to have a little less money and do the kind of work that interests you. . . . But, of course, you two boys have always been very different. And I don't interfere in your lives. I've given each of you a good education, the best I could manage, and from that time on you have been on your own. And you all made good. I'm proud of each of you. I have three fine boys."

Edward, floating, suspended, not quite anywhere, felt the safety in his father's voice, and a freedom in talking to him that he had never had before, not merely with his father but perhaps not even with anybody. In an unsafe world, he was safe only with one person. Which was so strange a thought—that his father, whom he had consistently opposed and resisted his whole life, and at one time even hated, should turn out to be the one person he felt utterly safe with—that he sat up and rearranged the pillows.

He would have gone on talking, half awake, drowsy but happy, for hours, and when Mr. Ferrers said, "Well, son, it's almost midnight, you'd better get some sleep," he got up from the sofa reluctantly. They went back through the sun parlor into the living room, and Edward blinked his eyes at the light, having been accustomed to darkness. He sat down at his stepmother's desk, took her pen, and wrote out a check for twenty dollars, and handed it to his father, who, smiling, tore the check up and dropped it in the wastebasket and went on talking about how much it meant to him to have Edward home.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL



"Don't you see, Roland, being a knight in shining armor isn't enough. All the fellows I know are knights in shining armor."

•

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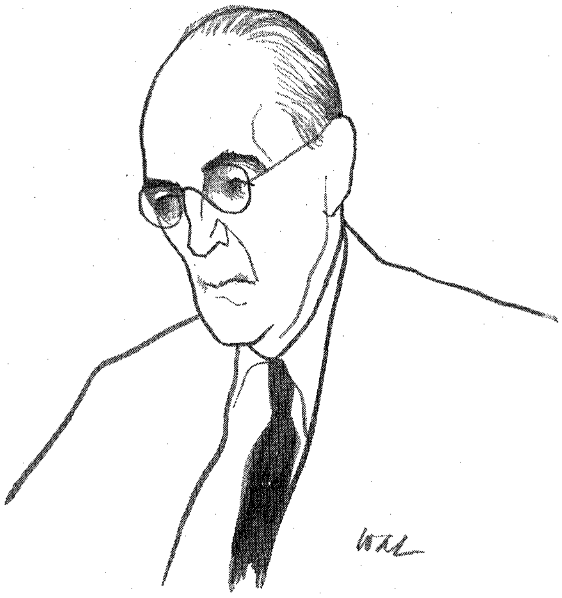

William Francis Gibbs

EVERY morning at a very early hour, William Francis Gibbs, a seventy-seven-year-old naval architect, rises and breakfasts frugally on dry toast and coffee. A short time later, his chauffeur calls at Mr. Gibbs' apartment, on upper Fifth Avenue, with a light-gray air-conditioned Lincoln limousine and drives him downtown to an unremarkable thirty-story brick building at 21 West Street, overlooking the Battery—the premises of Gibbs & Cox, naval architects and marine engineers, of which Mr. Gibbs is the head. Here Mr. Gibbs ceremoniously exhibits an identification badge to the security officer on duty and is duly passed into the building. The security officer knows perfectly well who he is. It would be impossible not to recognize Mr. Gibbs, who is six feet two inches tall, wears steel-rimmed spectacles over ambiguous-colored blue-brown eyes, and looks a little like a thin, hungry, slightly rakish, and very excitable archbishop in baggy civilian clothes. But the ceremony is carried out with the utmost spit and polish, the security officer checking Mr. Gibbs' long, deadpan face against the photograph of him that appears on the badge. The fact that Mr. Gibbs often shows up at the office seven days a week does not affect the ritual; the idea is to show respect for the sixteen-man security force of the firm and to set an example to the rest of the staff. The ritual also reflects Mr. Gibbs' firm belief that all men are created equal. "If there's anything I dislike, it's big shots," he remarked recently.

The private office to which Mr. Gibbs makes his way at 21 West Street is a soundproof cubicle, glass-enclosed on three sides, that juts out into the middle of an enormous drafting room; from it he can keep an eye on what at least part of his staff is doing, and everybody can keep an eye on him. (A sign pasted on the door of the cubicle labels it "The Glass Menagerie.") Except for having a magnificent view of the Upper Harbor from a window in the fourth wall of his cubicle, Mr. Gibbs' office is about as puritanical as an office can be. There is a drafting-table desk and five straight-backed chairs, one obviously for Mr. Gibbs and the others for visitors. Although the firm of Gibbs & Cox shuns publicity, has no public-relations department, and makes little effort to impress visitors, it does have a "reception area" on the fifteenth floor that makes a few rather feeble gestures in the direction of gaiety and comfort. Here one finds a couple of upholstered sofas and a few chairs with cushions on them. The walls are decorated with a ship's clock and with two big photomurals of Gibbs & Cox masterpieces—the U.S.S. Benham, a DD 397 Class destroyer, and the passenger liner United States, both under full steam. A scale model of a particularly successful freighter that the firm designed for the British during the Second World War reposes in a glass case, like an exhibit in a natural-history museum. There is also, in one corner, a large photograph of some waves breaking over a rock, possibly a symbol of one of the two basic elements—the sea and fire—that Mr. Gibbs has spent most of his lifetime struggling to master.

Gibbs & Cox (Daniel H. Cox was a famous yacht designer who joined the firm in 1929, retired in 1943, and subsequently died) is the largest private ship-designing firm in the world, and the scale of its activities is surpassed only by the design offices of one or two of the world's navies. It is reported to have designed seventy per cent of the heavy armored ships used by the United States Navy during the war, when it turned out blueprints for and oversaw the construction of more than five thousand ships all told, including Coast Guard and merchant-marine vessels. During that period, its staff of employees swelled to three thousand; at present it is down to about a thousand, but the thousand are obviously very busy. Gibbs & Cox has designed passenger liners for the Grace, American President, United States, and Matson Lines, among others; cargo vessels for the American Export, Lykes Brothers, and Farrell Lines; and no end of such specialized ships as icebreakers, cable-laying vessels, and fireboats, including the Fire Fighter—the gay red super-fireboat, more powerful than any other in the world, that graces New York Harbor. But its largest client continues to be the United States government, represented not only by the Navy and the Coast Guard but by the Army and the Marine Corps, for which it has built all sorts of seagoing conveyances. In one place or another on the fifteen floors that the firm occupies at 21 West Street are an almost life-size model of a destroyer cabin; a ship-model shop, where toylike miniatures are turned out for testing purposes; and—in addition to drafting rooms, accounting offices, and such—a huge room full of secret files relating to government projects. Some time ago, Mr. Gibbs escorted a visitor past several armed guards and then through the gray-green corridors of this secret room. "Maybe they *ought* to let a couple of spies in here," he remarked solemnly. "They might find something, and I'll be damned if *I* can!" But a minute or two later he said, with equal solemnity and a touch of boyish excitement, "You know, from an intelligence point of view, this place is the most closely guarded place in the United States." On leaving it, Mr. Gibbs led his visitor up a flight of stairs and past some more armed guards, and showed him a scale model, about eight feet long, of an old-fashioned steam fire engine, circa 1912, enclosed in a glass case. "Beautiful, isn't it!" he exclaimed. "It's in perfect running order. I had it built in our shops—at my expense, of course. I also have a 1903 Mercedes car—a real one—which I keep in storage. It's a beauty, too. Recently, though, I've had to change the tires."

The chef-d'œuvre of all Mr. Gibbs' achievements is, of course, the passenger liner United States, and at times even he seems a little in awe of it. “The reason we managed to construct that ship was that the government left us to ourselves, putting no regulations in the way,” he recalled the other day. “So we designed the ideal ship. Nobody knows how fast it can go. Nobody is allowed belowdecks without a special permit. I’ve asked them in Washington to put a Russian on board—he’d be more impressed than by any speeches you could think up. Lots of people would like to see that engine room. It’s clean as a whistle. There’s a big roar of air but not a bit of vibration. The crew is absolutely trustworthy. Even in an English pub on the other side, with the British trying to find out, they don’t open their mouths. There’s no love lost between us and the British designers, you know. They’re condescending, supercilious bastards, but when the United States broke all the transatlantic records—it still holds them, and it went into service in 1952—they had to come down a peg.”

“And what about your Women’s Guild?”

Mr. Gibbs’ attachment to the United States is like that of a proud father to a precocious child. Reporters have noted that he meets his dream ship every time it arrives in New York, either riding out to the Narrows in a launch to board it or going up the gangway the minute it docks at Pier 86, at the foot of Forty-sixth Street. He knows practically every member of the crew by name, and on every arrival he goes into a huddle with Commodore Leroy Alexanderson, the ship’s captain, to find out how the vessel performed during the voyage. But this is only half of it. When the United States passes the offices of Gibbs & Cox on outbound voyages, Commodore Alexanderson blows three imposing blasts on the ship’s whistle. Mr. Gibbs thereupon hurries to his window overlooking the harbor and takes up his binoculars. At the same time, Commodore Alexanderson takes up his, and it is said that each can see the glitter in the other’s eyes as the ship makes its stately way down the harbor. Moreover, Mr. Gibbs calls Commodore Alexanderson daily by shore-to-ship telephone to find out if everything is going well—which it invariably is. In one of the crannies of the Gibbs & Cox establishment, Mr. Gibbs keeps a color film showing just how the ship behaves in all sorts of weather, and on rare occasions he will have it screened for the benefit of visitors. The film, which was taken from the bridge of the vessel, shows its bow cutting through waves of various heights and forces. One shot, made in extremely rough weather, with waves running as high as fifty feet, causes Mr. Gibbs to glow with excitement. “Look at that!” he exclaimed to a visitor recently. “The only thing coming over the bow is spray—not a bit of green water!” No matter how fascinated Mr. Gibbs is by the behavior of his masterpiece, however, nothing can persuade him to take a trip on it. He was aboard during its maiden transatlantic voyage, and that

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was enough. Not that he is afraid the ship will founder; it is undoubtedly the safest ship afloat. It is simply that Mr. Gibbs is a high-strung man, and the notion that some little defect—of wiring, say, or of vibration—might manifest itself is too dreadful for him to contemplate. He slept very little during his one trip on the United States; he was too busy listening for possible imperfections that never realized themselves.

Despite all the secrecy surrounding the liner United States (it was built, under a huge government subsidy, as a possible troop carrier, with a capacity of fourteen thousand men), some things about it are a matter of public record. It is capable of cruising ten thousand miles without refuelling. Its cruising speed, which is far below its top speed, is way beyond that of any other ocean liner afloat. It is a few feet shorter than the Queen Elizabeth, but its carrying capacity is about the same—some two thousand passengers and a thousand crew members. It is completely air-conditioned. Vast quantities of aluminum were used in its decks and superstructure, thus making it both lighter and, by lowering its center of gravity, more stable. Its stacks are not sawed-off stovepipes but are helmeted with wide-finned caps, called "sampans" in nautical language; together with the graceful lines and proportions of the hull, they give the ship a racy look. Its narrow beam permits it to pass through the Panama Canal. It is completely and absolutely fireproof—a splendid testament to Mr. Gibbs' unremitting battle against fire. All upholstery and hangings are made of glass fibre or flameproof synthetics. The only pieces of wood on board are the pianos in the salons and the butcher's blocks in the galleys, and Mr. Gibbs appears to look with suspicion even on these. But the real mysteries are belowdecks, in the engine room. All facts about the propulsion plant are classified, from two points of view—by the Navy, as military information, and by the owners, as a matter of competitive advantage. Even advertisements by the various companies that had a hand in making the machinery are censored. "The United States is the safest, fastest, most efficient passenger ship and naval auxiliary in the world," Mr. Gibbs has been quoted as saying with some pride, but any attempt to draw him into further discussion of the subject is hopeless.

"EVERYBODY thinks I'm a mean fellow because I like ships better than people," Mr. Gibbs remarked re-

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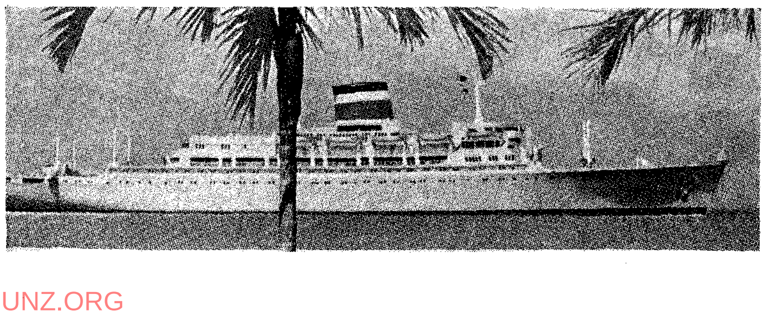

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cently, but this was an overstatement on the part of a man whose mind is exceedingly complex and not at all impervious to human values. The large staff of Gibbs & Cox consult him on personal as well as technical problems, and he hovers over his employees like a mother. He is lavish with praise of any job well done, even if it is no more than the design of a small screw or bolt, and he spends a great deal of his time officiating at weddings, baptisms, and funerals of members of the firm. His speeches at company parties and official occasions have a simple but heartfelt quality, and many of them are printed afterward in a small company magazine called *Compass Points*, where they are read attentively by the speechmaker himself. "You know, that was completely extemporaneous," he said to a friend after reading one of the speeches aloud. "I never use notes. If there's anything I can't stand, it's those goddam dinners with speakers who rustle papers. A speaker ought to speak, just as a writer ought to write."

Mr. Gibbs (or W.F., as he is known to his staff) is a man of several vocabularies—technical, oratorical, and familiar, to name three. The familiar one differs slightly according to his audience but is likely to verge on pure quarterdeck—especially in the presence of women, from whom he seems determined to keep aloof. It is certainly not that Mr. Gibbs dislikes women. There are plenty of them at Gibbs & Cox, and when he is not swearing in their presence he treats them with the utmost gallantry. But let the slightest note of sentimentality be struck and the barriers go up. If a lady friend, on taking her leave, should lean forward to kiss his cheek, he is apt to raise his arm defensively and blurt out, "For God's sake, stop it!," as if he feared the plague. He has, it must be said, been married for thirty-seven years to the former Vera Cravath, whose father, Paul, was an eminent New York attorney and a long-time chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Opera.

Mr. Gibbs' favorite method of expressing disapprobation is "If there's anything I can't stand . . ." but it is more than balanced by his favorite method of expressing enthusiasm, which is to call a thing "the greatest." Among his enthusiasms are Daniel Chester French's statue of Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial ("the greatest current piece of sculpture, in my opinion"); the National Gallery in Washington ("the greatest modern piece of architecture in the world, greater than any

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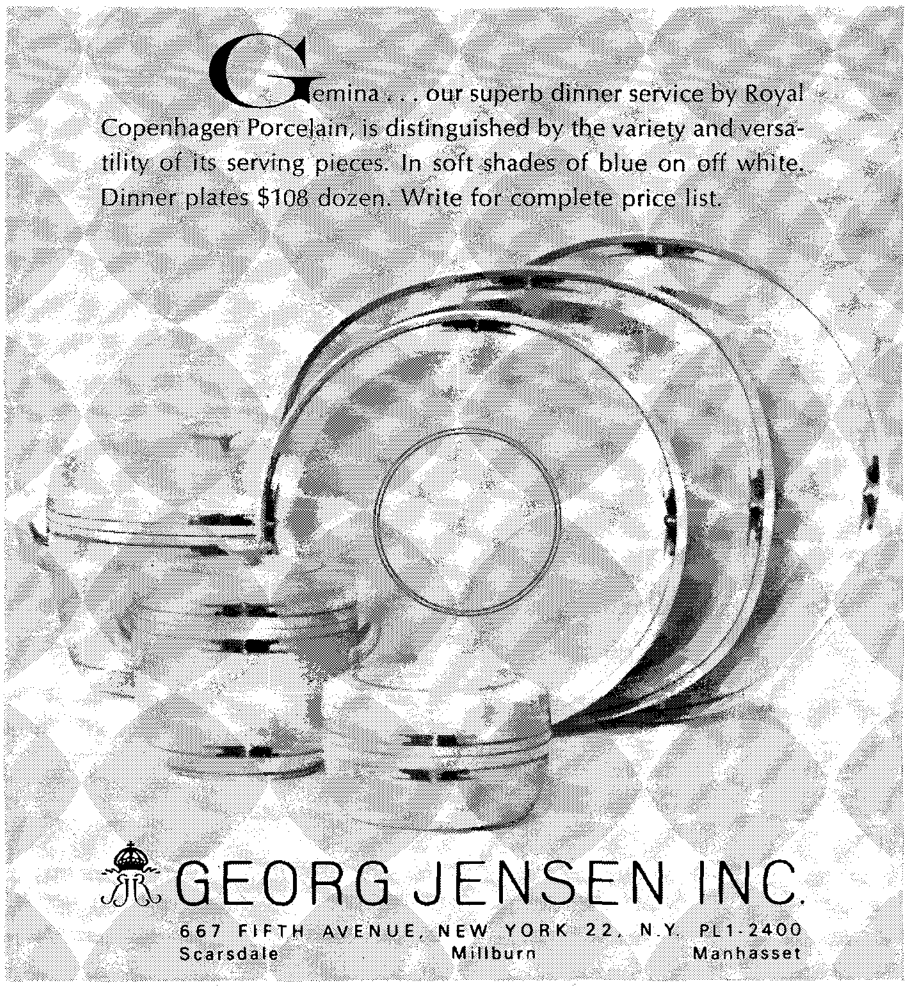

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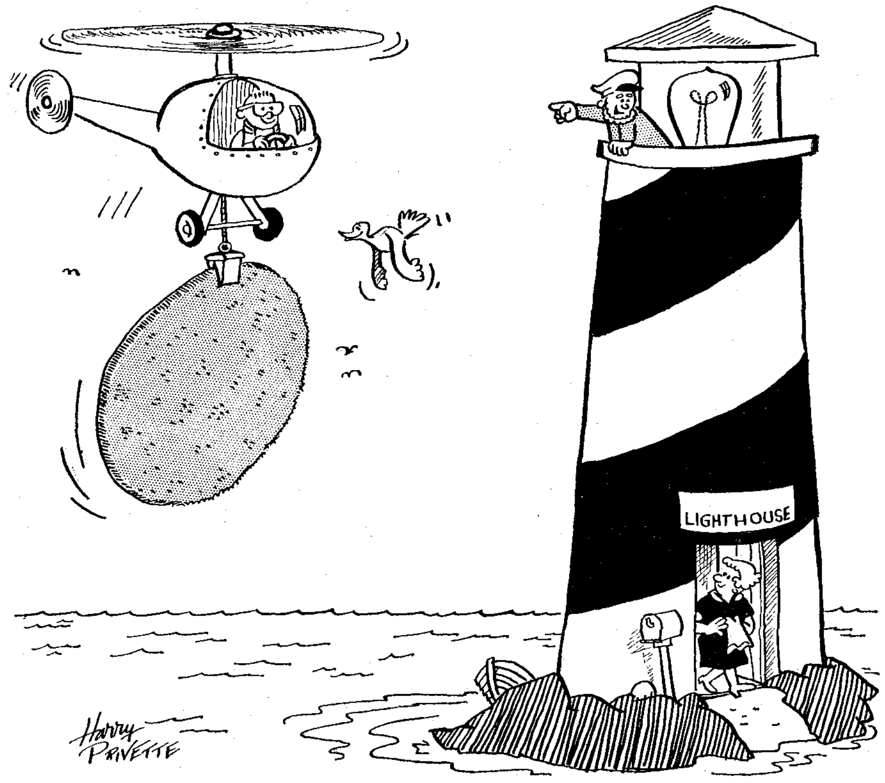

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skyscraper—when I look at skyscrapers, I don't think I'm anybody"); the drive to Coney Island and back, which he takes with his chauffeur every so often ("the greatest drive in New York"); and his chief engineer, a highly intelligent, gray-haired, squirrel-like man named Walter Bachman ("the greatest marine engineer in the world"). There is no doubt at all about which is the greatest ship in the world, of course.

Mr. Gibbs' habits of dress reflect the same split between the formal and the don't-give-a-damn that his language does. Six days a week, during office hours, he wears nothing but a dark-blue or a dark-brown suit, frequently unpressed, with a white shirt and an austerely unfigured blue or brown four-in-hand tie; in fact, for a long time there was a legend that Mr. Gibbs *owned* only two suits. On the other hand, he loves to dress up in white tie and tails to attend the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, and every Sunday he puts on formal morning wear and a homburg to go to services at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, on Fifth Avenue. Those who work at Gibbs & Cox on Sundays have often smiled at the spectacle of their boss, splendidly arrayed in morning coat and striped pants, sitting down to work in his glass cubicle. Though he is a devout Episcopalian, no commands concerning the Lord's day of rest keep him away from his office.

As might be expected of a man so devoted to his work, Mr. Gibbs is markedly anti-social. He is not one to sit long hours at a lunch or dinner table; in fact, his daily regimen is and has always been coffee and dry toast for breakfast, coffee and dry toast for lunch, and, usually, chops and spinach for dinner. He loathes cocktail parties in particular. "If there's anything I can't stand it's sitting between two dames and trying to make a conversation out of nothing," he remarked the other day. "They always say, 'What do you do?' I say, 'I'm an engineer.' They say, 'What kind of engineering?' I say, 'I design garbage barges.' As a matter of fact, I do, too. Then they—the dames, I mean—drift off. It's all so damn pointless." Still, there are social occasions that Mr. Gibbs does like—events at which he can make speeches, and events, such as plays and operas, at which he can remain a spectator. Moreover, he is fervent about attending Sunday observances at St. Thomas, where, he claims proudly, he has heard the Bible read from cover to cover at least three times. He is a vestryman, and his duties include pass-

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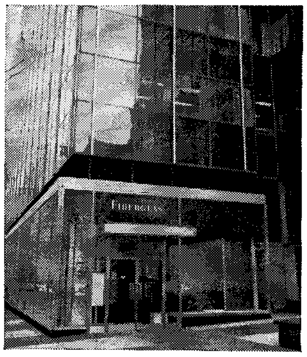

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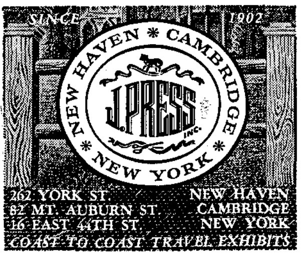
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ing the plate and totting up the contributions afterward. ("That's the hard part," he said recently. "I'm not much at addition.") But for all the modesty of his demeanor at St. Thomas (he usually listens to the service with his long, angular body jackknifed on an uncomfortable bench at the rear of the congregation), he is a considerable power behind the pulpit. The church is, in fact, his main hobby, and he has contributed a great deal to its maintenance and improvement. Although it is, after all, perhaps Manhattan's most distinctly upper-crust place of worship, he insisted on installing freed, or unreserved, pews for the community at large. He demanded that the place be kept open to the public until midnight, and he donated a pair of glass doors that allowed its illuminated interior to be seen from the outside. He has been heard to grumble about the "goddam clergy" and to characterize St. Thomas as so high-toned that a humble man like him has a hard time getting admitted to it, but he is on the best of terms with Dr. Frederick Morris, its present rector, and he took so much interest in one of the former assistant rectors, the Reverend Sidney Lanier, that when Mr. Lanier left to take the post of vicar of St. Clement's—a humbler church on West Forty-sixth Street, in the middle of Hell's Kitchen—Mr. Gibbs became a pillar of that church, too. His religious feelings have a heroic aspect about them. "Show me the captain of a transatlantic liner, and I'll show you a religious man," he said not long ago. "Out there in dirty weather, you feel like nothing, and you *have* to believe." Among his many contributions to the enhancement of the rites at St. Thomas is his revitalization of the annual fall ceremony known as the Massing of the Colors, in which flags of all branches of the armed forces are carried into the church in a solemn procession and blessed from the pulpit. An old ceremony, it had fallen into decline and become too perfunctory for the heroic mind of Mr. Gibbs. He used his Washington connections and demanded detachments of Marines, soldiers, sailors, and Coast Guardsmen to take part in the service. Today, the Massing of the Colors is a reverent and heartening spectacle that ties up traffic on Fifth Avenue for several blocks, and Mr. Gibbs is always present to watch it from the sidelines.

Naturally, Mr. Gibbs' dedication to the heroic is reflected in his other occupations, too. His reading, aside from the flood of technical treatises that come

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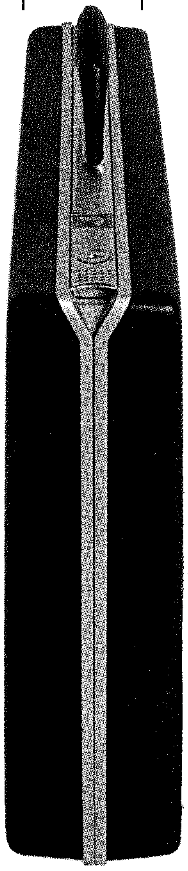

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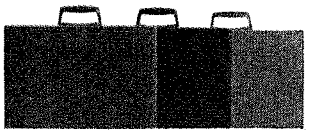

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his way, is confined almost exclusively to the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln, and the Captain Horatio Hornblower novels of C. S. Forester. He is an expert on the Civil War and a fervent admirer of Lincoln, and he carries with him everywhere a Lincoln quotation encased in laminated plastic: "If I tried to read, much less answer, all the criticisms made of me and all the attacks levelled against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can. I intend to keep on doing this down to the very end." He also carries a similarly preserved excerpt from the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke: "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." He is a lifelong baseball fan and has had a season box at Yankee Stadium ever since it was built. Every fall, he has the World Series scores broadcast, inning by inning, throughout the offices of Gibbs & Cox for the benefit of his employees. He is also a circus fan, and when he goes to a performance he usually throws a circus party beforehand for a dozen or so guests, many of them theatre and opera people. His reaction to high-wire and trapeze acts is exuberant. "I love the circus," he said not long ago. "When a man stands on his head on a trapeze and whirls hoops with both hands and both feet, you have a tremendous performance. And jugglers! I used to be an amateur juggler myself. If you know something about it, you can appreciate it. They can keep nine balls in the air at once. I used to get as far as five balls. But nine! That's something!"

In addition, Mr. Gibbs is a devotee of the Broadway theatre; in fact, there was a time when he attended it almost every night. He went to "My Fair Lady" seventeen times. "I saw all the different casts," he told a visitor the other day. "The first one, with Rex Harrison, was the best, of course. And the greatest thing I've ever seen in the theatre was John Gielgud in 'The School for Scandal.' I also saw him in 'The Ages of Man.' You should have seen him do King Lear! No scenery or props, dressed just as you and I are—and the whole audience was weeping openly. Gielgud was so appealing—an amazing fellow, an absolute expert. I go to the opera a lot, too. I think the greatest song in the world is the 'Spring Song' at the end of the first act of 'Die Walküre.' I've heard Melchior sing it, and he was terrific. But the greatest opera singer I ever heard was Caruso. He

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put pathos into 'Pagliacci.' I never heard anything in opera that was handled by such a terrific expert. I first heard him sing 'Vesti la giubba' at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. That scene became a play in itself when Caruso sang it—just a few minutes of music, but he put a lifetime of experience into it. He came out in his white satin suit with all those little black pompons and that peaked hat. I can see him today. Music is simply amazing. I think the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy is just a little better than the New York Philharmonic, but they're both wonderful organizations. I love Tchaikovsky's Fourth. It's got some of the greatest march music in it I've ever heard. And I also love Beethoven's Fifth. And what's the name of that French composition that begins very soft and then rises higher and higher to a tremendous climax? Ravel's 'Bolero.' By God, it's good! If I had my way, I'd be at the theatre or the opera every single night. The trouble is, I have a full-time job at the office practically seven days a week, and I get up around dawn. So I can't stay up late."

Mr. Gibbs was silent for a moment, and then went on, almost as if in answer to an unasked question, "My wife is beautiful, intelligent, and considerate. We get along fine. She goes her way and I go mine, so we don't see much of each other—maybe that's why." Mrs. Gibbs' version of this situation is somewhat less drastic. "We see each other mostly at breakfast," she said recently. "Francis has to go to bed very early, so that he can get up at his usual hour. It's not often that he stays up very late, and I am frequently at the opera or something like that." Mrs. Gibbs is unmistakably a great lady as well as a woman of infinite patience, a considerable amount of self-sufficiency, and a large fund of humor. She is sixty-eight—a fact that she makes no attempt to conceal—and she looks about twenty years younger. Her father having been chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera for many years, she continues the family tradition by serving as a very active member of that board, and of the Metropolitan Opera Guild as well. An outdoor type, she loves golf, swimming, and horseback riding, and she has an athlete's trim figure. She claims to have had no education at all; as a wealthy girl, she was taught entirely by various governesses. Her French is immaculate, and she is something of a pianist. The Gibbses have three grown children—a

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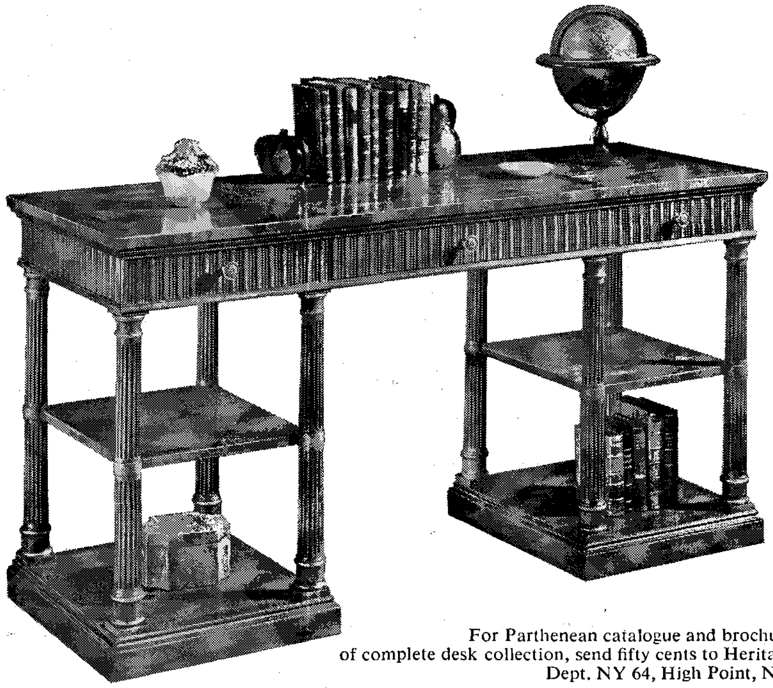

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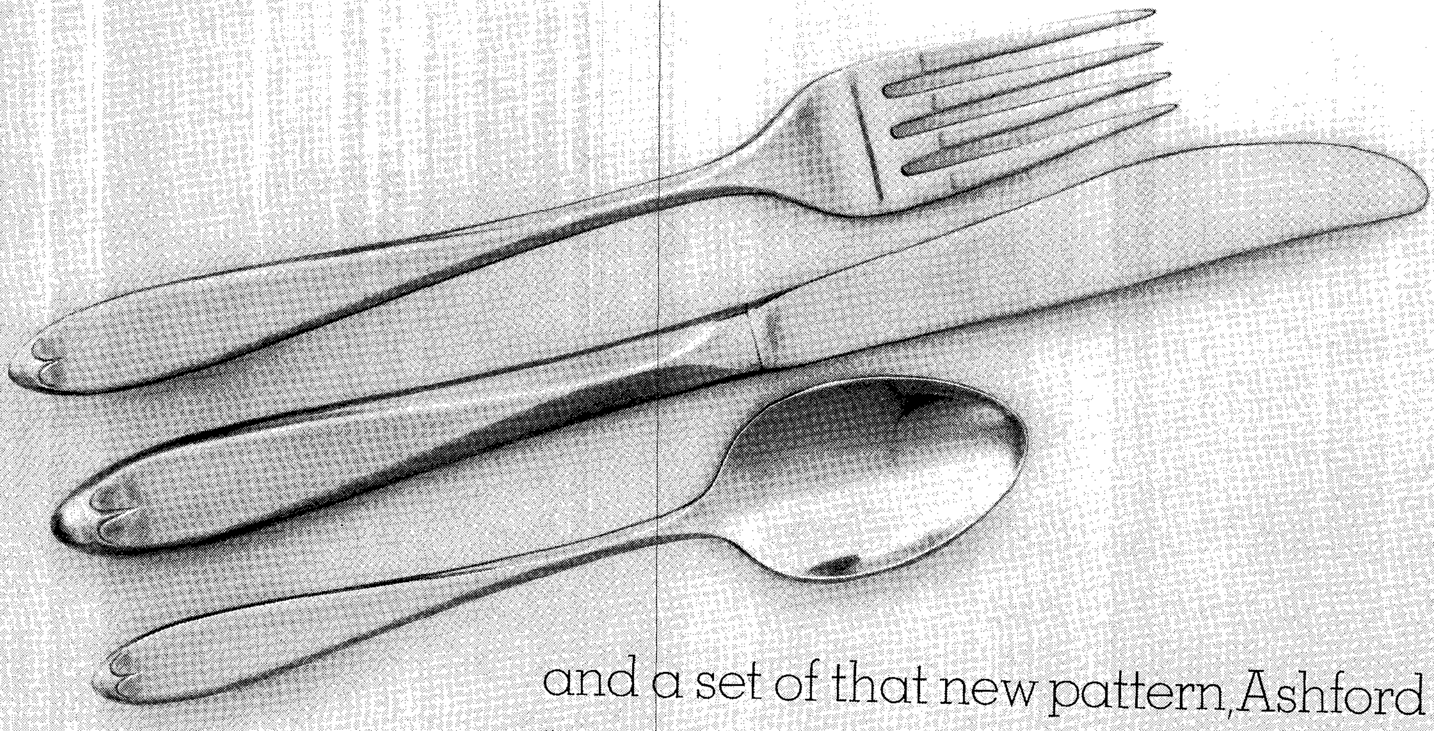

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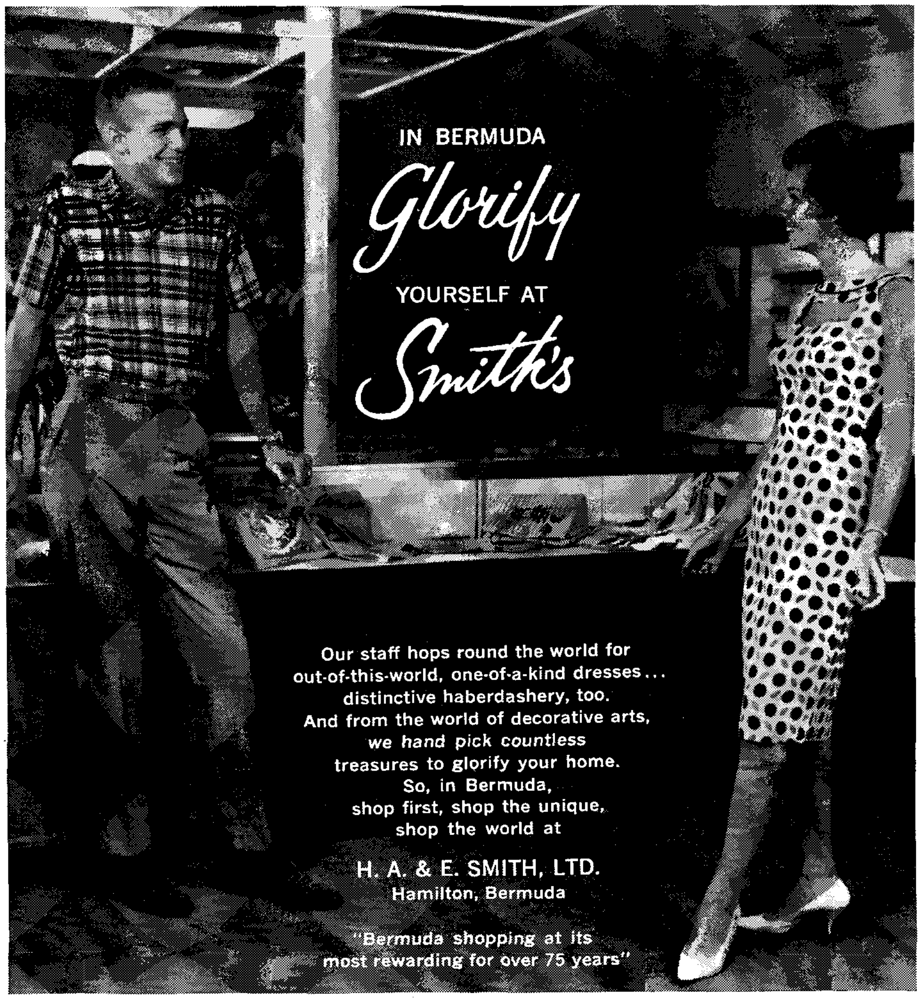

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stepson and two sons. Their oldest son is named Francis Cravath Gibbs. "I considered naming him William Francis Gibbs, Jr.," Mrs. Gibbs recalled the other day, "but I thought the die had been broken with the creation of his father, so we named him differently." Mrs. Gibbs is obviously very proud of her husband, whom she met at a dinner party and married within a month, confronting her parents with a *fait accompli.* Her father, however, took an immediate liking to his new son-in-law, and the marriage has been, she says, an idyllically happy one ever since, despite its peculiar daily schedules. Mr. Gibbs is the product of an old, very conservative Philadelphia family, and he has several devoted sisters as well as a younger brother, Frederick, who handles the financial end of Gibbs & Cox from an office at 1 Broadway. Frederick Gibbs is a very proper Philadelphia gentleman, drives a chic Ferrari racing car, and is affectionately referred to by Mrs. Gibbs as Fritzy Boy. Frederick's Ferrari was urged upon him by William Francis, who thought his brother was getting too conservative in his ways. Now William Francis often speaks of "the expensive sound of a Ferrari getting away—a dreadful racket," but the brothers actually are very close, having been together in the business of ship designing for the past forty years; in fact, for the first sixteen of them they shared the same desk in a small office.

The Fifth Avenue apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs live is an unpretentious one of its sort, with a living room that overlooks not Central Park but the surrounding rooftops. There is a large oil portrait of Paul Cravath on one wall, and a portrait bust of Mr. Gibbs by Malvina Hoffman—a good, if slightly glamorized, likeness—at the opposite end of the room. The room is conventional, perhaps slightly Victorian, and, like many rooms of its kind, has bookcases full of leather-bound volumes of the type that nobody ever reads. Mrs. Gibbs' bedroom, however, is full of less formal books, which obviously *are* read, and Mr. Gibbs' room is full of mementos—a silver cup that he and his brother won in a national tennis doubles contest in 1908, a bronze elephant he has had since his college days, a photograph of his imposing childhood home in Philadelphia, and pictures of ships and spray. Framed on the walls are the most interesting exhibits of all—reproductions of his first drawings for the United States, which were made years prior to its construc-

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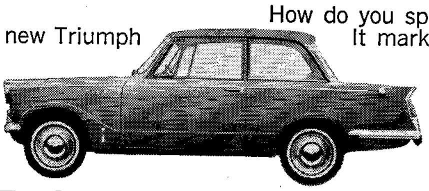

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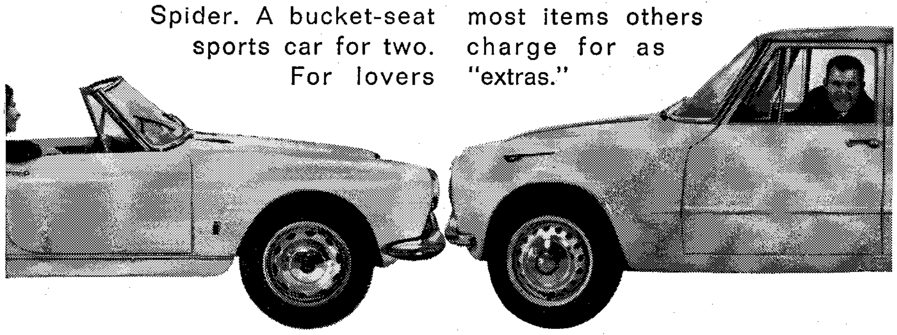

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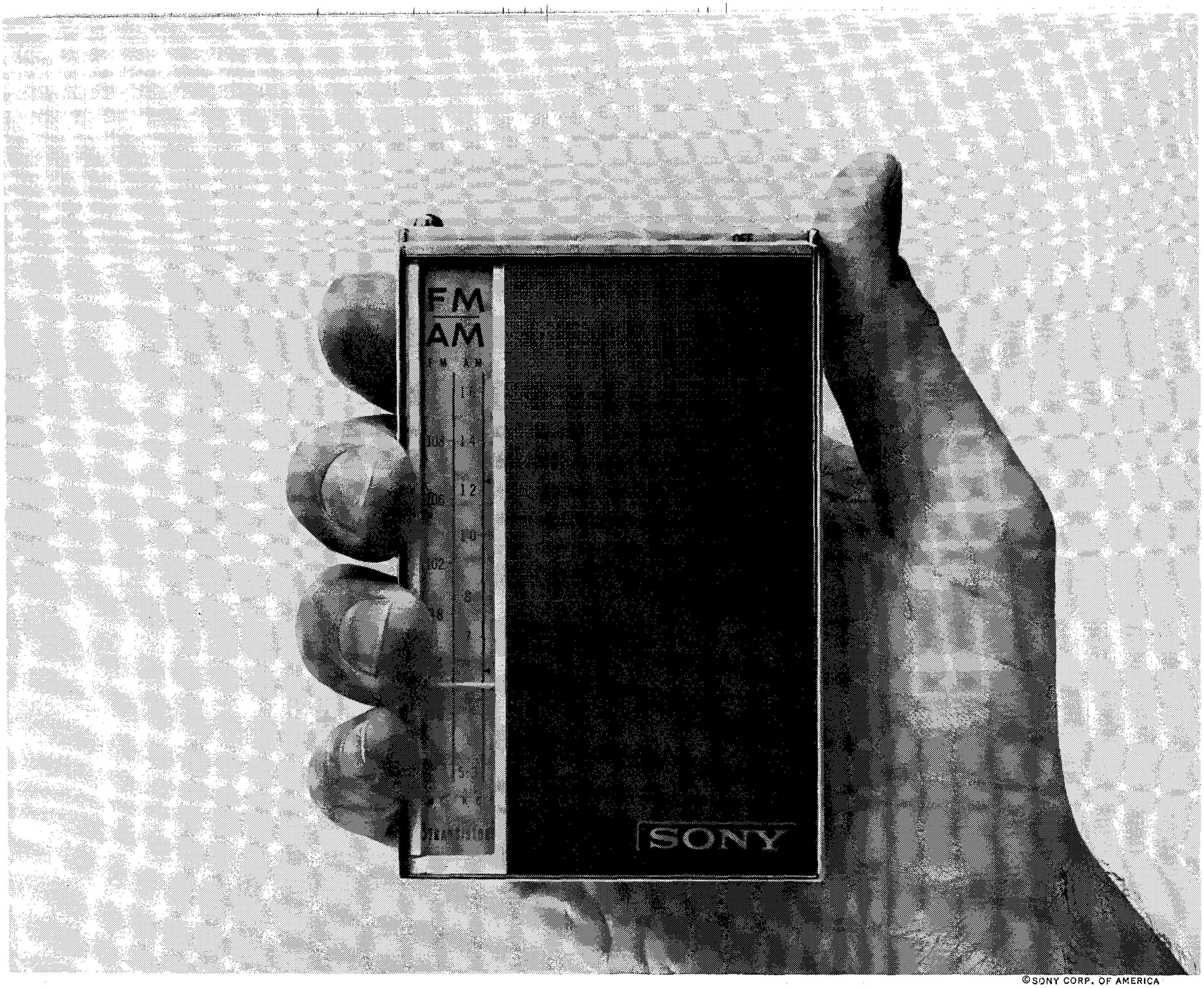
tion, at a time when technology was not far enough advanced to make such a ship a reality. There is also, as might be expected, a framed Lincoln quotation, this one from his second Annual Message to Congress. ("The darknesses of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. . . .")

A few years ago, Mr. Gibbs decided that he and his wife should have a country home—one on the coast, naturally, since he cannot bear to be out of sight of his great antagonist the sea. In fact, he knew the exact spot, having discovered it while cruising the New England coastline on board various destroyers that were making their trial runs. It was a point of land overlooking a great treeless rock of an island, an acre in area, near Rockport, Massachusetts. From the shore, one could see two hundred and seventy degrees of horizon—plus, of course, the rock. Mr. Gibbs bought the shore property—and also the rock, to keep anybody else from building on it. Friends report that he would make frequent trips to Rockport at the time just to contemplate his rock while sitting on a camp stool. Finally, he and Frederick designed a one-story house for the place, and it was built in 1960. It is, of course, fireproof, with only a few porch pillars made of wood. The rest of it is of New England granite, like the shore on which it stands. It has a large living room with a huge fireplace, and four bedrooms, each with a separate bath. The house is so solidly constructed that even the roof is anchored by concealed uprights to the rocky stratum below. The winds that assail it in winter are said to be formidable, but everybody who has visited it reports that it is snug and comfortable even in the worst weather. Like Mr. Gibbs' bedroom and coat pockets, it has a motto, which hangs framed in the living room: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will



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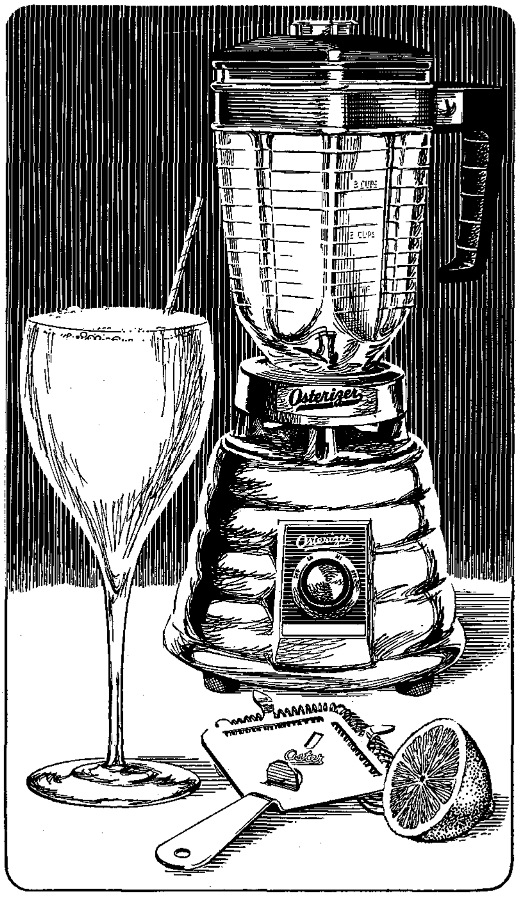

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liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock—St. Matthew, Chapter 7." It is characteristic of Mr. Gibbs that, having built his impregnable and indestructible house upon a rock, he seldom visits it. He manages to get there on an occasional weekend, but Mrs. Gibbs, who loves the place, stays there all summer, and often goes swimming in the freezing waters at her doorstep. The grounds are planted with succulents and other vegetation that will grow and flower at the seaside, and there is always the majesty of that rock to contemplate. No sea, however high, can prevail against it. It is, she feels, a symbol of her husband and his calling.

IT goes without saying that Mr. Gibbs' calling is a complicated one. The structure of a ship depends on economic as well as physical factors. Everything that can be done to lessen the size of the propulsive machinery (thus increasing cargo or passenger space) is an advance. And when the power of the propulsive machinery can be increased at the same time that its size is diminished—something that has been accomplished over and over at Gibbs & Cox—the advance is even more impressive. Much depends on the shape of the hull. There is a point of a ship's hull known as the "metacenter," which must be well above the ship's center of gravity. Mr. Gibbs' favorite illustration of this principle is a person seated in a rocking chair. If you regard the rockers as part of a circle and draw radii to the circle's center, that center—the metacenter—will be above the person's head. As long as the person is seated, the center of gravity is well below this metacenter, and he can rock comfortably, but let him stand up on the rocking chair, bringing the center of gravity close to or above the metacenter, and he will have a hard time keeping his balance. A ship with its center of gravity too near or above its metacenter is likely to capsize in rough weather. And there is the matter of the bulbous underwater bow common to many ships; properly designed, it can push away the water passing the ship's hull and thus diminish resistance. The computation of the dimensions of this bulbous bow is an exact science, and a complicated one. Passenger liners, with their need for extra deck space, air-conditioning, and luxury appointments, present an incredibly complex array of problems. Many of these problems, of

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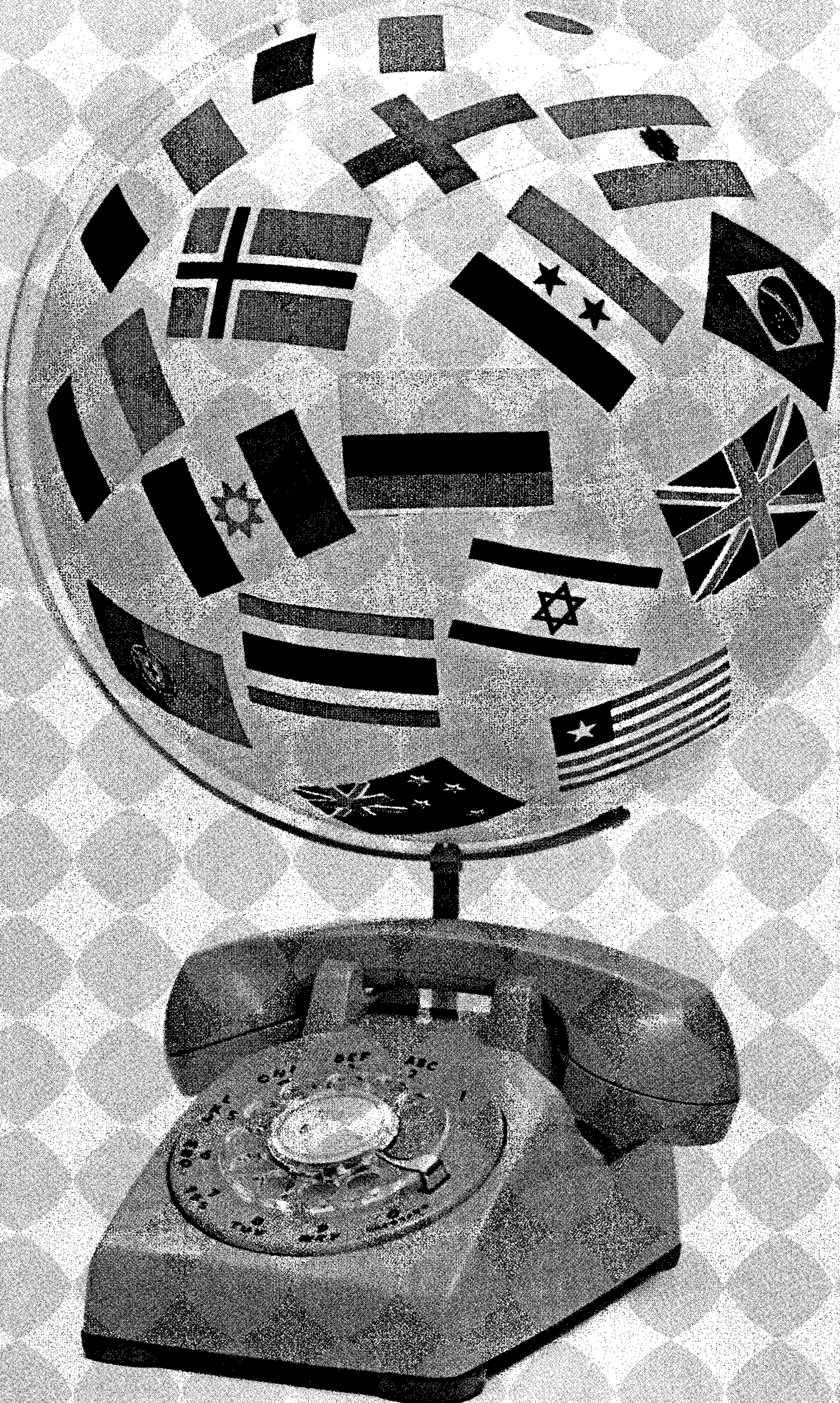

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course, have been solved in the past, and the answers have become a part of the tradition of ship design, but a great ship designer is noted for his innovations, his improvements on past models, and Mr. Gibbs has probably been responsible for more of such innovations and improvements than any other man alive.

In discussing his career, Mr. Gibbs is insistent on two points—that he has never had a lesson in ship design in his life, having learned everything he knows out of books and experience, and that he would never have amounted to anything except for the lucky circumstance that his father, William Warren Gibbs, a wealthy financier, lost all his money in the panic of 1907 and thus forced him to go to work for a living. "My father was an entrepreneur—you know what that means?" he told a visitor a while back with a slight air of belligerence. "He wanted me to get into a solid profession—the law. He thought engineering was pretty unstable—said most of the engineers he knew were impractical people. So he sent me to Columbia Law School. Matter of fact, I got a degree and practiced law for a year. But I studied engineering at night out of books. *That's* the way you really learn things—by *yourself*."

Mr. Gibbs was born in Philadelphia in 1886 and lived in a mansion that, to judge by old photographs, was nearly as large and splendid as the Hotel Plaza. At the age of six or seven, he was already reading books about ships. Blueprints had a deeper fascination for him than "Robinson Crusoe" did, and he was forever poring over pictures of ocean liners and reading *Cassier's Magazine*—a highly technical periodical that circulated among professional engineers. The family had a summer place on the ocean at Spring Lake, New Jersey, and there William Francis made sketches of passing steamers. He had one other childhood passion that has persisted down to the present day—for fires and fire engines. At eleven, he built himself a toy fire station with engines that actually worked, and often the family coachman, a former member of the Philadelphia Fire Department, took him and Frederick to fires, sometimes even getting them a ride on the local engines. He still remembers some of those fires today, particularly one that took place in a lumberyard. "Lumberyard fires are almost always terrific," he mused the other day, showing a gallant appreciation of the powers of his second antagonist. When he was about twelve, his father sent him on the

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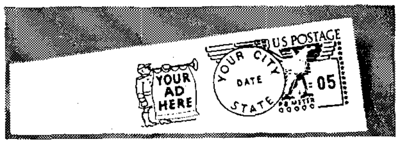

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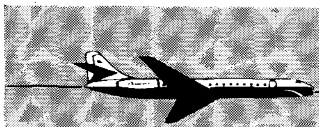

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Grand Tour of Europe, accompanied by an older cousin ("He was my keeper"), but the glories of Paris and Rome were as nothing compared to his discovery, in the reading room of a big hotel in Switzerland, of the British magazine *Engineering*, in which he found a very well presented, if highly technical, article on ship construction. He was enthralled, and when he got to London he bought all the previous numbers of the magazine that dealt with ships. At the time, he had nothing but admiration for British ship design; indeed, one of the heroes of his childhood was the great British marine architect Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who designed the Great Eastern—the nineteen-thousand-ton ship that laid the Atlantic cable in 1866.

In 1906, William Francis entered Harvard, and left after three years, without taking a degree. One reason for this lapse was that he was very poor at Latin. Another, and quite possibly more important, reason was that all during his stay at Harvard he put in several hours a day studying marine engineering, completely on his own. Since it was unthinkable for a Harvard man of that time to work hard at a subject for which no credit was given—it was the day of the "gentleman's C"—William Francis would lock his room door before taking down his textbooks on ship construction, and would shuffle all his papers, graphs, and charts under his desk blotter before joining the rest of the undergraduate world. In the end, although he flunked Latin, he could almost certainly have passed an exam in marine architecture. Even so, he acceded to his father's wishes and went to Columbia Law School, from 1910 to 1913. Around this time, too, he and his brother became such accomplished tennis players and won so many trophies that their mother thought it a little vulgar to display them all. "We played against Tilden, and sometimes we won," Mr. Gibbs recalled recently, adding, "That was before he got famous." He and his brother also took up amateur automobile racing, using the Mercedes that Mr. Gibbs now keeps in storage.

Once out of Columbia Law School, he joined a firm of real-estate lawyers. He made his first appearance in court defending a landlord against a tenant who claimed that he had been as good as evicted from his apartment by an unbearably noisy pump maintained by the landlord. Gibbs knew a great deal about pumps, and he knew a great deal more when he had finished his home-

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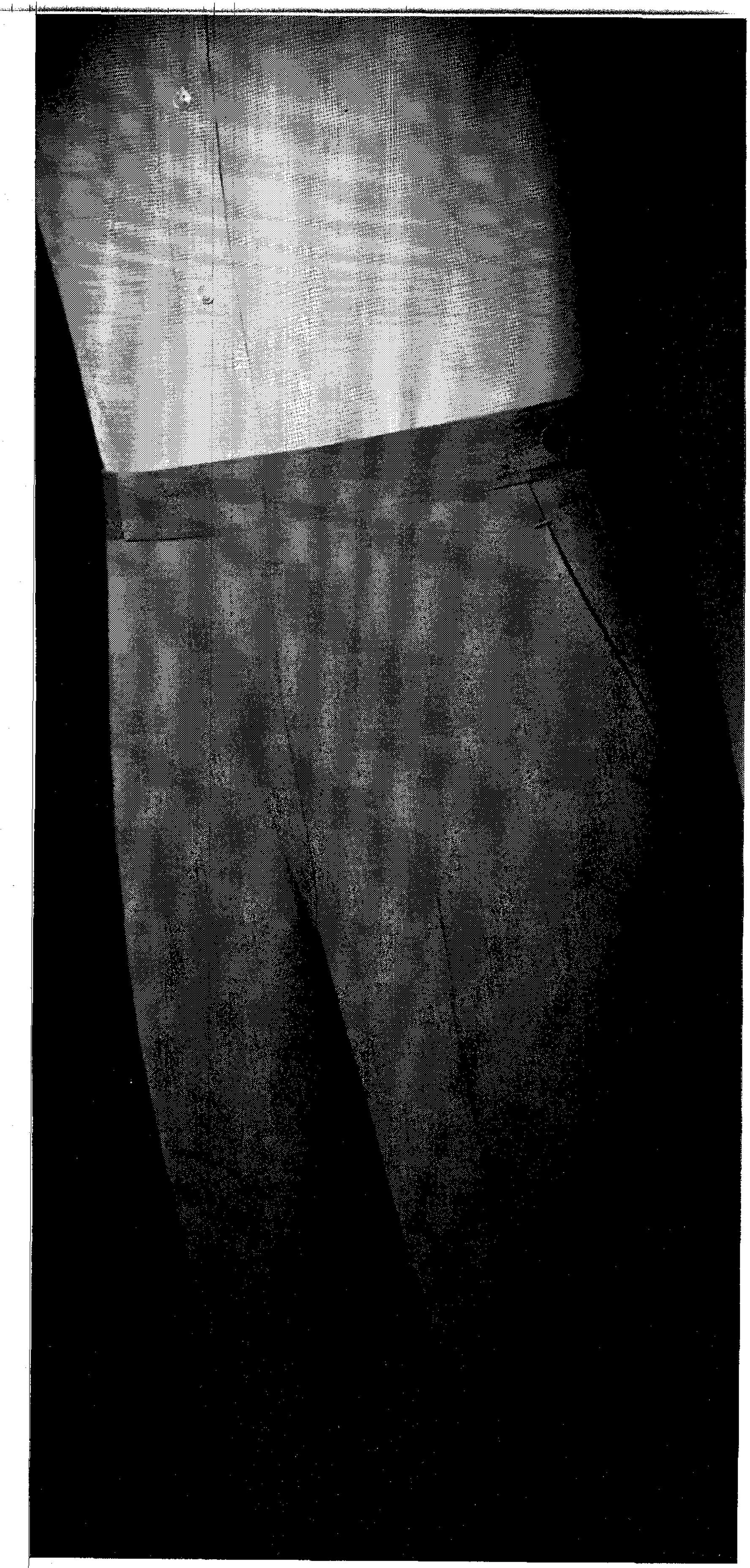

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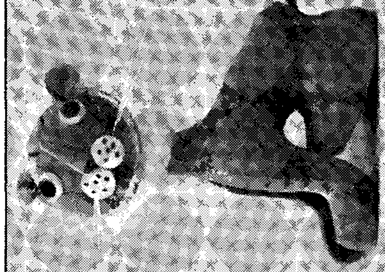
*DuPont's TM for its polyester fiber †DuPont's TM for its spandex fiber work for the case, but all thought of pumps was driven from his head when he made the dismaying discovery in the courtroom that opposing counsel was a woman. He found himself unable to do anything but say "I object!" to every question she posed, but by some freak of circumstance he managed to win the case.

In 1914, William Francis, feeling that he had by then honored his contract with his father, abandoned the law and turned his undivided attention, at last, to ship designing. If it should seem quixotic (to say the least) for a young man to set himself up as a ship designer when he had not had one particle of experience in the trade, it must be remembered that ship designing in those days was a fairly hit-or-miss affair—ships were built according to plans often arrived at through trial and error in the shipyards—and that William Francis, in his locked-door concentration at Harvard, had gone a lot deeper into theory and technique than most shipyard planners. As a starting point, he had heard that Ralph Peters, the president of the Long Island Rail Road, was thinking of establishing a maritime terminal at Montauk Point, where incoming transatlantic passengers would be put aboard Long Island trains and whisked the hundred and twenty miles to New York, at a saving of some ten hours' travel time. William Francis proposed to design the liner that would enter this service, and, after persuading his brother Frederick to join him, he took a small cottage outside Philadelphia as a workroom. While William Francis designed, Frederick drew up briefs analyzing and promoting the project. (Among other benefits, he pointed out, every Long Island ticket office could also book passage to Plymouth and Cherbourg.) A year later, in 1915, the Gibbses called on Peters. (William Francis was by this time not entirely without credentials; he had got the imprimatur of W. L. R. Emmet, the chief engineer of the General Electric Company, on his engine-room designs, and that of Admiral D. W. Taylor, of the United States Navy, on his over-all ship design.) Peters was greatly impressed (he was, after all, a railroad man), and he passed the young men along to J. P. Morgan for further appraisal. Morgan, too, liked what he saw, and he had William Francis and Frederick put on the payroll of his International Mercantile Marine Company, where they could proceed with their plans. However, with the war in Europe becoming more and more bit-



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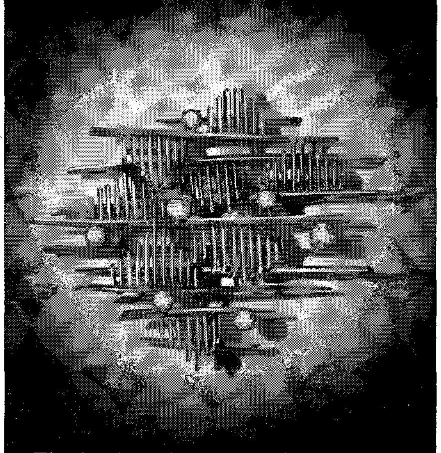

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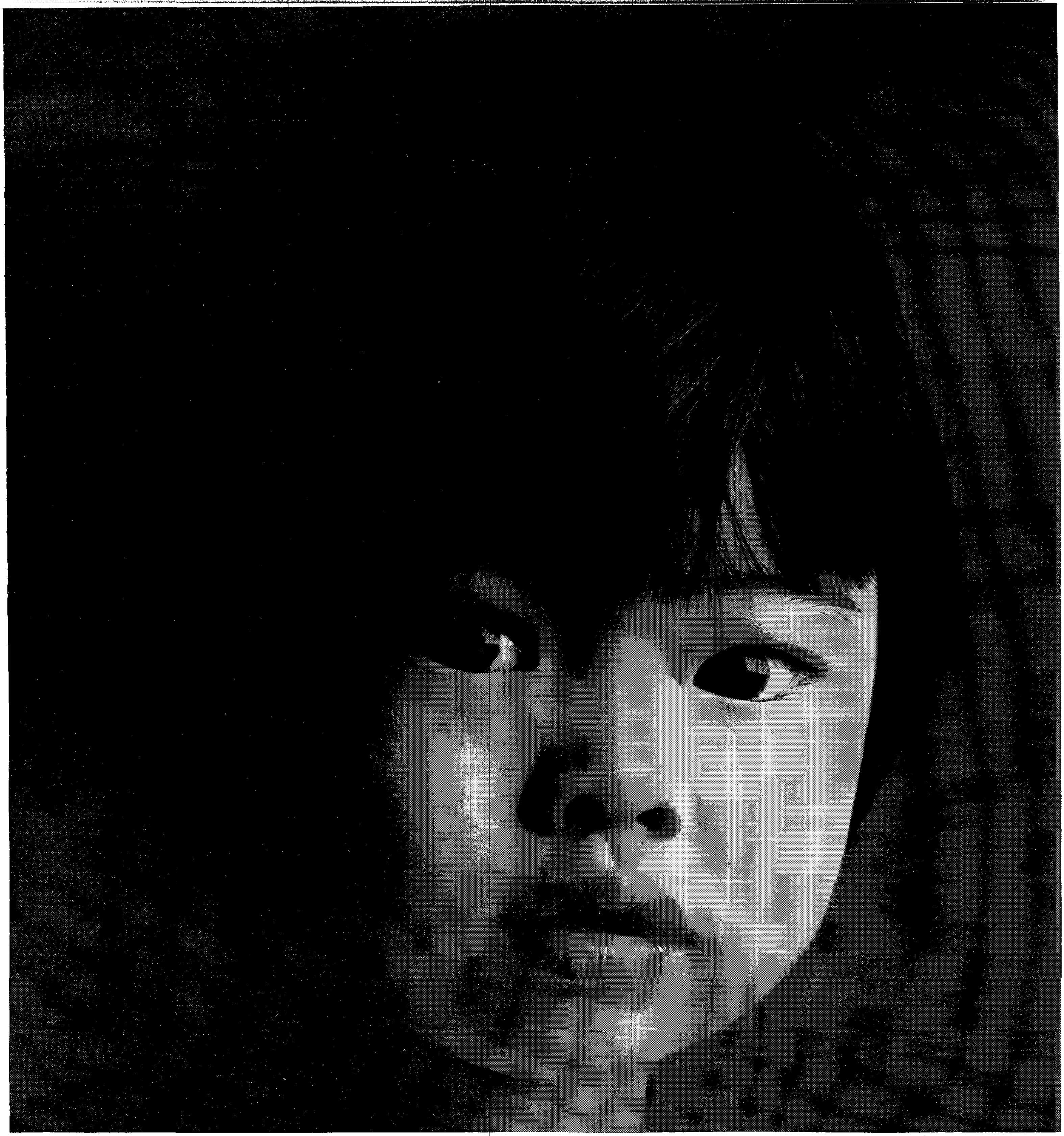

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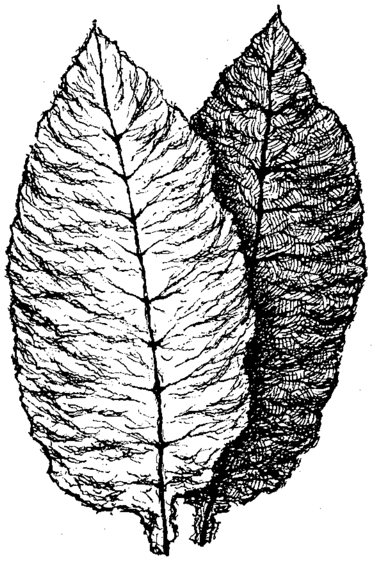

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ter, there was not much need for a new high-speed transatlantic service, and the project began to disintegrate. A great deal of other design work came the two Gibbses' way, though, and three years after the war, with considerable practical experience under their belts at last, they pulled out and formed the firm of Gibbs Brothers, with offices at 1 Broadway. Their immediate project, undertaken for the government, was the conversion of the German steamer Vaterland (which had been seized by the United States as a war prize) into the passenger liner Leviathan. Unwilling to pay the price asked by the German builders for the original blueprints, Gibbs Brothers made their own, which were so accurate that the Germans later could hardly believe they had been done from scratch.

This was the first of countless conversion jobs by the firm; the first ship to be built entirely from Gibbs designs was the Malolo, constructed in 1927 for the Matson Navigation Company as a luxury liner on the San Francisco-Honolulu run. It was the largest high-speed liner built in America up to that time, and it included many new safety features, among them automatically operated watertight bulkheads. These bulkheads were put to a dramatic test on the ship's trial run out of New York, with Mr. Gibbs on board. It was rammed by a Norwegian freighter in a heavy fog off the Nantucket Lightship, and two boiler compartments were penetrated and flooded. Nearly any other ship of the time would have gone to the bottom, but the Malolo stayed afloat and upright, and was towed back to New York for repairs. Gibbs Brothers went on to design freighters for the Bull Line, and, with the help of Mr. Cox, who joined the firm at about this time, it designed a luxurious steam yacht, the Savarona, for Mrs. Richard M. Cadwalader, of Philadelphia. The Savarona had thirteen staterooms and was the largest yacht of its kind ever built, but the depression soon made the upkeep of such a millionaire's dream impossible (it required a crew of ninety-two), and the Savarona was shortly sold to the Turkish government.

At that time, independent marine architects were still considered an unnecessary expense in the United States, since most shipyards charged nothing extra for drawing up a ship's plans. As a result, most new ships were pretty unimaginative. Then, in 1930, D. Stewart Iglehart, president of the Grace Line, decided that standard plans

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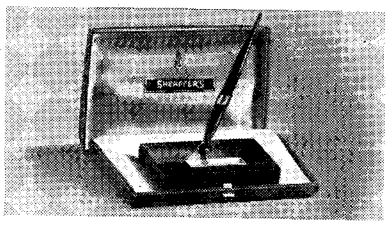

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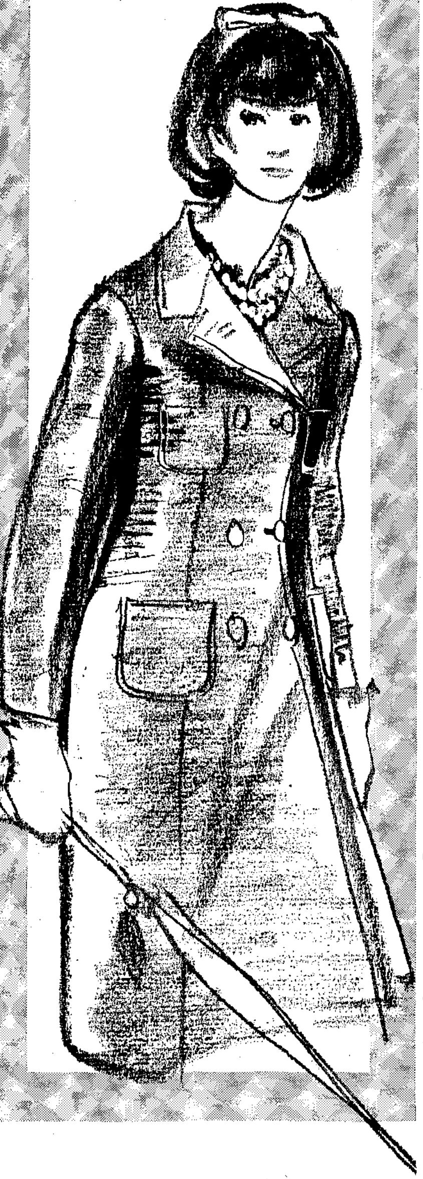

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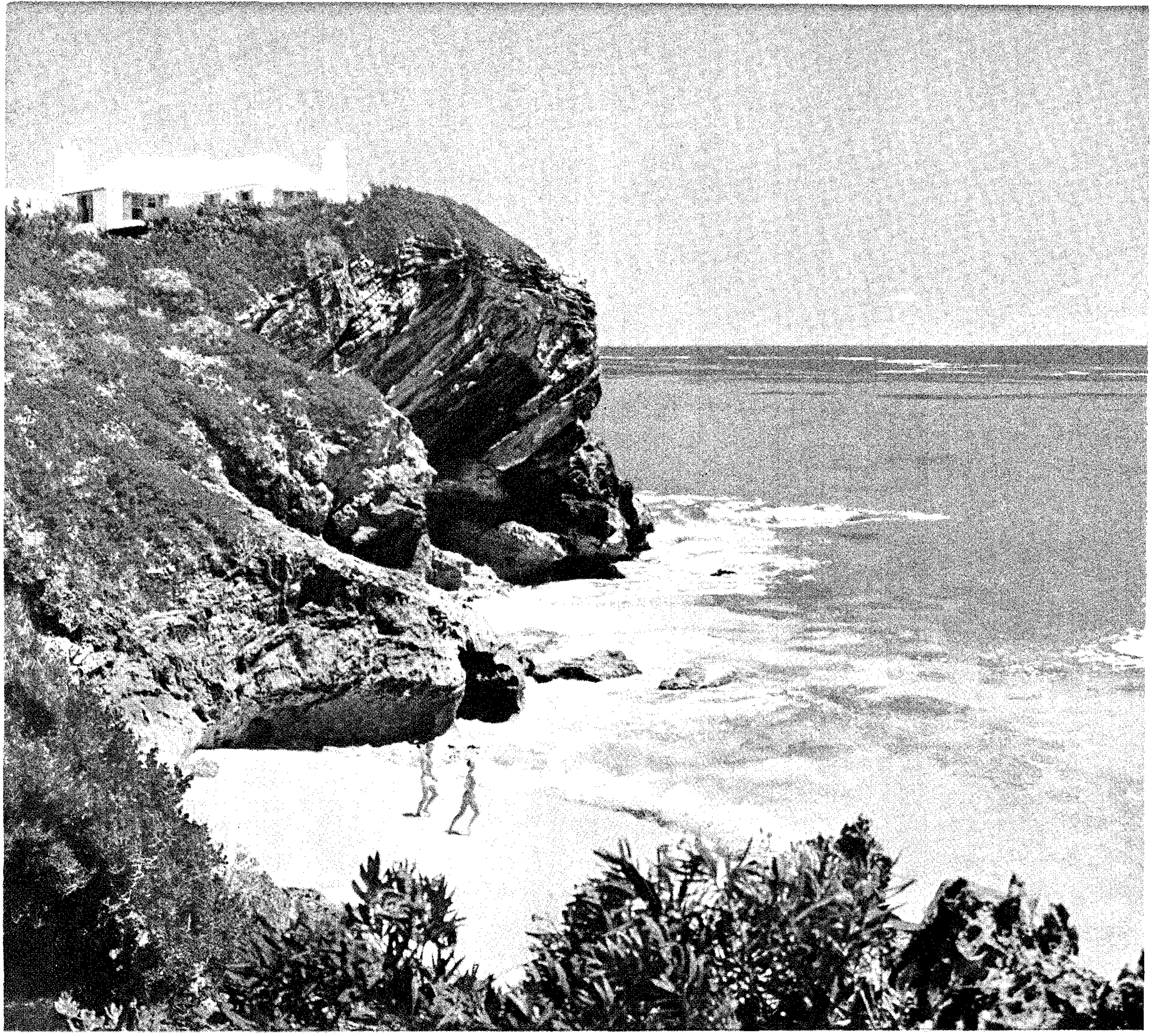

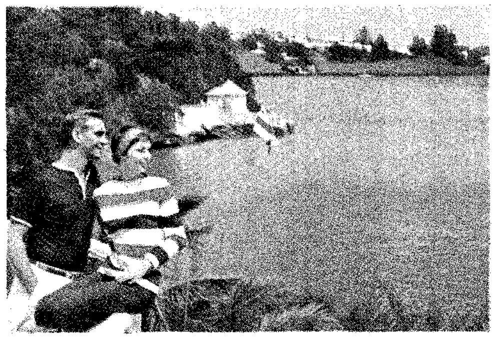

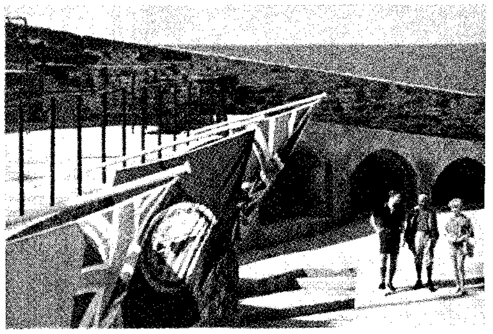

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Telephone & Telegraph Co. at a cost of nineteen million dollars and designed for service in the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Caribbean; it is currently engaged in laying a deep-sea telephone cable between Japan and California. The project closest to Mr. Gibbs' heart at the moment, however, is not a ship at all but a super-powerful fire engine for New York. Mr. Gibbs is wary of anything inflammable, including wood, and nearly always manages to keep anything made of wood out of his designs and out of his office. (Like most men connected with the sea, he is superstitious and believes in knocking on wood, but since there is often no wood around to knock on, he has been forced into the expedient of carrying a small wooden ruler in his pocket.) The new fire engine is already under construction. As viewed from Mr. Gibbs' plans, it is a truly magnificent object, consisting of two units—a hose carrier and a pumper—which in use may be separated by several city blocks. Like most fire engines, it is painted red, with gleaming metal interspersed. Its nozzles are capable of throwing a stream of water two-thirds the height of the Empire State Building, and the stream is powerful enough to knock down brick walls, thus making it unnecessary for firemen to enter dangerous crumbling structures. The hose carrier is equipped with about eight thousand feet of a specially resistant hose developed some time ago by the Navy. The fire engine is not dependent on fireplugs as a source of water, though it can use them. Its pumper can suck up tons of water from the Hudson River or the East River or the Central Park Reservoir. In one room of the Gibbs & Cox offices, Mr. Gibbs has arranged a series of charts showing, among other things, that there are relatively few sections of the metropolitan area where his fire engine could not be fed by natural water. Thus, even if the entire New York water system were out of commission, the Super-Pumper could still turn to. Its pumping capacity equals that of more than twenty ordinary fire engines, and is greater than that of the harbor fireboat Fire Fighter, which itself has a greater pumping capacity than any other fireboat in the world. The new engine is, naturally, a very expensive piece of apparatus. But, as Mr. Gibbs says with intense enthusiasm, "It is the greatest fire engine ever designed."

Meanwhile, Mr. Gibbs pursues a daily routine that has always been methodical and, now that he is seventy-seven, is more methodical than ever. He

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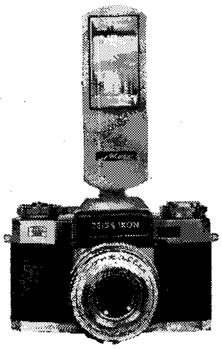

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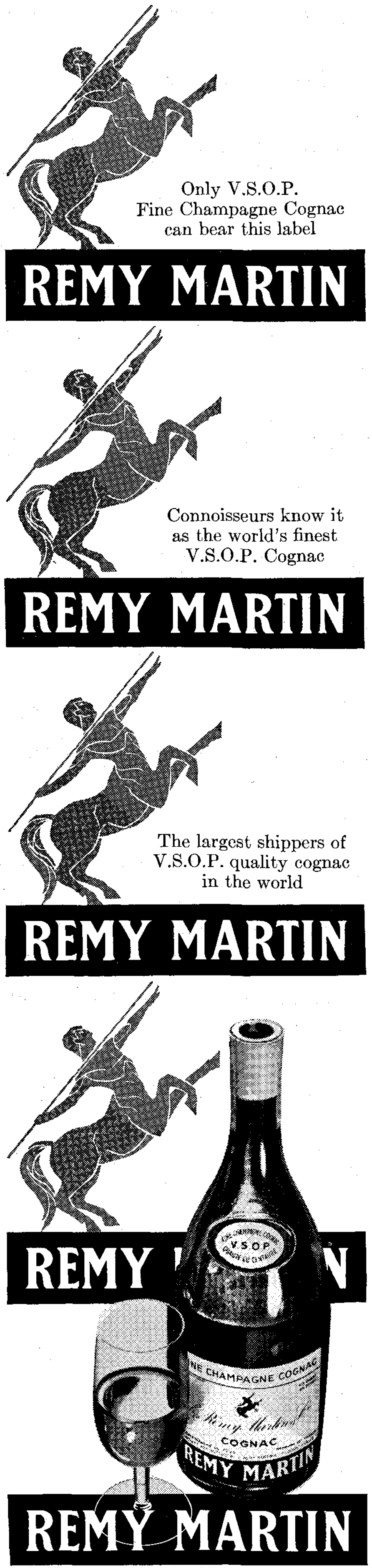

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cares for his health by taking walks and keeping to his remarkably austere diet. He neither drinks nor smokes. His eyesight is still good, but he conserves it for technical work. Nowadays, his idea of a night out is a quiet dinner at the St. Regis or the Gotham. He has dinner once a year with Katharine Cornell, who has always been one of his favorite actresses. Although he never backs Broadway shows, he is deep in the business of helping to finance schools for actors—such as the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Actors Studio, and the American Place Theatre, adjoining St. Clement's Church. Perhaps his preference for promoting theatrical careers rather than backing shows arises from the puritanism of his character—he is certainly no gambler—but more likely it is an offshoot of his admiration for technical accomplishment, whether of men or machines, as opposed to financial dealing. He has recently been attending the ballet, and, as might be expected, he finds it stimulating. Perhaps Mr. Bachman, his chief engineer and a man accustomed to the quiet observation of other human beings, has as clear an understanding of Mr. Gibbs' character as anyone. "The main thing about him," he remarked the other day, "is that he is interested in high-quality performance in every field."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

We have yet to come upon a poet, who has done more than Walt Whitman, to glorify the prodigality of Mother Nature. The surprising thing about it all is that we cannot find any evidence to support the fact that the late bard was especially good at outdoor cookery. So far as we know, he never wrote a single recipe, whilst living the life of a solitudinarian at Walden. We have even less reason to believe that he ever heard of anything so exotic as the kebobs, which are now joining such barbeque favorites as grilled steak, chops, chicken, hot dogs, and hamburgers.—*Troy (N.Y.) Times Record.*

The fellow that knew about kebobs was H. D. Thoreau, author of "When Kebobs Last in the Dooryard Loomed."

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Doris Fleeson in the Post*]

He [Rockefeller] has found in all his vigorous campaigning that his fellow-Republicans are indifferent to the arguments with which he pushes this thesis, rather than hostile to him personally. He does not feel that he has been badly treated anywhere, but he is frustrated by his failure to kindle a rational dialogue about the party's future.

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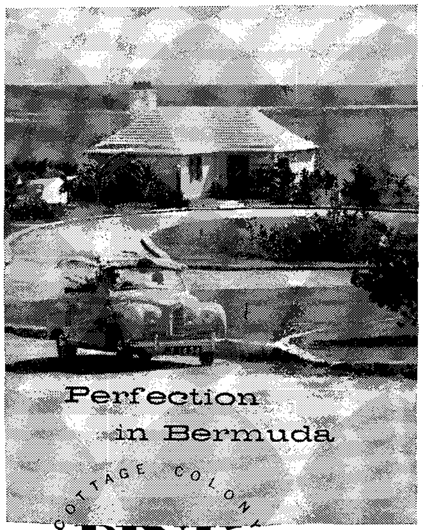

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THE THEATRE

SLAINTE

THE Irish, by God, may be a quirky minority in this country, but they are not all as dreary as Frank D. Gilroy would have us believe in "The Subject Was Roses," at the Royale. Mr. Gilroy offers us just three characters: gruff Papa (I am tempted to say "Bear"), frigid Mama, and their sole and confused son. This trio lives in the Bronx, and at the curtain's rise Papa and Mama are having breakfast after celebrating their young one's homecoming from the Second World War. Almost immediately, they start bickering, and that sets the tone of the drama—and I, for one, am damnably sick of this notion, so prevalent among our playwrights, that domesticity is just one disagreement after another. Mr. Gilroy's dialogue is of the tape-recorder school—repetitious, uninventive, witless, and tiresome—and the people he introduces us to are extraordinarily banal. The father (Jack Albertson) is a coffee salesman, and you can bet your bottom dollar that he complains constantly about the way coffee is made around his house; the mother (Irene Dailey), conceivably incestuous, is a great one for fumbling with her apron during arguments with her husband; and the son (Martin Sheen), who is supposed to be an Ivy League candidate, struck me as unlikely material even for an orthogenic backward class. As time goes by—slowly, slowly—it turns out that the father has always felt that the mother and child have made common cause against him, leading him to drink, extracurricular affairs, and long sessions of Kelly pool.

As directed by Ulu Grosbard, those on view speak their lines as if the play were an exercise as precise as a minuet, and on the few occasions when they are stirred to violent action they seem to be measuring their moves like acrobats. I don't know much about the Bronx, but I hope that the middle-income group there doesn't have to live in the sort of setting that Edgar Lansbury has devised for this play. Mr. Lansbury, incidentally, is also the producer.

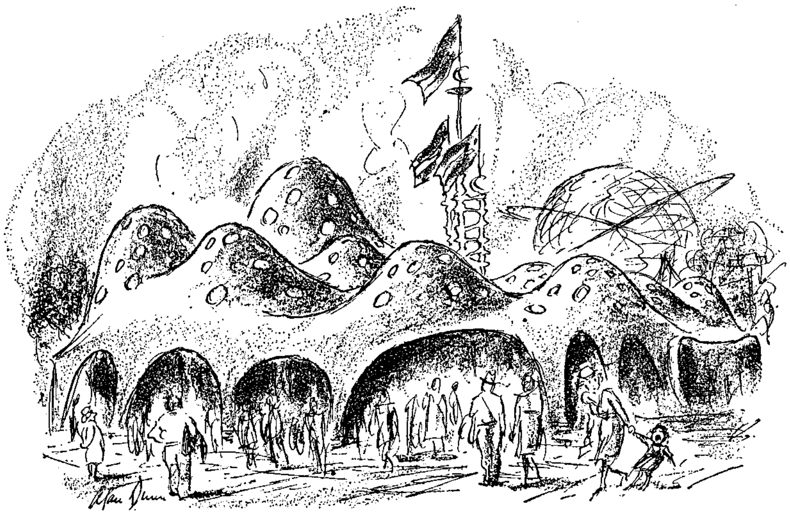
"FADE OUT—FADE IN," at the Mark Hellinger, which has a book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and music by Jule Styne, is a gallant attempt to summon up some of the magic of "Once in a Lifetime." Its tale of Hollywood giddiness in the early thirties—foolish producers, nepotism, girls, girls, girls, and all that—is not without nostalgic charm, but now that anybody who is anybody is shooting pictures in Yugoslavia and such places, kidding Hollywood is pretty old hat. Still, "Fade Out—Fade In" is fortunate in having the services of Carol Burnett, in the role of an ugly duckling who makes it big in the film world, and of Jack Cassidy, who depicts a celluloid idol with wonderful aplomb. The direction, by George Abbott, is, as you might expect, very brisk, and the dances, staged by Ernest Flatt, are lively.
—JOHN MCCARTEN

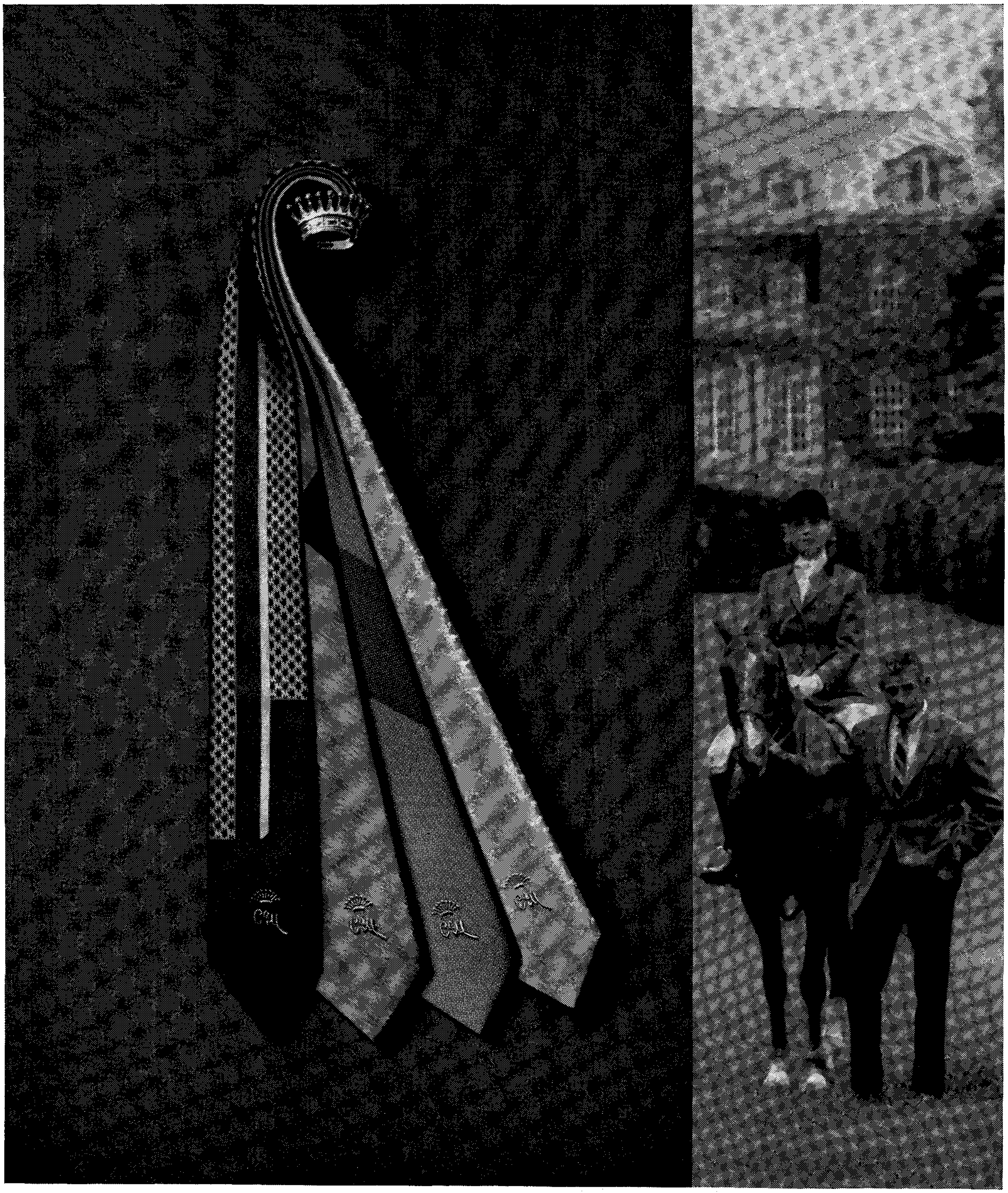
OFF BROADWAY

Mr. Nichols, Miss Jellicoe, and Mr. Bedford

SEDUCTION is the knack of "The Knack," a farce by an English playwright named Ann Jellicoe, which The Establishment bunch has produced and Mike Nichols has set spinning upon the stage of the New Theatre. I have mixed feelings about the show but only unmixed admiration for Brian Bedford, who gives one of the subtlest, most legitimate, and all-round best comedy performances I have ever seen. The plot, such as it is—or, more accurately, such as it appears to be, for there are indications here and there that Miss Jellicoe may have had something besides frivolity in mind—concerns three young men who share a house in London; a sharp-innocent young woman who pokes her head in their ground-floor window to ask the way to the Y.W.C.A.; and, among other telling props, an old iron bedstead that comes apart, a ladder, and a shopping bag with two holes torn in it for purposes of visibility. The young men are a gangling schoolteacher (Roddy Maude-Roxby) who is all knotted up with girl-shyness and girl-longing; a cynical, rather brutal, but deadly-successful chaser (George Segal); and a puckish, sensible, and kindly fellow (Mr. Bedford), who is more instigator and censor of the proceedings than participant in them. The proceedings are, of course, the attempted seduction of the girl by the chaser, partly to demonstrate the technique to the schoolteacher, who finds her attractive, but mostly to score off him. The outcome of the story is never in doubt; it is a quite moral farce, and who cares anyhow? What fun there is is all in the skylarking, especially the skylarking of Mr. Bedford as, time after time, he foils the know-it-all seducer and props the flagging spirits of the would-be seducer. Whatever he does—painting out wallpaper with chubby pink roses on it, leaping around like an enraged monkey, telling peculiar animal stories, doing an instant imitation of Queen Elizabeth (that trademark of any Establishment production), or just watching and listening—comes out funny, and his one straight, serious moment snaps the action into place.

Even though I had a pretty good time, I must say that "The Knack" doesn't entirely come off, perhaps because the wonderfully ingenious Mike Nichols has directed the play as a breakneck farce when one suspects that Miss Jellicoe didn't mean it to be one. I *cannot* be sure about that, but I *am* sure that it would have gone better if it had been done by a company of four actors, instead of—as is the case—two actors and two entertain-





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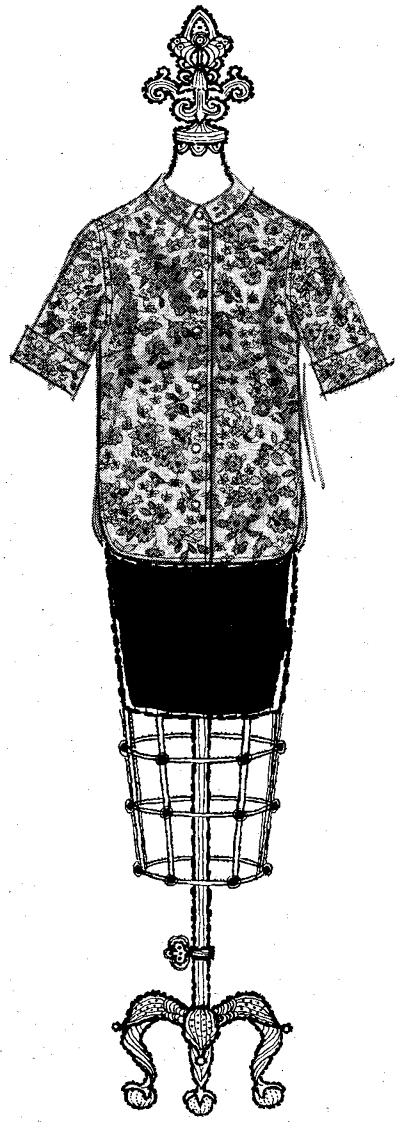

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ers. The distinction I am making is that an actor convinces, or tries to convince, the audience that he means what he is doing, no matter how outrageous it may be, whereas an entertainer and the audience are, or should be, in a kind of partnership—the one to amuse and the other to be amused—in which conviction plays no role. They are two related but separate professions, and only a few rare performers—Elaine May, Bobby Clark, and Severn Darden, for instance—have belonged completely to both. Alexandra Berlin, who plays the young woman, and Mr. Maude-Roxby are entertainers, and neither gave me the illusion of meaning anything—everything they do is for effect only—so that many of the small climaxes that shape the play go by the board. For some reason that I cannot put my finger on, I found Mr. Maude-Roxby's writhings and tantrums of sexual longing and frustration rather disagreeable, although he made me laugh now and again. Mr. Segal, dressed in tight black pants and a black jersey, is an actor, and his performance is exactly right, but Miss Jellicoe has drawn the character with such contempt—this chaser is no joke to her—that he doesn't get much room to move around in. Mr. Bedford, who manages to portray, under all his lovely fooling and funny readings of funny lines, a complete and decent man, is an actor who is on his way to being a star.

I CANNOT tell whether Eugene Ionesco's willful, prankish comedies are becoming tiresome or whether I'm just tired of them. Certainly the surprises are getting sparser, the playfulness is getting more relentless, and the dramatist seems to be as much a self-important old cutup as a humorist and theatrical inventor. In a sight gag in "Le Piéton de l'Air," which the Barrault-Renaud company did earlier this season, he dragged in a reference to "The Bald Soprano," an earlier work, presumably as a kind of private wink to his fan club, and now, in "Victims of Duty," the second of his two one-acters at the Writers' Stage, one of the characters mentions him by name during a joky inside discussion of the theatre. If Ionesco has anything special to say to the audience in "Victims" other than "Hey! Look at me!" I missed it. While the play contains a few surprises—there are effective Pirandelloish swoops from nonsense comedy into a darkness of mood that doesn't seem to have much to do with tragedy—most of the interest is in the good performances

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of Michael Howard, as a French householder named Choubert, and Joseph Chaikin, as a chief inspector of police who comes to investigate him. In order to find out the connection between the householder and a man he claims not to remember, the detective, with the excessive coöperation of Mme. Choubert, forces Choubert to go through a number of bizarre charades, which don't yield much in the way of pertinent information, or impertinent information either. Some of the nonsense—visual and verbal—of "Victims of Duty" does pay off, but time after time Ionesco's free-floating notions about abstract topics, which may motivate his plays for him but do nothing much for the customers; his assumption of the customers' personal interest in him; and his own intrusion on his action and characters combine to spoil the play just as it gets going. Ed Wittstein has done a funny, stylish set, in which everything that meets the eye is either bright yellow or dead black.

"The New Tenant," which opens the evening, is about the new tenant of a one-room apartment, his talky landlady, and two jolly moving men who bring in his household goods. For all its monkeyshines and stabs at significance or whatever, the play is really a switch on the timeless wheeze in which more and more props or people are jammed into a small space. Both Jimmy Durante's old "Wood" act and that ship's-cabin scene in the Marx Brothers' "A Night at the Opera" were less fussy and much funnier. Anthony Holland, deadpan and in a chalky makeup, does well as the tenant, and so do Mr. Chaikin and Mr. Howard as the sprightly movers, but Charlotte Rae, as the landlady (and also as the wife in "Victims of Duty"), could not be more abrasive or more miscast. Her broad Middle Western hokum never even touches Mr. Ionesco's Middle European hokum.

—Edith Oliver

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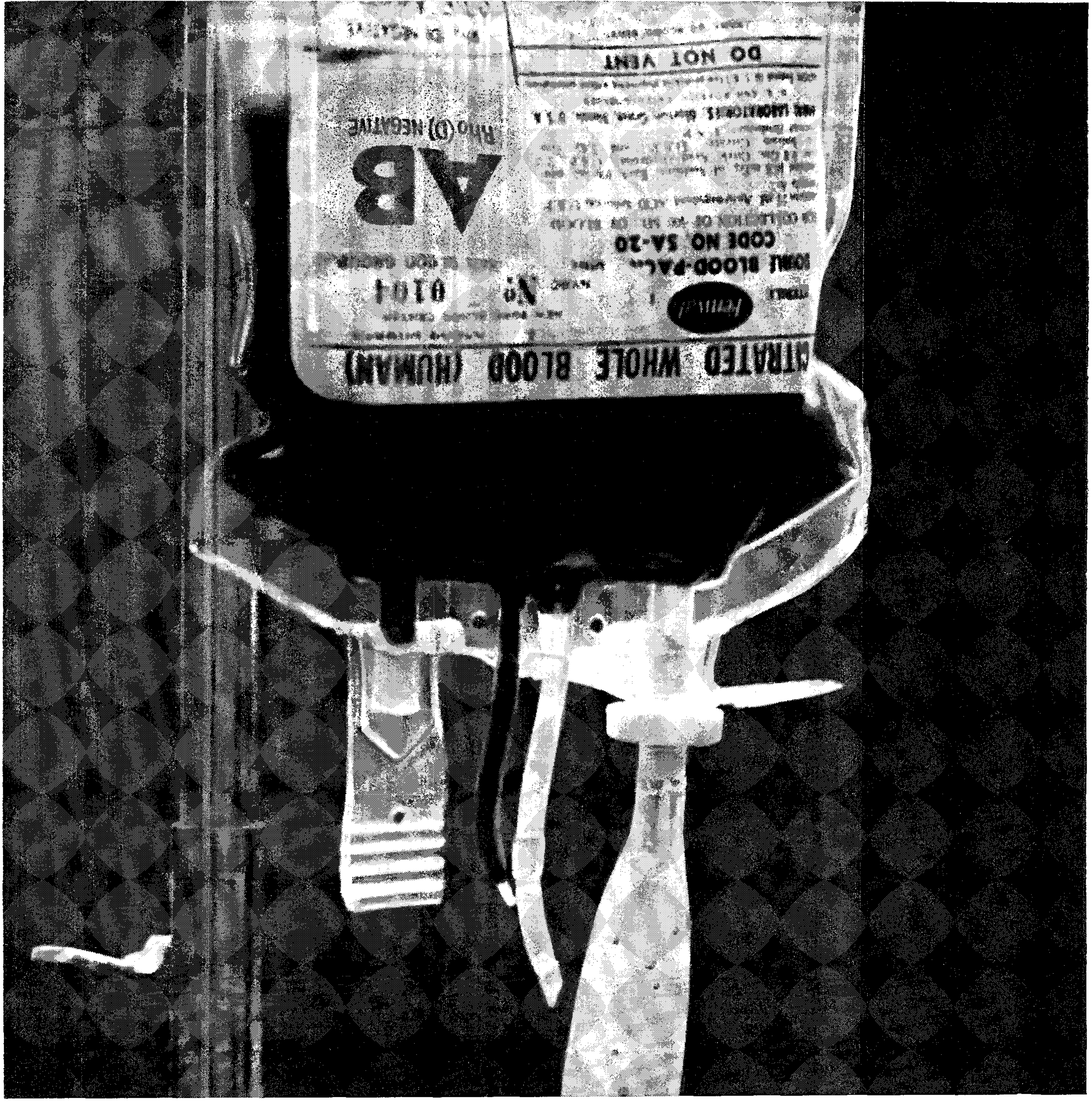
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Report from New York hospitals:

IBM computer helps locate rare blood to save lives

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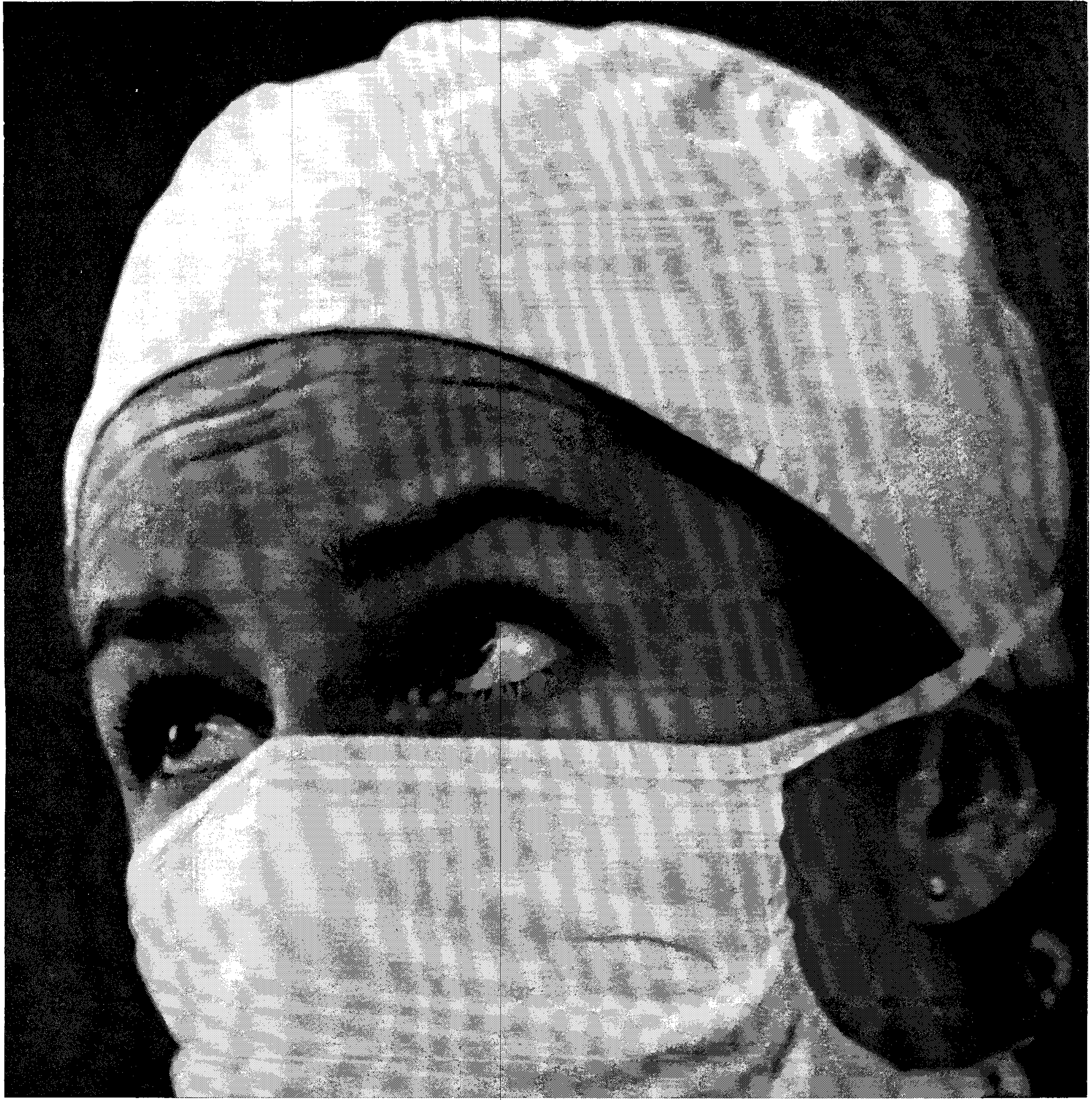
IBM computer joins the search

Until recently, such emergencies set off a frantic hunt. Phone calls were made to many hospitals and blood banks to locate donors of rare blood types. Often, appeals were made over television and radio. Often, it took too much time.



An IBM computer helps find donors of rare blood for hospitals in the New York area.

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The New York Blood Center will receive the call, and type out the request for its new IBM computer.

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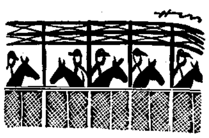

ONE of the pleasures of going to see the Metropolitan Handicap is the secure feeling that it will be a good show. The seventy-first running, at Aqueduct last Saturday, was no exception. Olden Times, a 10–1 chance, won it in a thrilling finish from Quadrangle, with Saidam third, Red Gar fourth, and the eight other runners strung out down the course. Ahoy was last. Moreno, who rode the winner, deserves full marks for horsemanship. His saddle slipped three furlongs from home (I'm amazed that an old cowhand like Meshach Tenney, who trains Olden Times and saddled him, could be so careless), and the boy not only kept his balance but managed to use his whip. From a quick start, Red Gar was first out of the gate, but Ahoy passed him in a furlong and sailed on, closely followed by Quadrangle and Olden Times. On the stretch turn, Ahoy weakened and faded out of the picture, and Olden Times went on to win by a couple of lengths from Quadrangle, who passed the post a head in front of Saidam.

Bred and owned by Rex Ellsworth, Olden Times was a ball of fire on the California tracks in 1962, but then he trained off, and won only once last season. This year, although he's getting long in the tooth—he's six—he is going strong again and has had five firsts in ten outings. It's not surprising that he was always close to the fast early pace, because in his previous start, the Churchill Downs Handicap, he ran the seven furlongs in $1:21\frac{2}{5}$, and clockers still talk about one of his workouts at Santa Anita last winter—a mile in 1:35, which is awfully fast for a mere workout. The Metropolitan, by the way, was run in $0:22\frac{3}{5}$, $0:44\frac{4}{5}$, $1:09\frac{1}{5}$, $1:34\frac{2}{5}$. Quadrangle's race was a good one, especially in view of the fact that Hartack, who rode him, was three pounds overweight, bringing the colt's poundage to 113, which is scale weight for three-year-olds. Saidam didn't have the best racing luck. I have no disparaging cracks to make about Ahoy. Even the best sprinters have their limitations. He simply couldn't carry 132 pounds a distance that was too great for him.

The big disappointment of the Metropolitan—to me, at any rate—was

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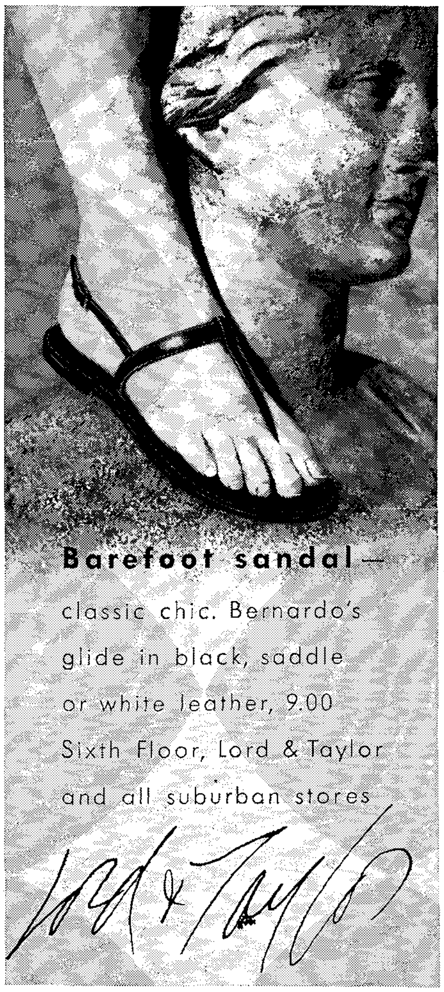

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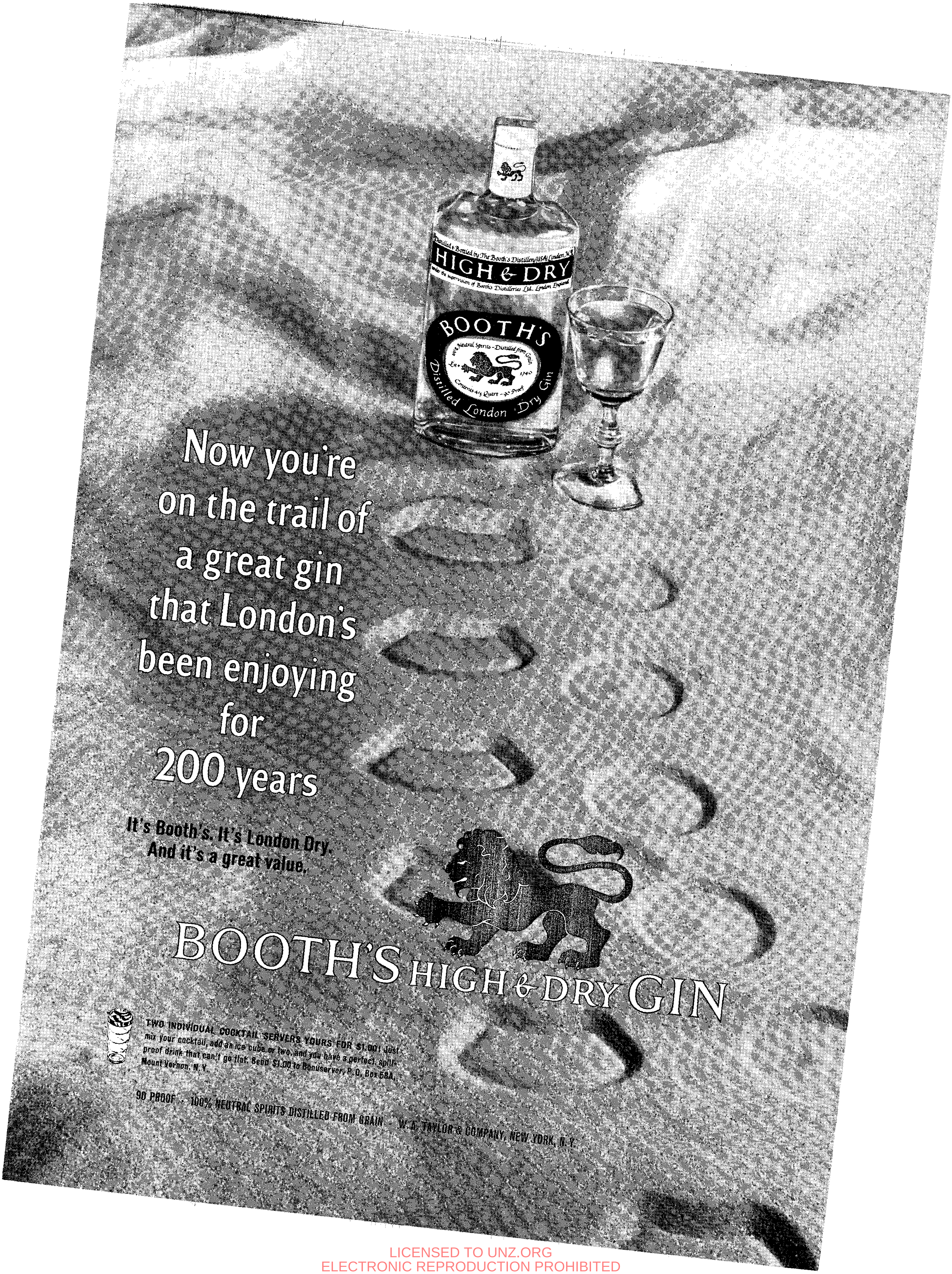

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that Chateaugay did not run. After an impressive workout two mornings before the race—he ran half a mile in 0:46⅕—he developed trouble in his left front ankle, which has bothered him a good deal in the past, and was scratched. How long he will be on the shelf depends on how readily he responds to treatment. Why, oh why are the better horses so brittle?

OF course, The Scoundrel's mishap a few days after Rex Ellsworth sold him to Kjell Qvale, a California automobile dealer, for half a million dollars tops everything. As you may have heard, the colt bowed a tendon in his left front leg during a gallop over the Garden State Park track, and it has put him out of racing for nobody knows how long. (By the way, Dr. A. J. Colando, the vet who examined The Scoundrel, used to train Uncle Miltie. Remember him?) With The Scoundrel out of the way, there were eight starters—at least two more than had been expected—in the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park last Saturday. One of the unexpected arrivals was Roman Brother, who proceeded to win by three lengths from Mr. Brick. National came in third, a further three lengths behind. I caught the race on TV, and I'd say the winner was quite the best of the lot.

TO get back to Aqueduct, before Golden Joey ran for the Juvenile Stakes early last week, a lot of people were heralding him as the best two-year-old out, but then when he won by less than a length from Time Tested, Gallant Lad, and three others, critical horse watchers were inclined to doubt it. In fact, if Time Tested hadn't been bumped about in a jam at the head of the stretch, he probably would have won, for Golden Joey was slowing down fast in the last furlong. Anyway, no colt with a name like Golden Joey could be a champion.

AS for the Belmont Stakes this weekend, nothing has happened since the Preakness to cause me to change my mind about Northern Dancer. He should win. Weeks ago, I suggested that Brave Lad might go well in the classic, but after watching his effort in the Jersey Derby I wonder if he'll be as good as third. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. La Centra was bound and gagged with adhesive tape and asked where the money was.—*Boston Globe.*

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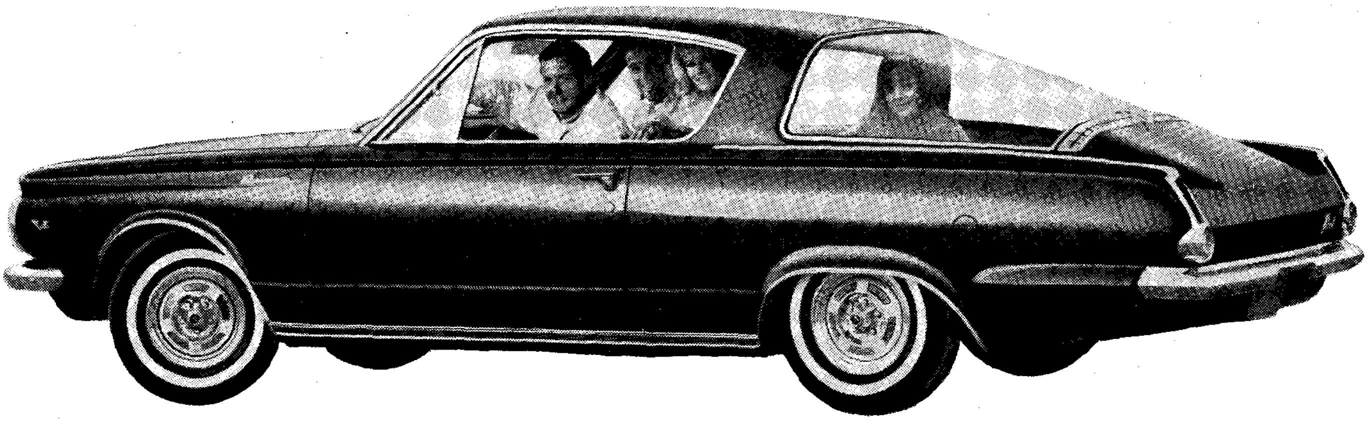

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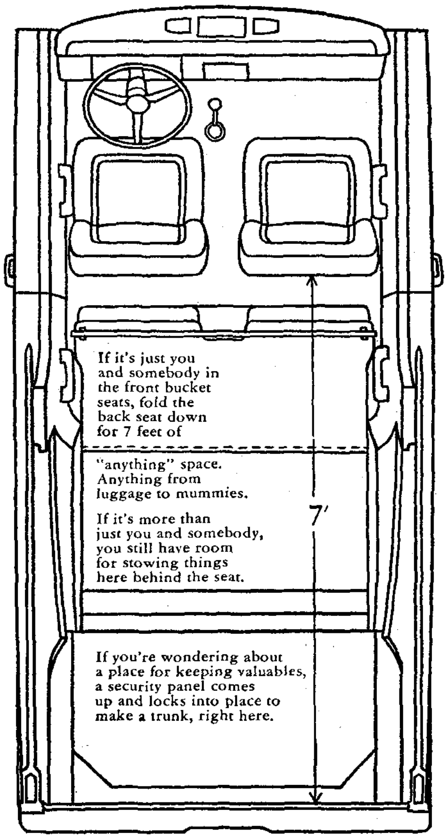
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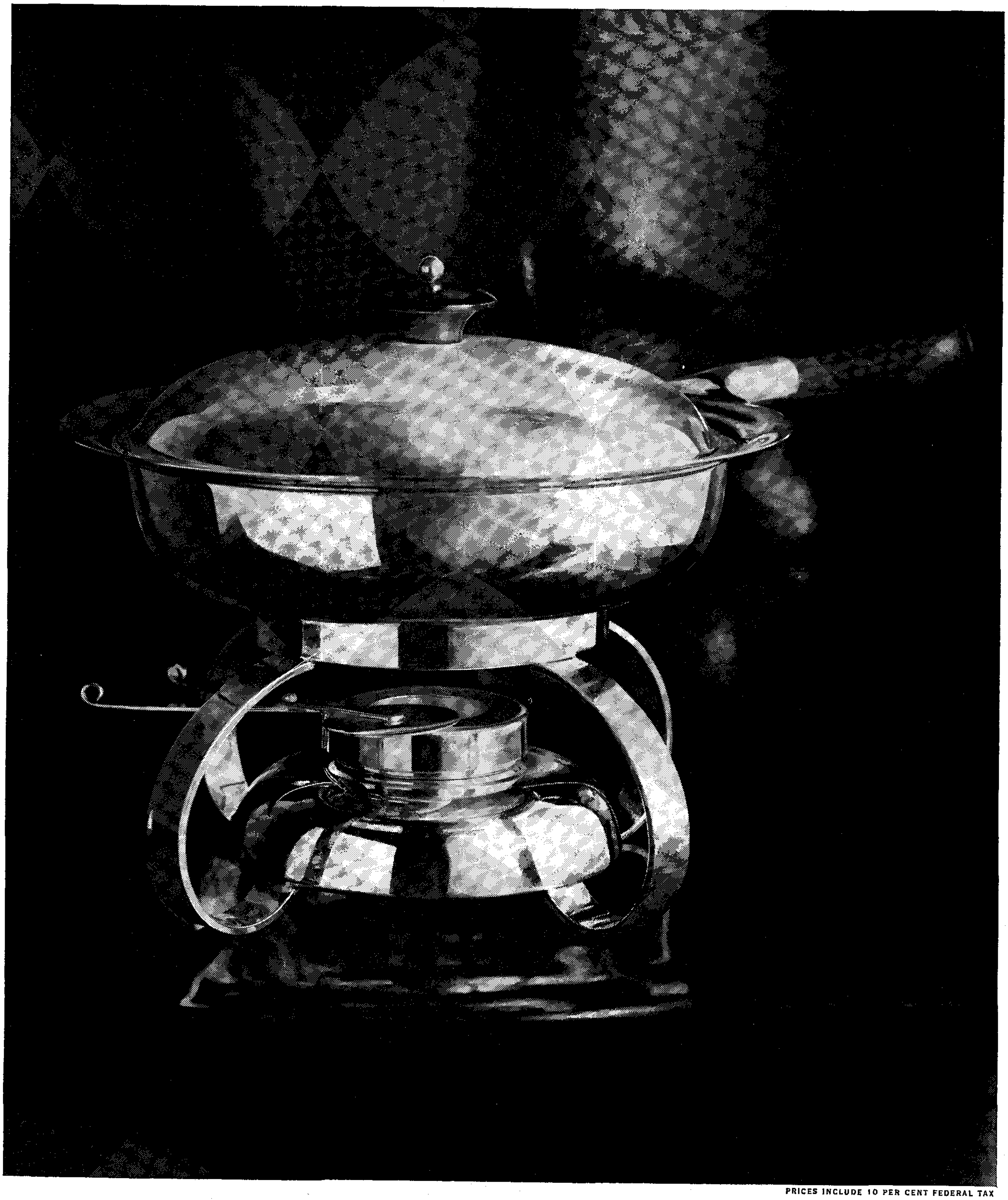
A LITTLE over a century ago, the game of golf underwent a change that revolutionized its character and completely redirected its course—the traditional feather-stuffed leather ball, which had been in use for four hundred years, and perhaps longer, was replaced by a ball made of gutta-percha, a rubberlike substance derived from certain sapotaceous trees found in Malaya. Up to that time, golf had been played almost exclusively by Scots living in Scotland, but the new ball, which was harder and more durable, changed all this. Not only was it much easier for the average player to get the gutta-percha ball off the ground and control its general direction but it also flew a thrillingly long distance—yards farther than the old feather ball ever went. In short, the "gutty," as it was known at the time, made golf a better, pleasanter, and far more fascinating game, and started its transformation from an occult Scottish passion into a universal pastime, currently being pursued by some fifteen million devotees wherever grass sprouts, and sometimes where it doesn't. As golf's popularity spread, Scotland's dominance over nearly every phase of the game diminished. By the second decade of this century, Scots were no longer the only accomplished clubmakers or golf-course architects or teachers, for example. Moreover, Scottish players, who had always dominated competitive golf, were being supplanted by champions produced in the United States and in other countries comparatively new to the game. (It takes some believing, but the last time a Scot residing in Scotland won the British Open was in 1893, when Willie Auchterlonie, of St. Andrews, carried the day.) Scotland has, nevertheless, continued to be regarded as *the* golf country. That this is so is the result neither of a polite gesture toward "the cradle of the game" by the golfers of the world nor of a shrewd conspiracy among them based on an awareness that a great deal of what is romantic and beckoning (and merchandisable) about golf is tied in with its Scottish heritage. The explanation is much more elementary. In the first place, for all the enterprise and enthusiasm of the converts to the game in this country and elsewhere, no one loves golf quite as wholeheartedly as the Scots do, and no one plays it more assiduously. Second, at its best the Scottish golfing milieu remains incomparable, for, in a wonderful way, many of the famous old championship links have proved themselves ageless—as challenging and as enjoyable right now as the Augusta National, Kasumigaseki, Royal Melbourne, or any of the other new-fledged masterpieces. Above all, in no other country is the entire fabric of life threaded so inextricably with golf as it is in Scotland. For instance, there's no need for an enthusiast who finds himself in mixed company to feel that an hour's uninterrupted discussion of golf is perhaps enough and that one must think of the ladies. Most of the ladies either play golf or have played it at one time or another, and the few exceptions are remarkably well versed in the game, or else in acting.

As the venerable but still vigorous home of golf—and in addition one of the earth's most beautiful lands, when the sun is shining—Scotland is annually visited by thousands of golfers from all over the globe. The large majority come as confessed pilgrims and carry long lists, built up since childhood, of the things they must not fail to see or do at the historic shrines. For example, in St. Andrews, the old gray town on the Fifeshire peninsula, these "musts" include a tour of the weather-beaten clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the august R. and A., which for over two centuries has been the governing body of the game for all golfers except those in America, where the game is regulated by the United States Golf Association; a visit to the cathedral graveyard in which Old Tom Morris, the beloved nineteenth-century professional, is buried; a call at Laurie Auchterlonie's golf shop, where the son of the 1893 Open champion still turns out magnificent clubs by hand; and, to be sure, at least one round on the Old Course, a heaving sea of dunes, bunkers, and gorse that most golfers despise at first encounter and then grow to love as they become familiar with its strange but functional subtleties. Indeed, I suppose the primary lure that Scotland holds for the modern pilgrim is its celebrated championship courses, on which, as he plays, he can dream his dreams of the old giants and the more recent heroes who performed their unforgettable deeds on that very ground. In Scotland, these championship courses—that is, courses on which British Open and Amateur Championships have been contested—are separated into three geographic clusters; one lies south of Glasgow on the west coast, another east of Edinburgh on the east coast, and the third north of Edinburgh. In the west-coast cluster, bordering the Firth of Clyde, the two most important courses are Prestwick, where the British Open was founded, in 1860, and Troon, where Arnold Palmer established a new record score—276—for the Open in 1962. At the risk of irreverence, it might be noted, however, that by contemporary standards Prestwick is a little too short and a shade too quaint to test the most accomplished players, that Troon's holes lack distinction and variety, and that these days the best golf in the area is probably to be found on the remodelled Ailsa course, at Turnberry, twenty-five miles farther south, where the 1963 Walker Cup match was held. The complex of golf links east of Edinburgh, hugging the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, includes Gullane No. 1, Muirfield, and North Berwick. (Strictly speaking, a links is a stretch of seashore made up of sand hills and more gently undulating ground. Golf was first played on links, because the terrain lent itself naturally to use as tees, greens, bunkers, and so on, and also because the sandy soil produced wonderfully crisp, close-knit turf. The British championships have always been held exclusively on linksland courses.) Gullane No. 1, which is where Babe Didrikson Zaharias won the British Ladies Amateur Championship in



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1947, and North Berwick, where the in-nine edges along a sharp cliff above the sea, are both very agreeable courses, but the jewel of this area is Muirfield. The finest orthodox layout in Britain, Muirfield is maintained in such splendid condition that it always looks as if a major tournament must be starting there the next day. It is entirely fitting that this classic course should today be the seat of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, the oldest club in golf, which was organized in 1744 (ten years before the R. and A.) at Leith and later made its headquarters at Musselburgh before moving down the road to its present site, in 1891. In the third area, to the north of Edinburgh, the outstanding courses are St. Andrews and Carnoustie, which was the scene of Ben Hogan's dramatic victory in the 1953 Open, in which he lowered his score on each successive round—73, 71, 70, 68—and eventually won by four shots. Since Scotland is a much smaller country than most people think of it as being—it is only about the size of Maine—all these championship courses are situated within a comfortable three-hour drive from a central point like, say, Gleneagles, and this means that a charged-up pilgrim can, if he wishes, assault a different course every day for a week and still get back to his hotel in time for dinner.

I RANK high among the pleasures of a misspent adulthood the dozen trips to Scotland I have been fortunate enough to make during the past twenty-five years—trips that have enabled me to play and study all the championship courses and a number of others. It pleases me greatly that quite a few of my Scottish friends now consider me fairly well acquainted, for a foreigner, with the wine of the country. At the same time, they invariably take pains to point out that the golfer who has visited only the three central clusters of courses has not savored the full range of first-rate Scottish golf, any more than the gourmet travelling in France has exhausted the possibilities for memorable dining once he has eaten at all the restaurants awarded three stars by *Le Guide Michelin*. In the opinion of Sam McKinlay, the editor of the Glasgow *Evening Times* and one of my most knowledgeable Scottish friends (he is not only a most discerning golf writer but a genuinely gifted player, who represented Britain in the 1934 Walker Cup match), there are at least half a dozen Scottish links of very high rank

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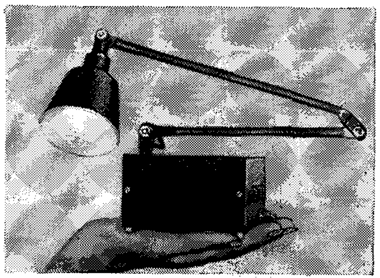

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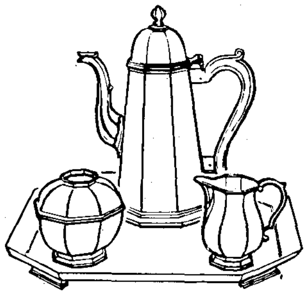

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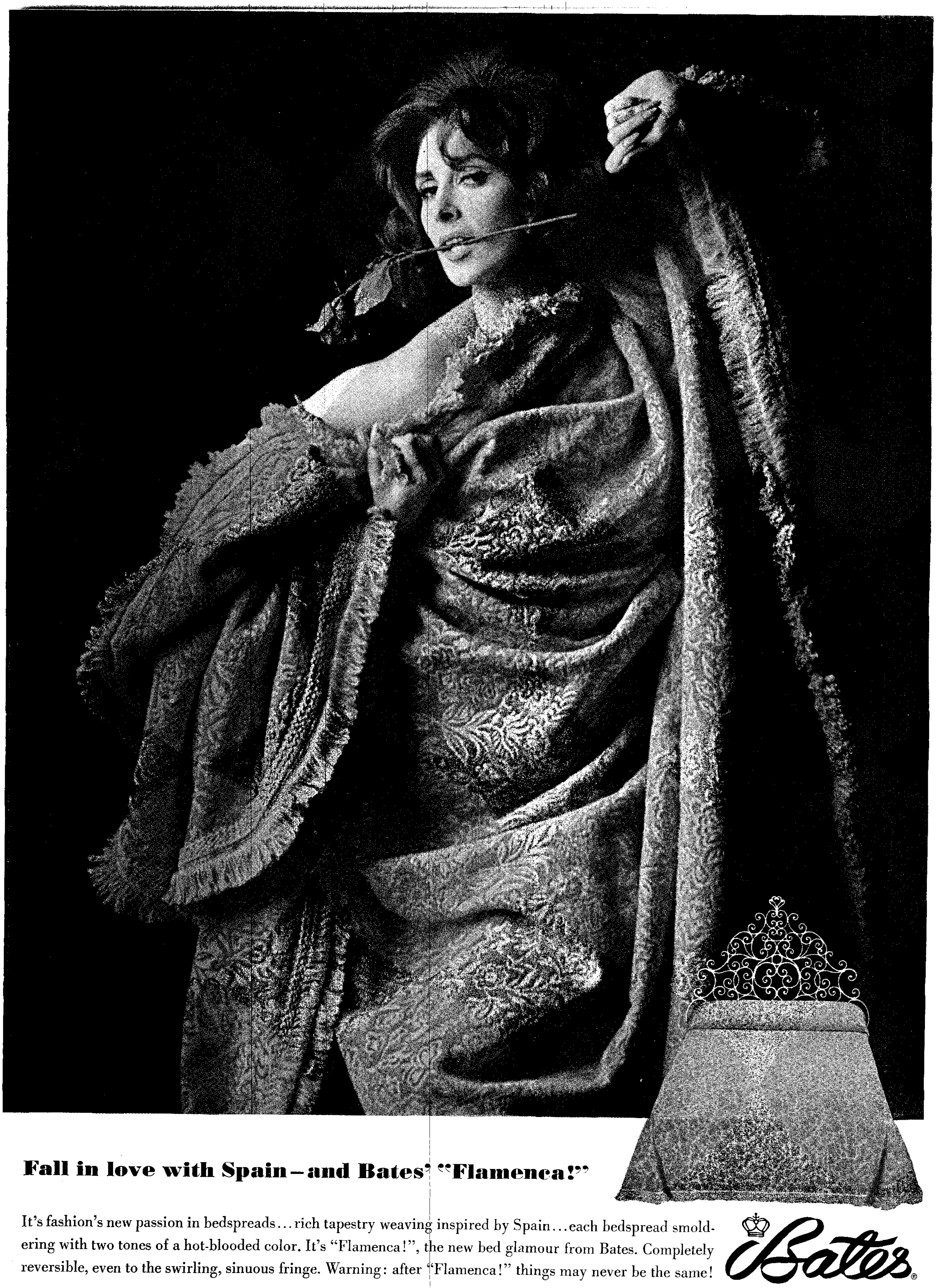

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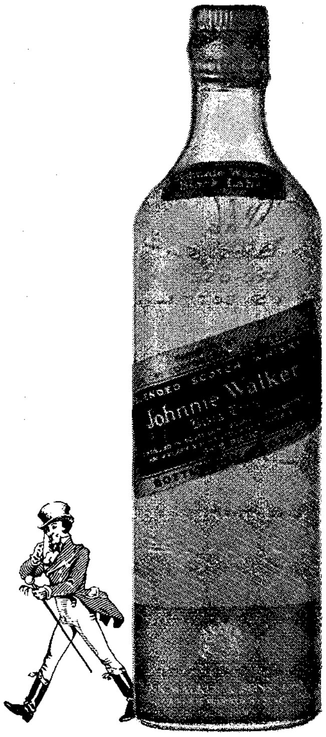

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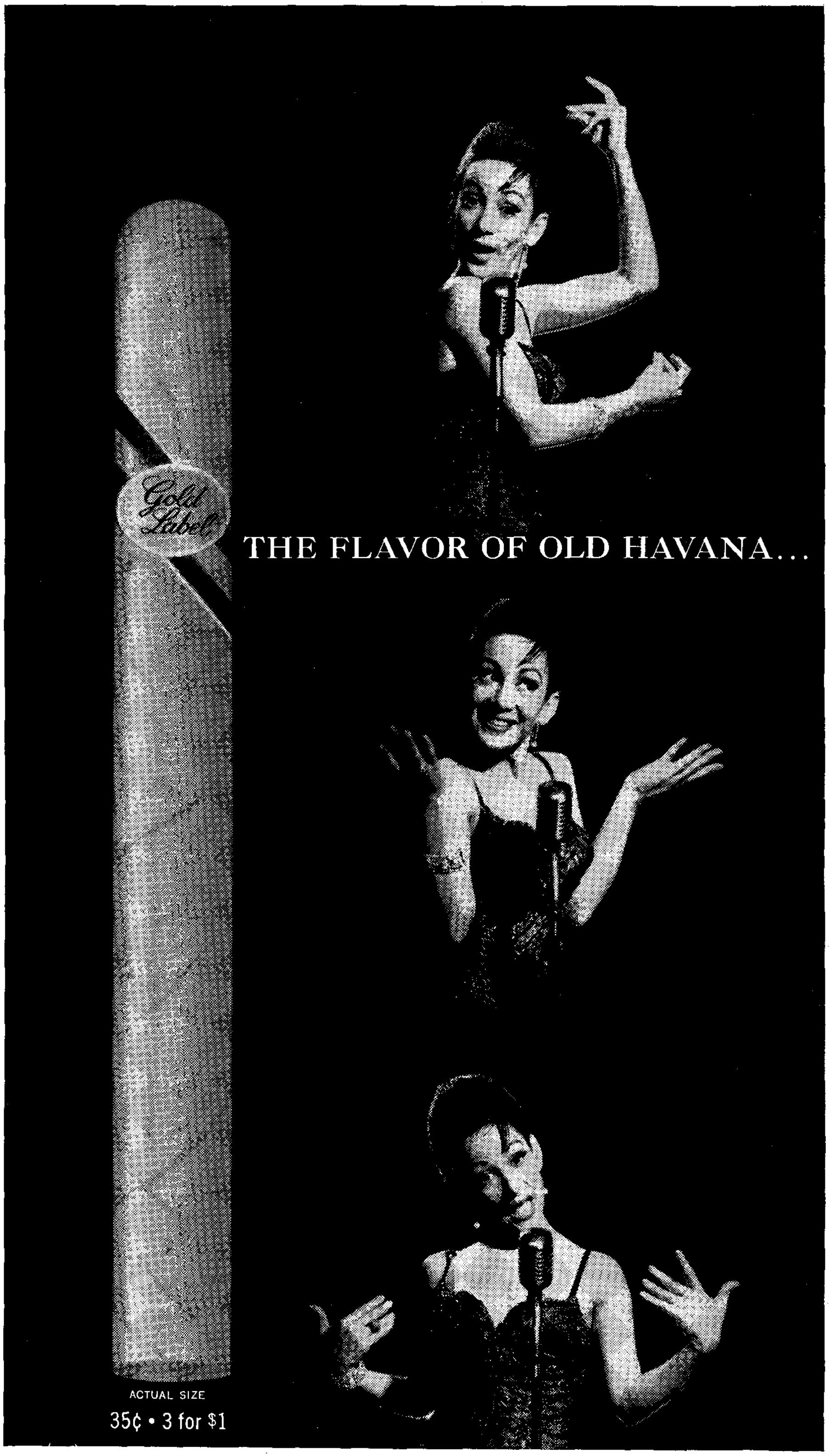
that have remained comparatively unknown, principally because they are off the golfer tourist's beaten track. These include Cruden Bay, near Aberdeen, to which McKinlay, in the burry version of *Le Guide Michelin* that he occasionally introduces into his golf writings, awards two thistles, the second-highest rating; Blairgowrie, at Rosemount, in the lower Highlands (two thistles); Machrihanish, an old links, with marvellous turf, that sits near the tip of the Kintyre peninsula, west of the Firth of Clyde (two thistles); Nairn, on the southern shore of the Moray Firth, slightly east of Inverness (two thistles); and Dornoch, far up north, well beyond Inverness and, indeed, only seventy miles below John o'Groat's, the northernmost point of Scotland (three thistles, the top rating). Incidentally, in McKinlay's opinion, only St. Andrews, Muirfield, and Ailsa currently deserve three thistles, along with Dornoch. Though he and I had talked for many years about a holiday golfing trip to one or two of these neglected beauties, something or other had always come up, and we didn't manage to pull it off until last spring, when I went over for the Walker Cup match and McKinlay, with local murder cases and soccer fever at a nice low pitch for a change, was able to arrange a short absence from his editorial duties. As an old suscriber to *Le Guide McKinlay*, I was hardly surprised when, on the eve of our expedition, he announced that, all things considered, we could do no better than go up to Dornoch. On the way north, we would definitely play Nairn and maybe Lossiemouth, and perhaps, later on, the little course at Golspie, but Dornoch—that was where we were going.

On an untypically balmy afternoon in late May, three days after the conclusion of the Walker Cup match, I left Glasgow with McKinlay and his wife, Marian, a non-golfer but a sound, sensitive woman nonetheless. Glasgow is a sprawling place, and when you are heading northeast out of town, as we were, it takes a good forty minutes to get its rampant grime behind you. But then, when you finally do reach the countryside, it arrives with a gorgeous thump. Bluebells and other wild flowers were growing in profusion along the winding roads. In the sunlight, the small lakes and wide fields of the central Lowlands gleamed with their bold primary greens and blues, which, when you see them emblazoned on a postcard, always suggest that an inferior job of color reproduction has been done,



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even though you may know better. Away in the distance, tying everything together, were the southern ridges of the Grampians, the aggregate designation for the numerous chains of hills and mountains that mark the beginning of the Highlands. It is approximately two hundred miles from Glasgow to Nairn by the main route over the southeastern Highlands, but the roads are excellent and the traffic is light, and a motorist who is in a hurry can knock off the drive in four and a half hours. We took a leisurely six hours, not counting a stop for tea at an inn in Dunkeld, some thirty miles beyond Gleneagles. Tea in Scotland (or anywhere in Britain, for that matter) can, of course, be the best meal of the day, and this tea happened to be a particularly good one, but our stop at Dunkeld stays in my mind for quite another reason. While many of the people I have met through golf have proved to have no other appreciable interests and, accordingly, have on occasion been wearing company, Sam McKinlay has a fine, old-fashioned breadth of knowledge and enthusiasm. Among other things, he has the ability—possessed by many more Britons than Americans—to tap at appropriate moments, with an utter lack of pomposity, a store of quotations from the books we were all subjected to in our youth but now recall only hazily, if at all. At Dunkeld, while we were waiting for our tea, we took a short turn in the garden behind the inn, which backs up on the Tay, the famous salmon river. At this point in its descent from the Highlands to the North Sea, the Tay is only about sixty yards wide—a full, fast-rushing stream shaded by ancient trees and alive with skimming birds. While we were staring at the water, a bird on the far bank broke into song. Marian McKinlay instantly identified it as a thrush. Her husband continued to listen to the bird's song. "Oh, how right Browning was!" he remarked with obvious gratification a moment later. "The thrush does sing each song twice over, infallibly." At my request, since I can never get the passage straight, he recited the pertinent lines from "Home-Thoughts, from Abroad":

> That's the wise thrush; he sings
>   each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never
>   could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!

The most scenic route into the southeastern Highlands, and the one that tourists ordinarily take, climbs from Blairgowrie through Braemar to Ballater, the railroad station for Bal-

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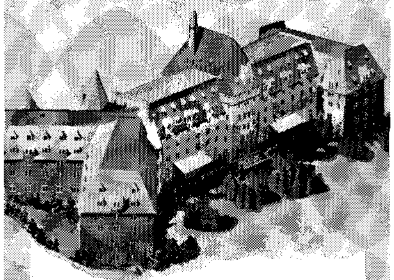

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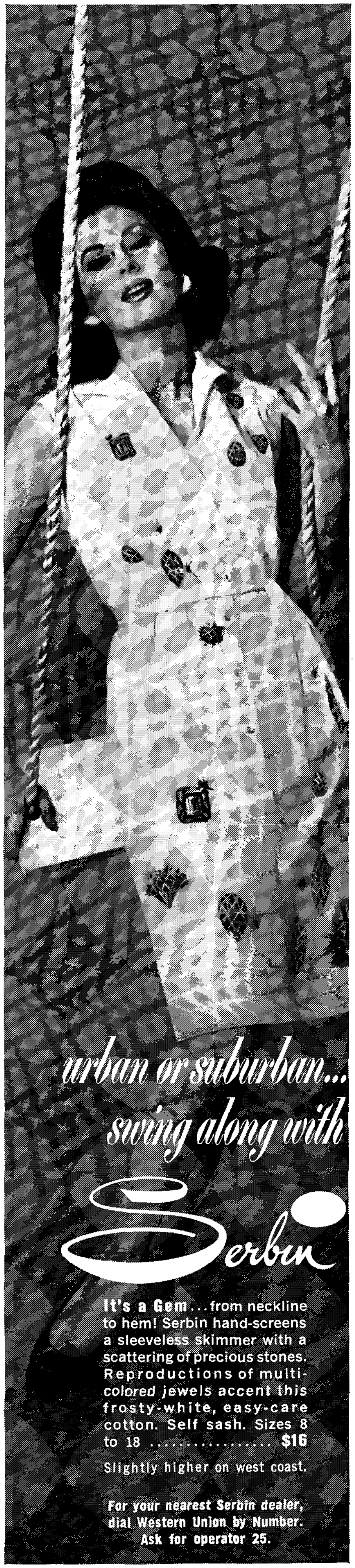

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moral, where the Royal Family has spent summer holidays since Queen Victoria set the precedent, in 1855. (Victoria, by the way, deserves nearly all the credit for popularizing the Highlands; until she went there, they had been generally regarded, even—or perhaps especially—by the Lowland Scots, as a wild, backward waste.) The route we followed—the through route to the north—runs some twenty miles farther to the west, roughly paralleling the road to Balmoral and passing through Pitlochry, Blair Atholl, Kingussie, Aviemore, and Grantown-on-Spey, where the main road continues to Inverness and a right fork, which we took, leads to Nairn. Apart from noting that the Highlands are not particularly high—the tallest peaks rise only about four thousand feet above sea level—the only point I wish to make about them is that in late May the heather covering the long, sweeping, rocky slopes is still a wintry dun color, and as a result the vistas, though noble in their contours, are nowhere near as overwhelming as they must be late in June, when the pinkish-purple bell heather bursts into bloom, or late in August, when the real heather, the ling heather, turns the hillsides a vibrant purple. And as for the traveller whose love of the Highlands is based on their rare desolateness, I recommend the Dava Moor, just north of Grantown-on-Spey, for this is an upland desert of unusually dark heather—greenish, blackish brown with a touch of red in it, the fusion of colors that the Scots call "moorit" when they reproduce it in tweed. The road to Nairn cuts slowly across this dour stretch, and, perhaps because I was completely unprepared for any such change, since I had been gazing only minutes earlier at the genial Spey as it purled by Grantown, I found the Dava Moor far more forbidding than any part of the Highlands proper. I was therefore in a suitable mood to twitch a little at the shoulders when, only a few miles beyond the moor, a road sign suddenly announced that the village of Cawdor lay a mile to the west. This, sure enough, is the Cawdor of "Macbeth," and it is just where it should be. The castle still stands, a minor tourist attraction today. Nairn is six miles farther north, a town of white houses along the blue waters of the Moray Firth.

Probably the first distinguished traveller to visit Nairn was Dr. Samuel Johnson, who passed through with Boswell en route to the Hebrides on their

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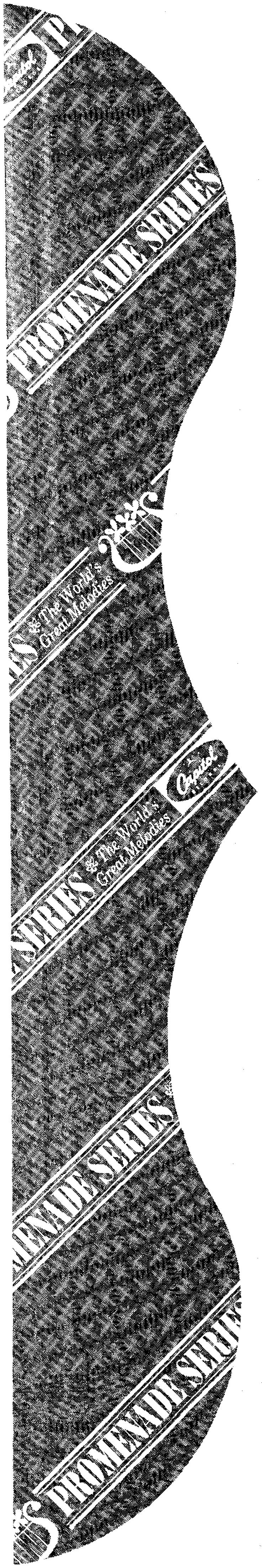

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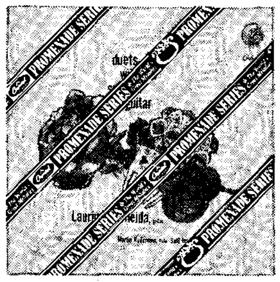

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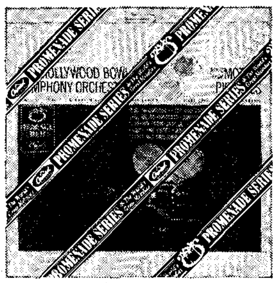

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famous journey in 1773. Johnson found the town in "a state of miserable decay" and added, in his best dyspeptic growl, that "we had no motive to stay longer than to breakfast." Nairn has come on quite a bit since then. Having been one of the most popular of the Scottish seaside resorts for many years now, it blandly calls itself the Garden of the North, and not without some justification. It gets more sunshine than nearly any other spot in Scotland, for the rugged mountains along the west coast intercept most of the rain-bearing winds. Nairn has good beaches, and there are some excellent fishing streams close by, but most of the people who vacation there regularly—Harold Macmillan, for one—are attracted by its golf facilities. There are two eighteen-hole courses—Nairn Dunbar, an unexciting layout, and Nairn proper, a splendid test that has several times been the venue of the Scottish Amateur Championship. Catering to the golfers and other visitors are a dozen or so large hotels and numerous guesthouses. We stopped at the Alton Burn, one of the more modest hotels, which looks out on the sixteenth hole of the Nairn course. It was nearly nine o'clock when I met the McKinlays in the bar before dinner, but in Scotland in late spring it stays light until almost midnight, and we watched a steady parade of players moving down the sixteenth fairway. On one wall of the bar was a photograph of Hogan at Carnoustie, and on another was a placard announcing the tournament schedule in the Dundee area, this calendar of events being printed over an action photo of that estimable old Scottish golfer Arnold Palmer. In this setting, we found ourselves warming up to the game, and it was a good thing we did, for after dinner we called on the Kenny Camerons, long-time friends of the McKinlays, and it was like stepping into an inferno of golf. Mrs. Cameron is a perfectly normal Scotswoman, but her husband is the compleat golf fanatic. McKinlay had prepared me for him by telling me that he had a predilection for telephoning in the middle of the night and taking the better part of an hour to replay some exceptionally good recent round of his stroke by stroke and trauma by trauma. Cameron turned out to be a pleasant-looking, baldish fellow, somewhere in his forties, with bright brown eyes and a Scots accent considerably stronger than the McKinlays'. (Theirs is pure, if soft, Glasgow, though when Mrs. McKinlay gets north of Pitlochry her speech recaptures something of the intonation of Banff-

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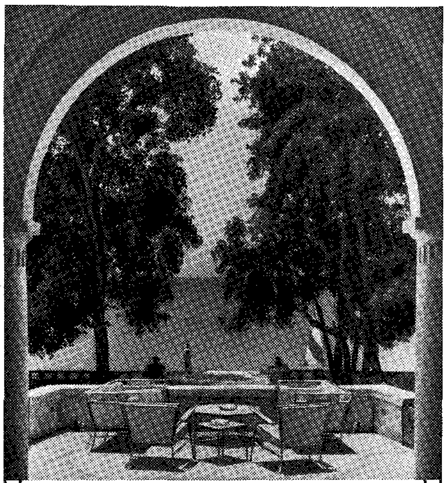
shire, where she was born.) During the exchange of greetings, the McKinlays happened to mention to Cameron that he looked a little thinner, and with that he was off and running.

"You're right about that," he said, slapping his stomach hard. "I've taken off a full stone in the last two months. Put it on during the winter when the course was frozen solid—a sheet of ice. Mind you, you could have played, but none of the lads would go out with me. They're a soft lot. So I just sat around putting on weight, and then, when the course was finally fit for play, about the end of March, I discovered I had a problem. When I addressed the ball"—and here he leaped to his feet to demonstrate—"I could hardly see it. My stomach blocked out the view." The brown eyes twinkled. "I was scratching around trying to break eighty, and you know, Sam, that's not my usual, is it? I had to either lose the extra pounds or play the ball an inch or two farther away from me, where I could see it, which meant altering my swing. Well, I didn't want to tinker around with my swing, so I just had to lose that extra stone, and now I'm hitting the ball solidly—right in the back, and, more important, dead straight. Not putting, mind you. I can't putt for toffee, never could." Again his eyes twinkled. "But hitting the ball sweetly, that I am. You know our fifth hole, that long two-shotter. Last week, into a nor'wester—nor'nor'west, actually—I hit a switcher off the tee and was up with a spoon, an absolute cracker. The only thing that's bothering me is that if I'd kept that extra stone I might have been up with an iron. There's aye a something, isn't there?"

Cameron paused for a moment to stoke himself with some orange sponge-cake and coffee his wife had produced, but soon he was off again, describing in painstaking detail some of his spring matches against golfers whom McKinlay knew, dissecting Palmer's and Nicklaus's swings, inveighing against the current condition of the greens on the Nairn course, discussing the respective merits of the small British ball and the large American ball, and tirelessly replaying some of the switchers, crackers, thrusters, and screamers he had gallantly dispatched at critical moments over the last three decades. If Cameron were not a first-class golfer—he has been champion of the Nairn Golf Club five times and Nairnshire Amateur champion thirteen times—his monologues might be harder to take, but, on second thought, they might not. He is, as one soon learns, a charming and



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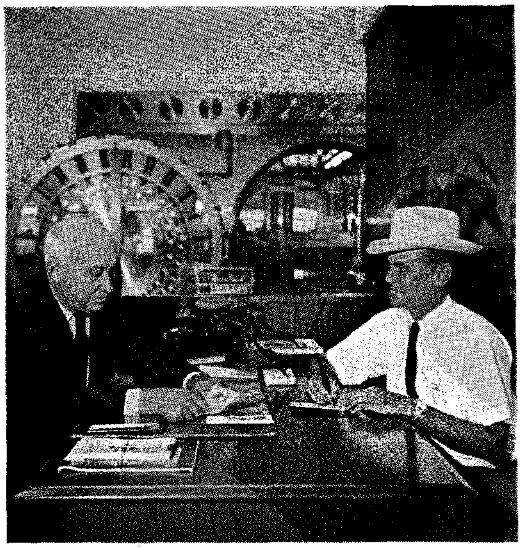

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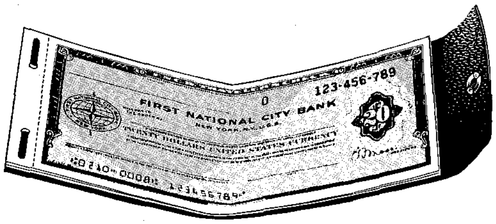

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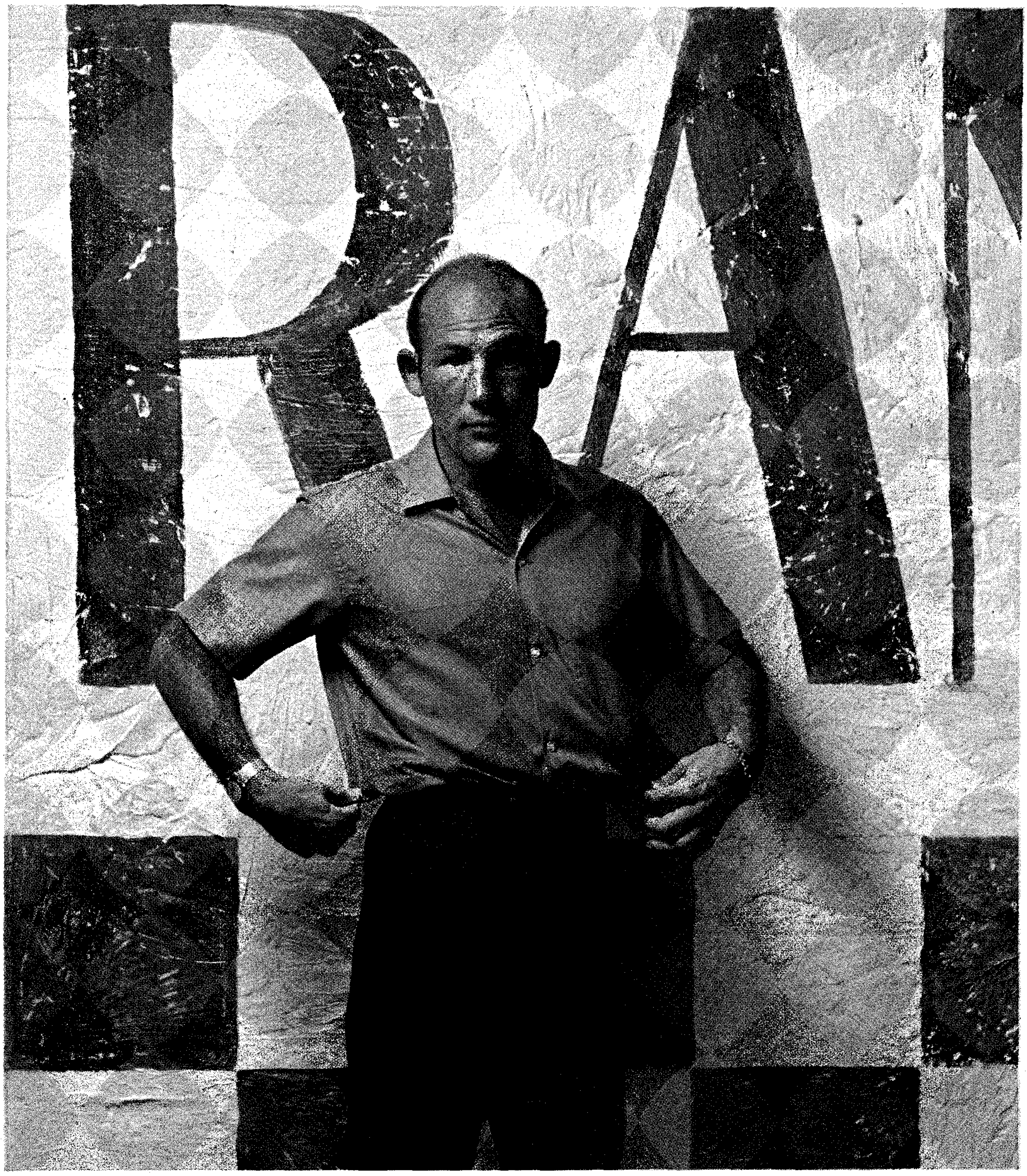

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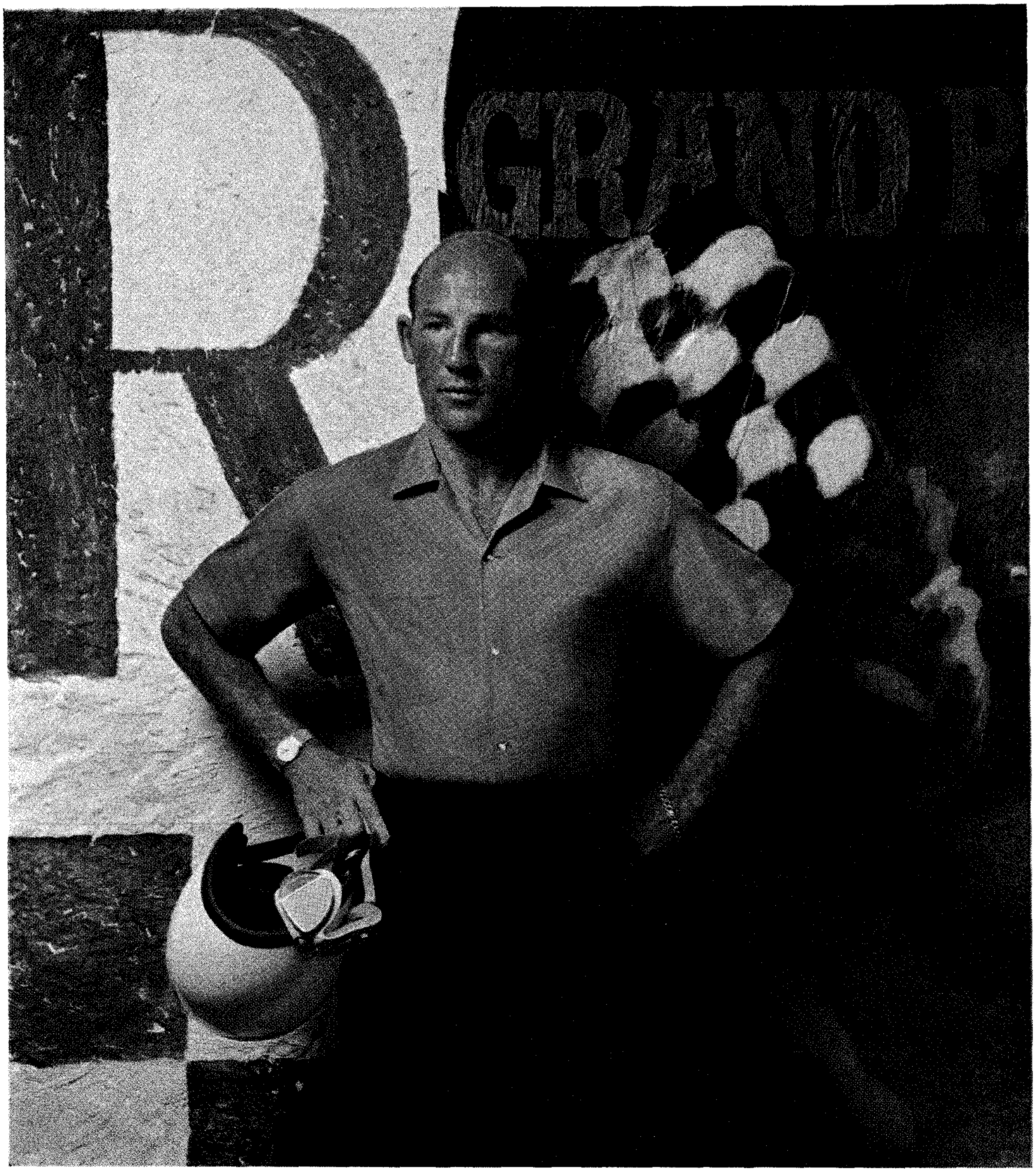

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substantial fellow, yet where golf is concerned he is powerless to control his exuberance. Savonarola could have as easily stopped preaching. It was typical of Cameron that when we finally concluded our visit, well after midnight, and were walking to the car, he should completely transpose a remark I made about his lovely lawn. "Na, na, it's no good at all," he said, shaking his head. "The texture's all wrong. Try practicing a few pitch shots there and it'll ruin your touch. It's nothing like the grass at the club. I think I'll have to rip it up and replant the damn thing."

Just then a bird sang out.

"Hear that?" Cameron asked, his eyes softening. "That's the wise thrush. Remember the poem? 'He sings his song several times over lest you think he can't capture that rapture again.' Robert Browning."

Three angry voices assaulted him, one on top of another.

"That's *not* the wise thrush," Mrs. McKinlay said.

"Browning wrote no such lines," her husband said, his eyes shut in pain.

"That's enough for tonight, Kenny," Mrs. Cameron said.

The friend of golf and poetry mutely waved an abashed good night.

ONE of the primary attractions of Scottish golf is its inexpensiveness. The annual dues at the Nairn Golf Club, for example, are six guineas, or less than eighteen dollars; at an American club of comparable quality they would run between four hundred and seven hundred dollars. Similarly, the greens fee for a visiting golfer at Nairn comes to only eighty-five cents for a day's play. For a full fortnight's play, the fee is roughly eight dollars—about the same amount a guest must pay for one day's play at many a private club here. Like all but a few of the Scottish courses,

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Nairn cost next to nothing to build. In 1877, when a group of local sportsmen became convinced that the rudimentary holes of the town's links did not offer a satisfactory test for the new type of golf that the gutta-percha ball had created, they engaged Andrew Simpson, the pro at the Royal Aberdeen Club, to look the situation over and recommend a plan for an up-to-date course. After studying the sandy, whorly, self-draining land that adjoined the original links, Simpson estimated that it would cost between thirty and forty pounds to remove the excess bushes from the new strip and prepare the tees, fairways, and greens of the holes he had plotted. The construction actually came to thirty-six pounds. Nowadays, even in Scotland, it takes that much money to reshape a bunker or put in a new back tee, and the members of Nairn are inclined to think of the nineteenth century as the golden age of golf. They brighten up noticeably when they hear that in America it is nothing unusual for a course to cost more than half a million dollars. Since we have no linksland to speak of, most of our courses are built on clayey soil, and not infrequently the sites selected are fairly rocky or quite heavily wooded. Converting such an area into good golf holes can be a long and expensive operation; the land must be cleared, the contours of the fairways and greens shaped by earth-moving machines, water hazards developed, bunkers excavated, complicated drainage and watering systems installed, and the soil fortified. I might add, however, that one sometimes suspects that a sizable percentage of our modern American golf architects, if they were confronted with an inspiring stretch of linksland, would proceed by reflex to bulldoze the natural contours as flat as an airstrip and then go on to construct a costly succession of trite artificial holes.

McKinlay and I played Nairn for the next three days, for we decided to pass up an excursion to Lossiemouth, thirty miles to the east, when we learned that the Royal Navy had established a jet airbase there, which had set the whole area dinning with noise. We arranged to play our rounds in the afternoon, when Cameron, with his day's business well squared away, was free to join us. He is a fancy-groceries and wine merchant, a sort of Fortnum & Mason of upper Scotland, who supplies many of the fishing and shooting lodges in the Speyside area, and a few as far away as Skye, with the basic delicacies. During our stay in Nairn, the Garden

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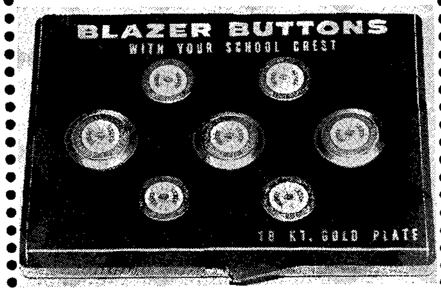

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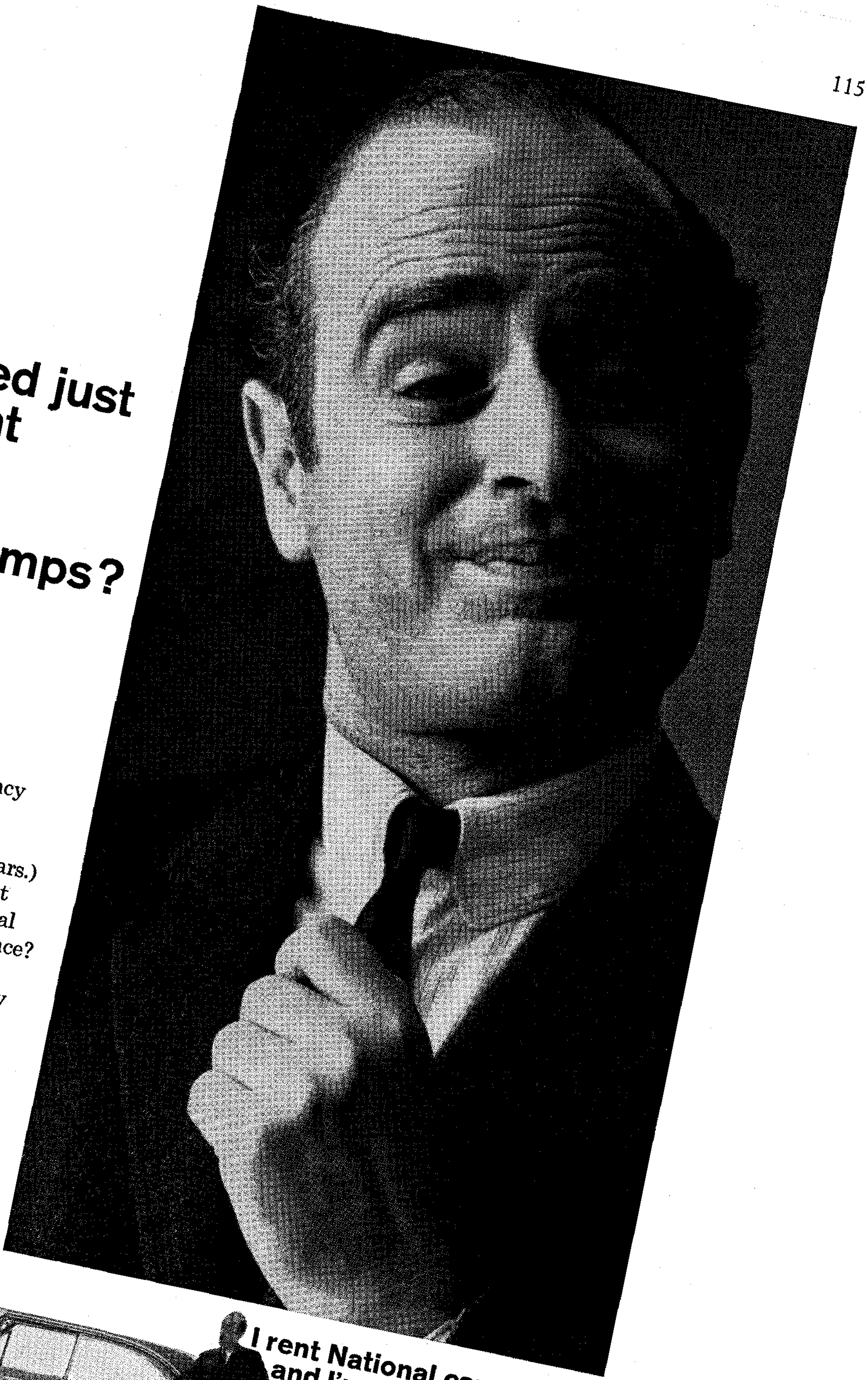

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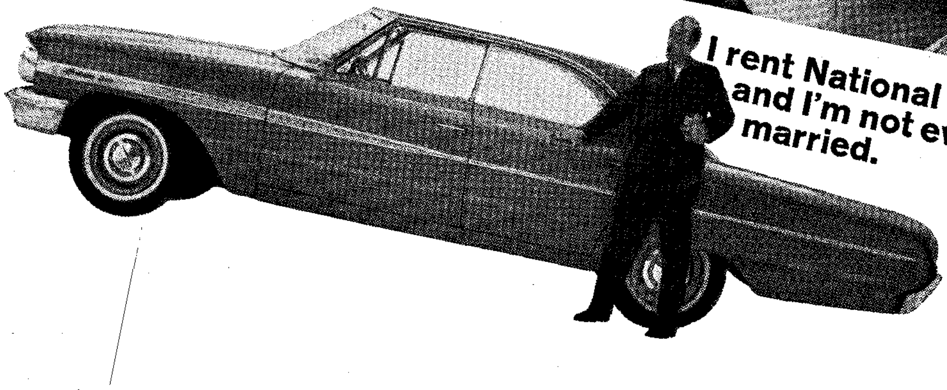

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of the North put on a very good show—lots of sunshine and not a drop of rain. There was, however, plenty of wind, and it was piercing enough to force Cameron and McKinlay into two heavy sweaters apiece for golf, and me into two sweaters, a windbreaker, a muffler, and rain trousers. On British seaside courses, where there are no trees enclosing the holes, the wind is the major hazard a golfer must contend with. On the rare windless days, Nairn, for example, is not very much of a problem, for it is a relatively short layout, only 6,342 yards long from the back tees. Set smack beside the Moray Firth, with the peaks of Ross and Cromarty looming grand in the distance, it is an aesthetic treat, but, like a number of Scottish links (among them St. Andrews), it has, to my mind, one serious shortcoming. It is a loop-type course—that is, the first nine holes march more or less in a straight line away from the clubhouse, along the water's edge, and the second nine holes march back, roughly parallel. On most days, as a result of this unimaginative routing, the wind is continuously in the player's face on one nine and continuously at his back on the other—a situation that doesn't make for very interesting golf. An east wind was blowing all three days at Nairn, and we had it with us (and a little across, right to left) on the first nine, and against us (angling across, left to right) coming back. McKinlay and Cameron, consequently, were never over par—35—to the turn, and I myself, although I am not at all in their class, experienced only minor difficulties. The second nine was quite another story. On each round, McKinlay and Cameron stood up very well against the blustery wind, playing superb shots that kept the ball low and on a line. They regularly scored only a stroke or two higher coming back than they had going out. I am not a proficient enough player, however, to control the ball when playing into a heavy wind, and at Nairn this was disastrous, for most of the fairways on the second nine are hemmed in tightly on both sides by gorse. In England, gorse is commonly called furze. In Scotland, it is sometimes called whin, pronounced "whun." By any name, it is a thick, spreading, thorny bush that grows from two to five feet high, and generally in clumps. To give it its due, it is, from a safe distance, very lovely to behold, for its flower is the brightest yellow you can conceive of—far more brilliant than forsythia, say. However, a mass of gorse is no place to drive a

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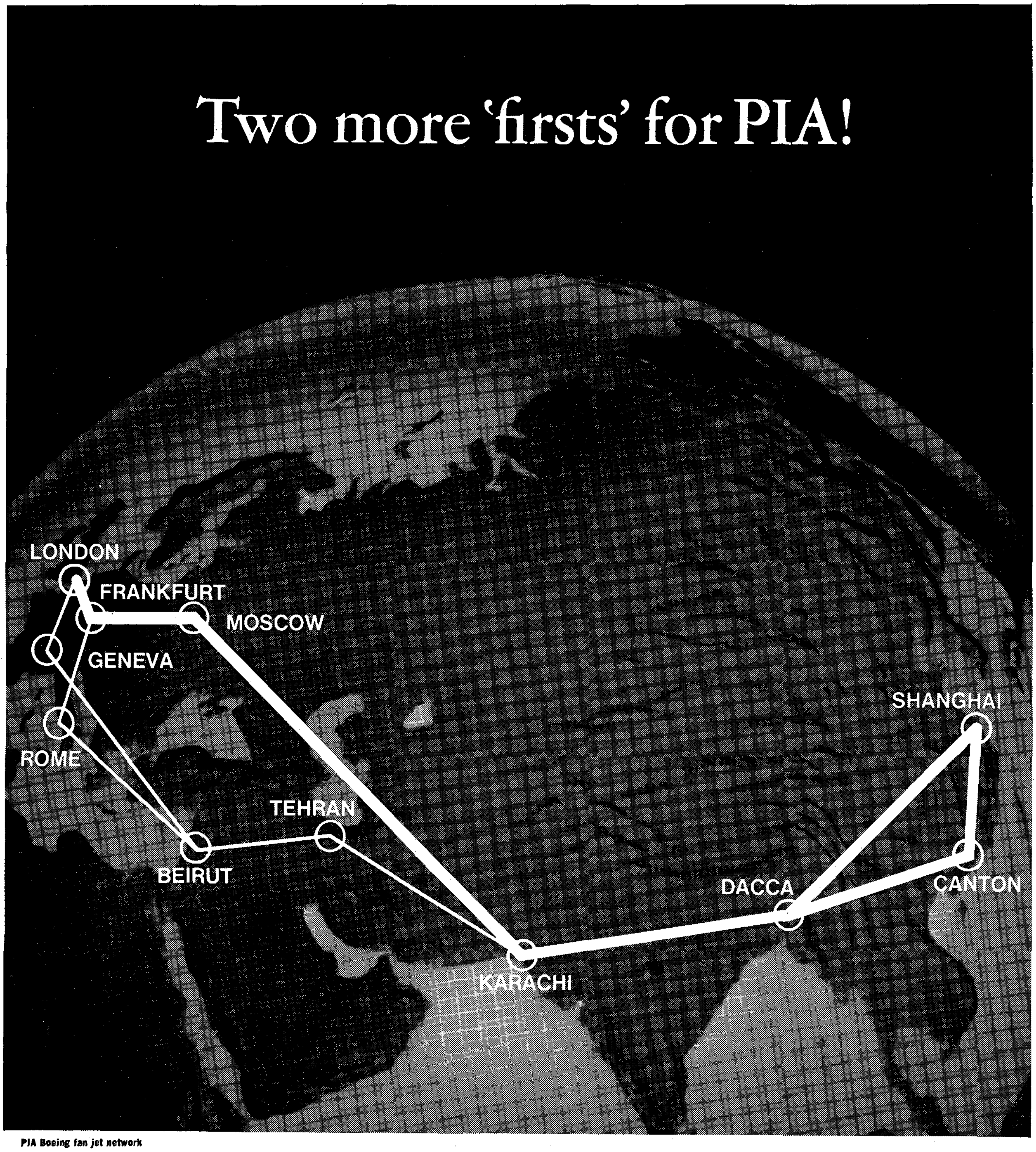
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Tip from a cabbie.

The other day, a diligent employee of Business Week hopped a taxi to the McGraw-Hill Building. During the ride, the cabdriver said, "You know, I read Business Week all the time. Fact is, I've got a subscription."

Naturally, the dil. emp. swallowed hard and gasped out, "Impossible!" In case you didn't know, Business Week subscriptions are solicited only from management men. We carefully screen applications to restrict Business Week's circulation to decision-making executives, turning down all subscription requests that come from outside the management sphere. (It's one of the reasons advertisers like us so much.)

But the cabbie had an explanation. "I used to be a purchasing agent," he said. "But I got bored with the job and knew I was going to quit. So I made sure to get a *three-year* subscription to Business Week before I left."

So there you are, men. If you're planning to switch from gray flannel to yellow cabs, get that Business Week subscription now, and make it a long one.

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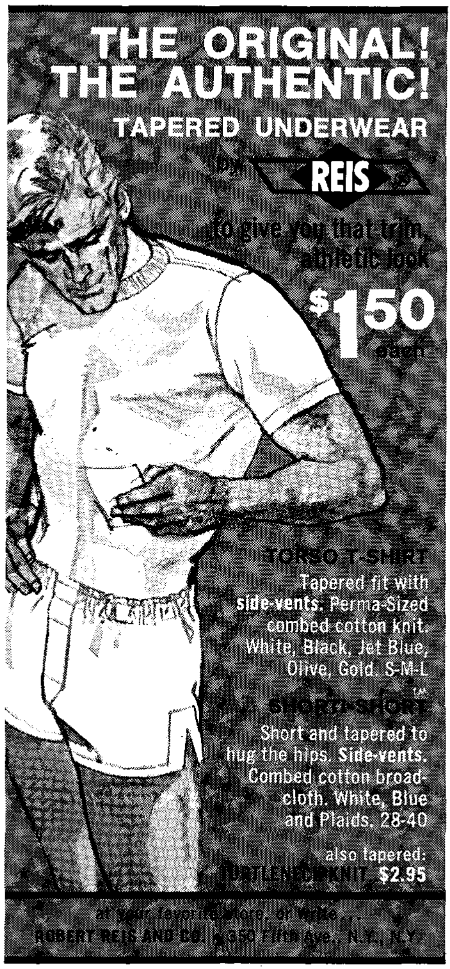
golf ball into. You can seldom find it, and I am beginning to think that if you can't you are undoubtedly better off, for it is usually wedged so fast among the prickly spines that you need at least two strokes—and often a good many more—to dislodge it and hack it back to the fairway. To be brief, then, each time we tackled the second nine I hooked or pushed at least three tee shots deep into the gorse and slowed the whole parade down. There is nothing much a man can do at such grim moments but play on, accepting his penalty strokes and his general humiliation with what grace he can muster as he broods his way back to the sanctuary of the clubhouse, where, if he is lucky, not too many people will ask him what he scored for his round. I was fortunate in playing with two understanding golfers—though it did take Cameron some time to get used to the fact that an American could be capable of such poor golf. The many spectacular victories in international competitions by our golf teams and our individual stars had bred in him, as in many other Scots, the erroneous idea that all Americans are, *ipso facto*, terrific players. (The corollary is equally false; simply because the top British golfers are not quite in the same class as ours, it does not follow that, as many Americans think, no one in England or Scotland knows how to play the game. In fact, it is my own feeling that the average British golfer is a somewhat better player than his American counterpart.) Cameron, by the way, is only moderately talkative on the links. When he plays a good shot, he follows through with a delighted outburst on the order of "Well done, Kenny, my lad!" or "Ah, Cameron, that's the stuff to give 'em—a real switcher!" but nothing more lavish than that. He is not the facile, Jonesian stylist that McKinlay is, but his method is sound and he is a model of accuracy. He was never once in the gorse during our three rounds, and I could well believe his modest claim that he had lost only one ball all year, and that one in a particularly thick sea mist.

By auto, it is about a hundred miles from Nairn to Dornoch. We made the trip at a leisurely pace, visiting the battlefield on Culloden Moor, where the Duke of Cumberland crushed Bonnie Prince Charlie's Highlanders in 1746, and later stopping for lunch in Inverness, the metropolis of northern Scotland. Actually, we drove on north of Dornoch for about ten miles, to the village of Golspie, where we put up for



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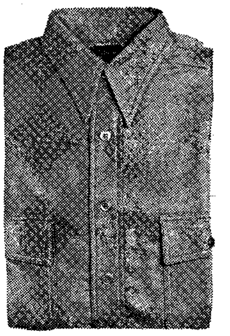

Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally uses this shirt on his fishing and hunting trips. Colors: Tan and Bright Red. Sizes: 14½ to 19. Price $5.85 Postpaid. Send for free sample and Free Catalog.

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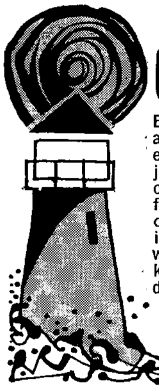

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Write: **Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, Hyannis 47, Mass.**

To any company president who's ever passed up a perfectly good looking service station even when the needle's on "E":

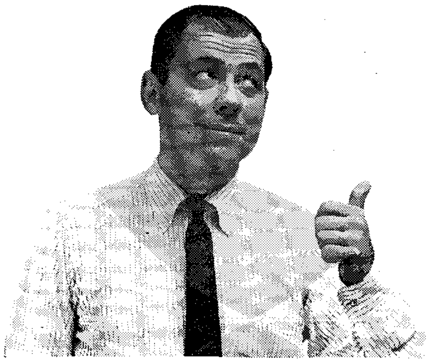
We know how you feel.

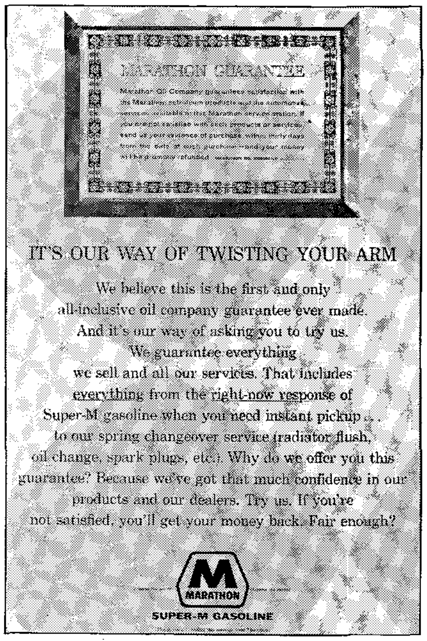
With all the claims and counterclaims and confusion these days about ratings of octane and carburetor icing and special ingredients for mileage and promises of good service, it's remarkable that you stop in anywhere.

Our client, the Marathon Oil Company, with 3,700 service stations in the Midwest, knows how you feel, too.

So, together, we set out in search of a campaign that would show how Marathon and its products stand out, rather than fit in. What was needed was something interesting. Believable. New.

We found it in something old. Something the Marathon people had already made a matter of policy, which dealers had been using all the while. Something which demonstrates, better than anything else, Marathon's strong desire to please with both its products and its people.





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We believe this is the first and only
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We guarantee everything
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Super-M gasoline when you need instant pickup . . .
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oil change, spark plugs, etc.). Why do we offer you this
guarantee? Because we've got that much confidence in our
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not satisfied, you'll get your money back. Fair enough?

MARATHON
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And something we thought more people would want to know about.

The Marathon Guarantee. It covers the performance of all products, all work done on your car—it even covers the tone of the attendant's voice. If you're not satisfied, you get your money back.

What could be simpler or clearer? Or give a motorist more reason to single out a particular kind of service station?

Because the idea itself is so straightforward, we kept the newspaper ads and TV and radio commercials the same way, using a direct, candid approach that's as disarming when you see or hear it as the idea was when it was conceived.

To our way of thinking, the best advertising ideas are the ones rooted in reality and sincerity. And the best ads and commercials are those which serve up an idea in a way that serves the idea best.

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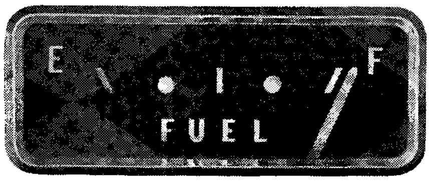

We think they'll make the point. Besides, as the Marathon ad says, "It's our way of twisting your arm."

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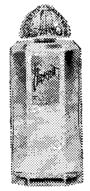

© COTY, 1964—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

the next three days at the Sutherland Arms, an old coaching inn, established in 1808 by the first Duke of Sutherland, which evidently lost its old touch with the advent of the internal-combustion engine. That far north in Scotland—we were at about 58° North Latitude, as high up as Juneau—it can be fiercely cold at any time of year, but the sun was out strong as we drove over to Dornoch after breakfast the first morning, and the air was much softer than it had been at Nairn. (*All* of Britain, in fact, was enjoying this same golden weather. It was to last for three weeks, a partial repayment for the island's harshest winter in decades.) Dornoch, the county seat of Sutherland, is an exceptionally trim resort town, with a permanent population of some nine hundred and fifty. The cathedral and most of the other buildings are of a mellowed yellow sandstone, and that morning the whole town absolutely glistened in the sun. The links of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club are only a few hundred yards beyond the main square, and are perched well above the level of the North Sea. Like St. Andrews and Carnoustie and quite a few other celebrated links, Royal Dornoch at first glance is not particularly stirring. A pale brown-green sweep of duneland rolls into the distance, but only two holes are visible, the first and the eighteenth, and they seem to be quite ordinary. While no one expects the pro shop at a Scottish club to resemble our temples of merchandising, the shop at Dornoch, close by the first tee, turned out to be nothing but a glassed-in booth with a roof of corrugated tin painted brownish red. There was no one on duty when we arrived. Indeed, there was no one anywhere in sight. We tried the clubhouse, a small two-story building in which, except for a new bar, everything must be quite as it was in 1904, when the club celebrated the official opening of its extended eighteen holes and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie drove over from Skibo Castle to do the honors. We found the professional, Jimmy MacDonald, in the clubhouse, and he set about rounding up a caddie for me. The only one he could find was his ten-year-old grandson, Michael, and since my bag was much too heavy for a small boy to carry, we strapped it to a golf trolley that he could trundle along. (McKinlay never uses a caddie. He carries a collapsible golf trolley of his own in the trunk of his car, along with his clubs and his spiked shoes.) As we were taking our warmup swings alongside

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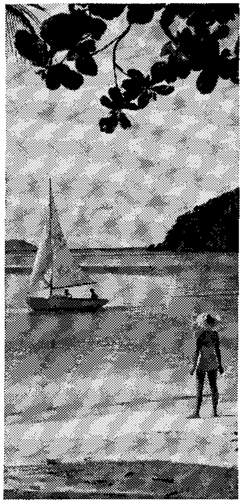

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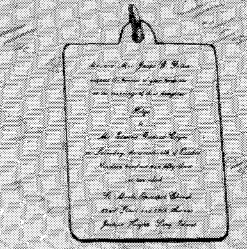

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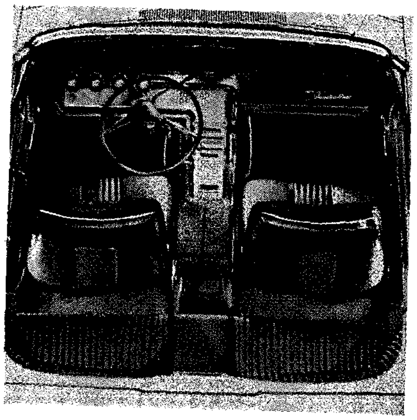

VERY
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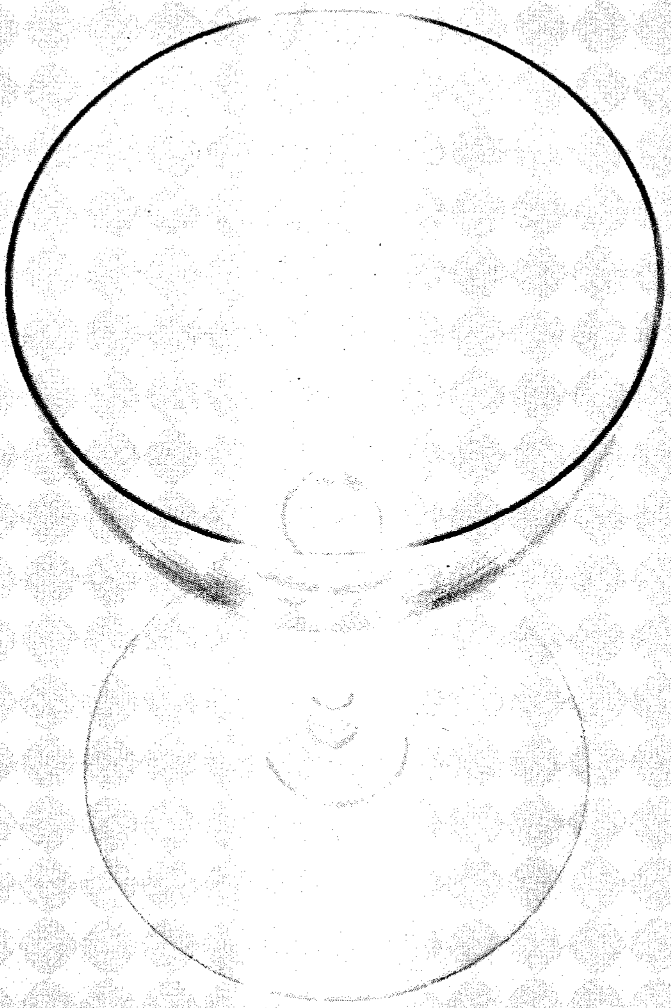
PALE



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the first tee, I could not help thinking that on such a glorious morning—and a Saturday, too—the Old Course at St. Andrews was probably overrun with golfers, yet here at what one might call the St. Andrews of the North there was not a soul to be seen except a big gray cat with one blind eye. He is called Nelson, and prowls placidly around the first tee from morn to night—the reincarnation, unquestionably, of some old golfer who never got his fill.

It is Dornoch's out-of-the-way location, to be sure, that accounts for the course's relative desertion most of the year. (Only in July and August does it get a fairly brisk play from vacationers on golf holidays.) However, this same remoteness explains the unique position that Dornoch has long held in golf; for over half a century it has been regarded as one of the outstanding courses in the world by men close to the heart of the game, yet very few of them have ever played it. Until last year, the only American of my acquaintance who had was Richard Tufts, of Pinehurst. Tufts' interest had been aroused through his long association with Donald Ross, the eminent golf-course architect, who had emigrated from Dornoch around the turn of the century and designed some six hundred courses in this country, including four at Pinehurst, where he settled. An intense admirer of Ross's talents, Tufts was naturally eager to get to know the course that had shaped the architect's ideas of what constituted a good golf hole and what did not, and he was so impressed by what he saw there that he was constantly singing its glories. Last spring, almost entirely because of Tufts' missionary work, two other Americans I know visited Dornoch—Billy Joe Patton, the Walker Cup star,

R. MacMillan

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The Voice of Williamsburg

The sounds of Williamsburg are not all gentle. Some are exciting. The crash of musketry, the boom of cannon, the beat of drums. But mostly you will hear nothing noisier than the clip-clop of hooves and the clank of a blacksmith's hammer. Here, amid the colorful sights and sounds of an eighteenth-century city, you may stay at the Inn, Lodge or Motor House. Come soon to Williamsburg and see.

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from $12 double
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$14 double
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The print might have come from a contemporary art show, but the fabric is years ahead of its time. It's lustrous, light Arnel jersey. You don't have to iron it even after machine washing. By Wilroy in Robaix jersey of Arnel triacetate. Print of black, gray and brown. 6-16. About $25. At Macy's, N.Y.; Bamberger's, Newark, N.J.; Sage-Allen, Hartford, Conn.

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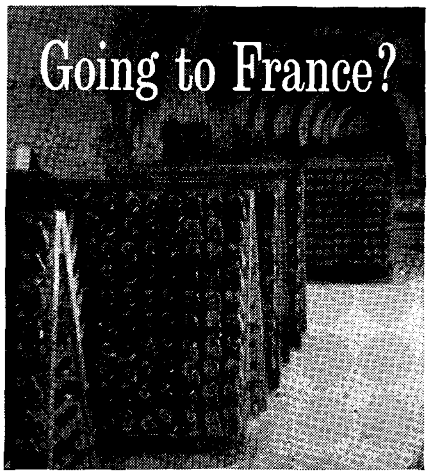
and Peter Dye, a young golf-course architect from Indianapolis. Dye visited Dornoch just before I did, and when I ran into him later he was raving that it was far and away the finest natural course he had ever seen. "No other links has quite the ageless aura Dornoch does," he said. "When you play it, you get the feeling you could be living just as easily in the eighteen-hundreds, or even the seventeen-hundreds. If an old Scot in a red jacket had popped out from behind a sand dune, beating a feather ball, I wouldn't have blinked an eye."

According to the local records, golf was played in Dornoch as early as 1616, which would make it the third-oldest course in the world, preceded only by St. Andrews and Leith. The first drumbeater for the course, antedating Tufts by three centuries, made his appearance shortly after this. He was Sir Robert Gordon, tutor to the house of Sutherland, and we can assume that he had a reliable golf background, since he had been educated at St. Andrews University. In his history of Sutherland, which he completed in 1630, Sir Robert wrote of Dornoch, "About this town (along the sea coast) there are the fairest and largest links (or green feilds) of any pairt of Scotland, fitt for Archery, Golfing, Ryding, and all other exercise; they doe surpasse the feilds of Montrose or St. Andrews." Sir Robert also induced King Charles I of England to grant a royal charter to the burgh of Dornoch in 1628, his chief argument being that such recognition might speed up the lagging march of civilization in that part of the northern Highlands. (Dornoch, indeed, was the scene of the last witch-burning in Scotland, in 1722; the charge against the unfortunate woman, one Janet Horne, was that she had turned her daughter into a pony and had her shod by the Devil.) It was not until 1885, however, that the Royal Dornoch Golf Club was founded and Old Tom Morris was commissioned to come up from St. Andrews to lay out nine proper holes. A second nine was added shortly afterward, and then, in 1904, the wholesale changes that transformed Dornoch from just another course into a bona-fide championship layout were carried out under the direction of a remarkable all-round golf man, John Sutherland, who for over fifty years served as the club's secretary. The remodelled Dornoch measured 5,096 yards—a very long course for those days. According to Sutherland's tabulations, these alterations made Dornoch



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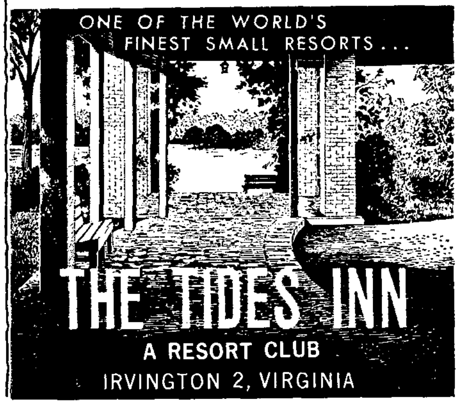

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the fifth-longest golf links in Britain—only a hundred and eighty-seven yards shorter than St. Andrews, a hundred and eighty-four yards shorter than Royal St. George's, in Sandwich, a hundred and forty yards shorter than Hoylake, and a hundred and six yards shorter than North Berwick, *and* eleven yards longer than Muirfield, a hundred and fifty-five yards longer than Prestwick, and three hundred and ninety-seven yards longer than Machrihanish (whose popularity was then beginning to wane, because of its shortness and comparative inaccessibility). The leading golf pros of that period regularly took in Dornoch on their exhibition tours—J. H. Taylor, a five-time Open champion, also assisted in revamping a few of the more prosaic holes—but for the amateur cracks the course remained terra incognita until 1909, the year of the so-called "Dornoch invasion." That spring, the British Amateur was held at Muirfield, and two Dornoch players went down for it—T. E. Grant, a baker's apprentice who later became a successful professional, and Sutherland himself. These two unknown northerners proceeded to confound the golf world by eliminating the two greatest British amateurs of that era, Grant accounting for John Ball and Sutherland for Harold Hilton. Ball and Hilton were so taken with the delightful manners of their conquerors that they made a special trip to Dornoch later that season to play an exhibition match and see what the course was like. Soon everyone was "discovering" Dornoch. Immediately before the First World War, it became *the* place for well-to-do golf-oriented English families to rent summer homes. Ernest Holderness, who won the British Amateur in 1922 and 1924, developed his game during summer holidays there as a youngster, and so did Roger Wethered, the 1923 Amateur champion, and his sister Joyce, regarded by many as the finest woman player of all time. After the war, Dornoch enjoyed a second brief period of fashionableness, but by 1930 it was over. Like Machrihanish, it gradually became a place that avid golfers talked of visiting but few actually got to. When the course was remodelled once again, after the Second World War, and lengthened to its present 6,505 yards, the news of these changes created scarcely a ripple of interest south of Dornoch Firth.

What is there so special about Dornoch that it should nurture an exceptional architect like Donald Ross, ex-

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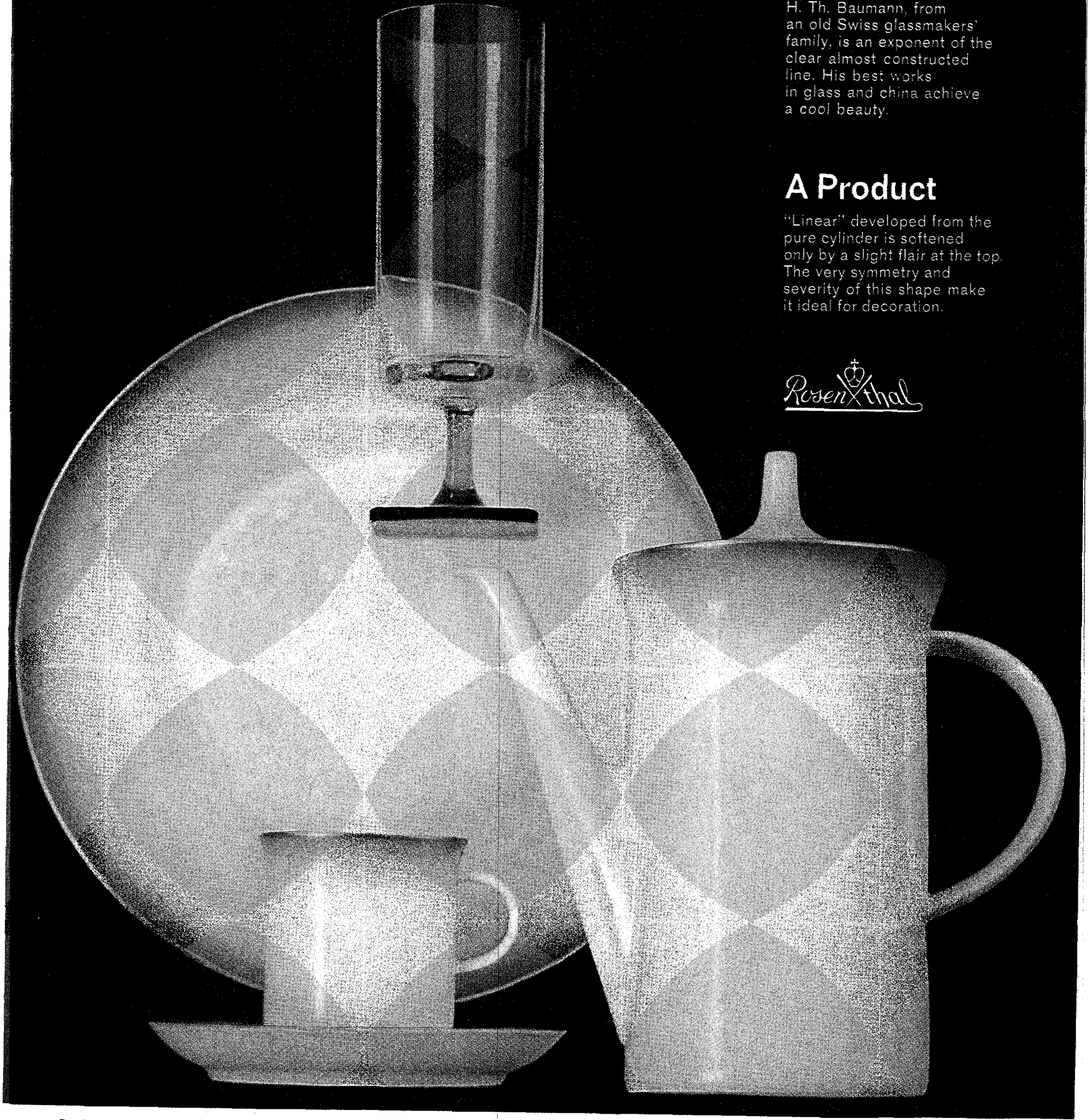

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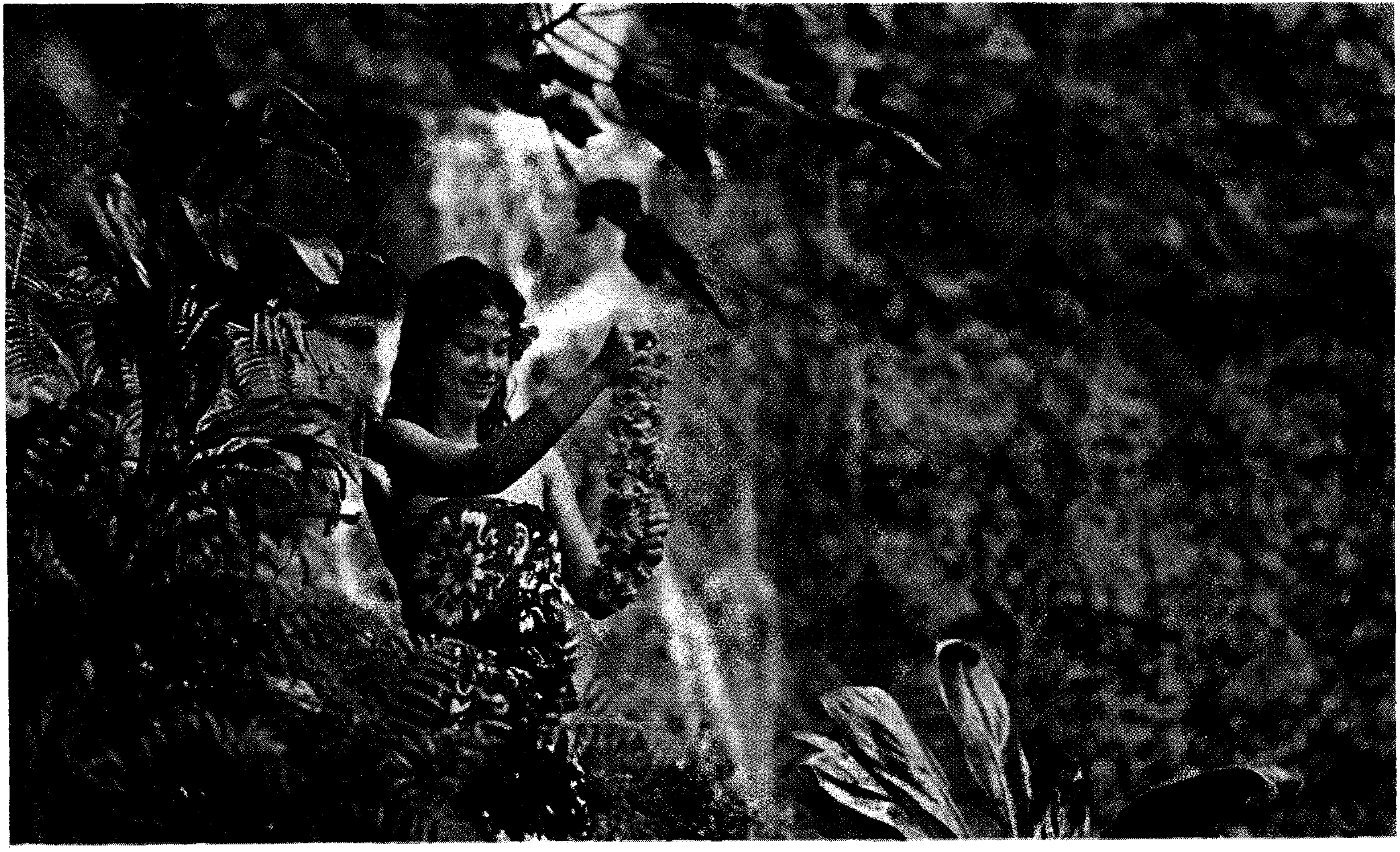

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ceptional players like Holderness and the Wethereds, an exceptional club secretary like John Sutherland, and, I am tempted to add, exceptional admirers like Sam McKinlay, Dick Tufts, and Pete Dye? The answers came fast and clear the morning McKinlay and I played the course. The linksland that at first glance seems so commonplace and even unpromising reveals itself, once you have got two or three holes behind you and are into the heart of the course, to be beautiful golf country. Everything *does* look as if it had been there, untouched, for centuries. In its general topography—its billowing fairways, its deep and shaggy sand bunkers, the eccentric mounding around its greens—Dornoch probably resembles St. Andrews more closely than it does any other well-known course, but there are many basic differences. To begin with, Dornoch has far better turf than does the Old Course, which has been in spotty condition for twenty years. Unlike the Old Course, where a good deal of the trouble is hidden from view, Dornoch presents its hazards frankly, and there are few blind shots. Whereas the Old Course is famed for its huge double greens, which serve both an outgoing and incoming hole, Dornoch's greens are comparatively small and sit atop mesalike rises with unusually steep banks. In the way they are sited and in the severe configurations of their surfaces, Dornoch's greens—and they are the course's most distinctive feature—are quite reminiscent of those at the Augusta National, although Augusta's are much larger. These Dornoch greens demand a good deal of finesse on the approach, for the pitch-and-run shot the Scots customarily play to their unwatered greens will as often as not kick awry off the contours and bounce on over one side or the back of the green. As Holderness has pointed out, the golfer who grows up at Dornoch is forced to learn how to "pitch a ball onto a slippery surface and stop it," and this is a skill that thereafter serves him handsomely wherever he plays. Furthermore, because he is so seldom confronted with a routine chip back to the flag when he misses a green, the Dornoch golfer learns how to improvise delicate little lob-and-run shots. In America, Donald Ross rarely found the kind of terrain that would permit him to reproduce the touchy subtleties of Dornoch's green areas, but their lasting influence on him is visible in the hilltop "crown greens" he built wherever he worked. When he revised the

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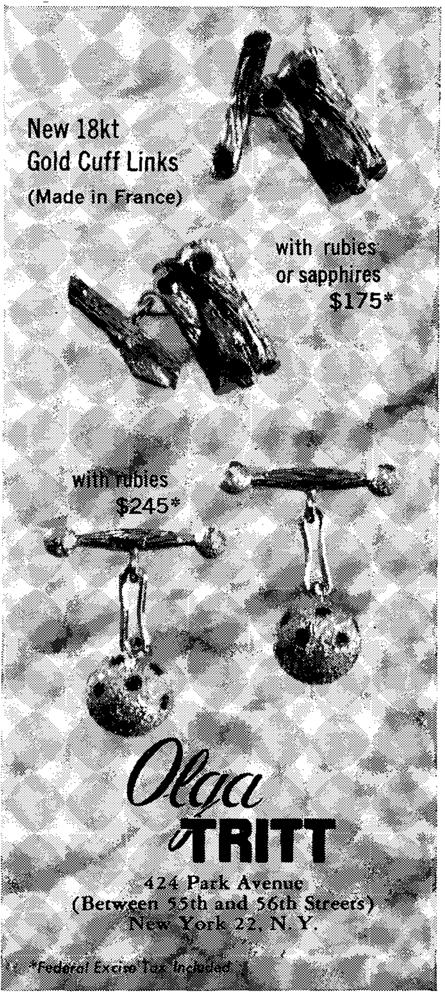
Pinehurst No. 2 course in the mid-thirties, he took special pains to create Dornoch-style mounds, slopes, and runoffs around the greens, and that course is generally acknowledged to offer the most exacting examination in chipping in this country.

Like St. Andrews and Nairn, Dornoch is a loop-type course—in this instance, eight holes out, ten holes back—but the repetitiousness generally inherent in this kind of layout has been avoided with a fine resourcefulness. On the eight outward holes, which are set along a shelf of high land, the tees have been placed so that the fairways do not swing quite the same way on any two holes, and as a result the wind hits the golfer from all directions. The incoming holes manage a similar diversity by rambling up and down between the crusty higher land and the duneland by the sea. The best hole on the course, to my mind, and one that nicely epitomizes Dornoch's originality and appeal, is the fourteenth, which is called Foxy. A complicated double-dogleg par 4, four hundred and fifty yards long, it has an outline resembling the Big Dipper as much as anything else. From the tee, the fairway runs straight out for two hundred and thirty yards, where it breaks sharply to the left and then resumes its old direction, going straight ahead again for a hundred and eighty yards before describing a quick turn to the right and rising to the green, a semi-plateau. Actually, the green is dead in line with the opening stretch of the fairway, but the area separating them is a wild upthrust of bush-covered duneland that no sane golfer would attempt to carry without a roaring wind at his back. The ideal way to play this fascinating hole (which, incidentally, does not have a single bunker on it) is to hit your drive with a slight controlled right-to-left draw, so that it swings to the left with the breaking fairway, and to follow this with a slightly cut 3-wood that just shaves the high dunes as it drifts from left to right over the corner of the second dogleg and onto the hidden green. McKinlay played the hole precisely that way, in what was for this part of Scotland a very mild wind. He was around in even par, 72. I wasn't that low, but I played an exceedingly solid round, for me, and that was important to me. Dornoch was one course I wanted very much to like, and, say what you will, you cannot like a course unless you play it reasonably well. I should imagine that Dornoch usually elicits a golfer's best game. It doesn't



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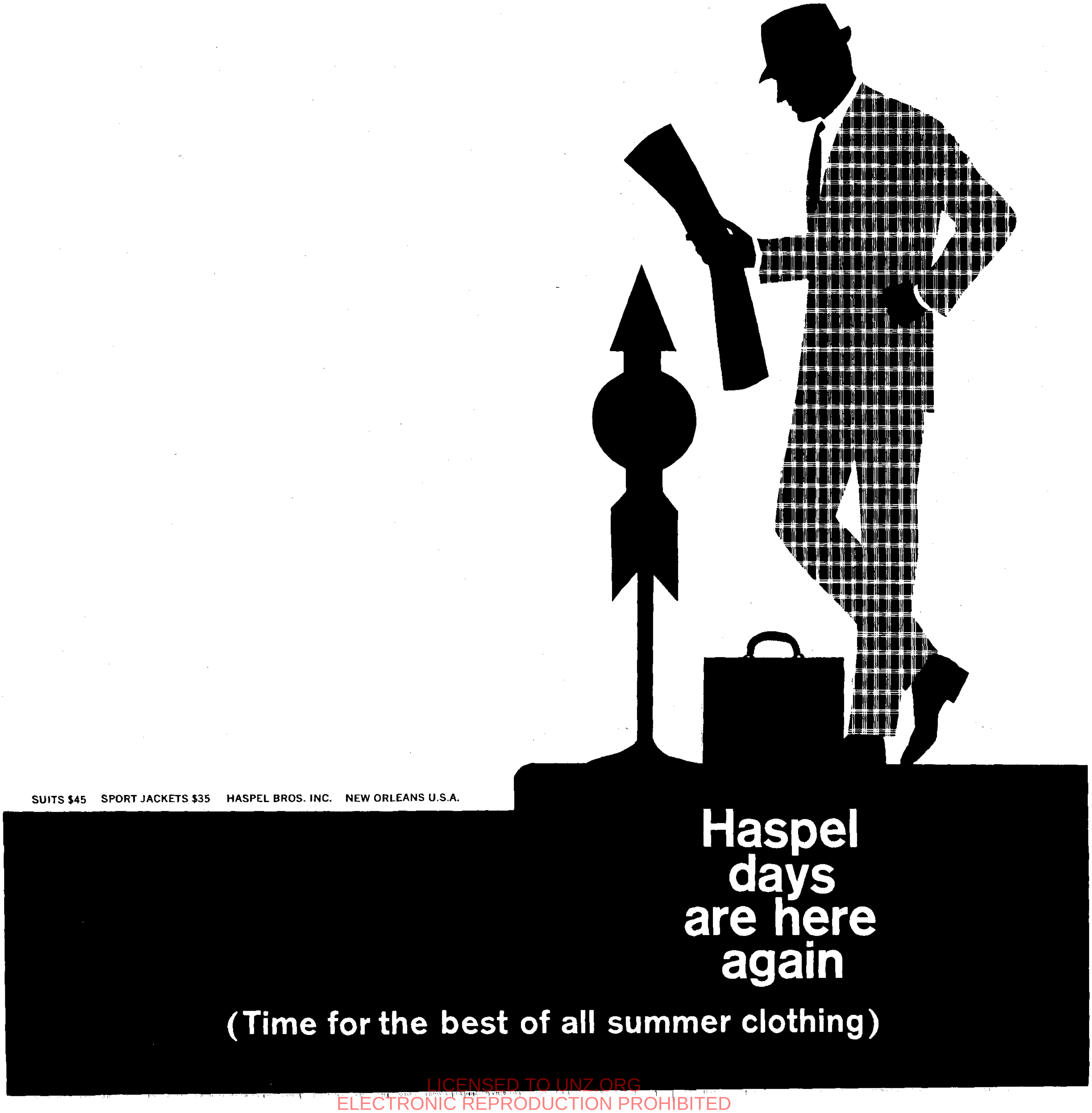
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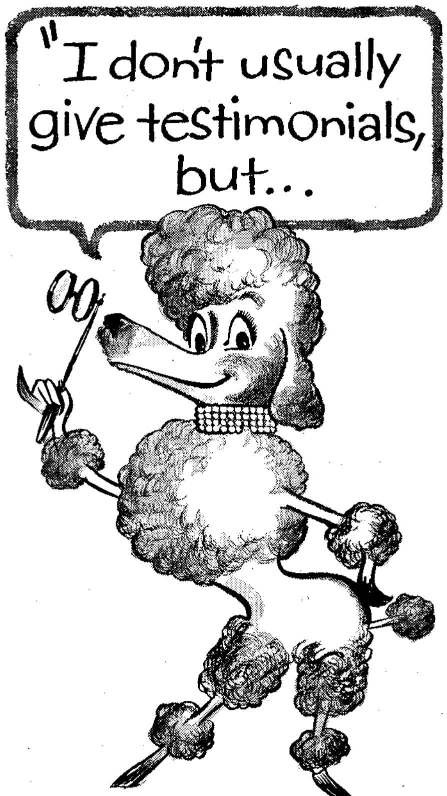
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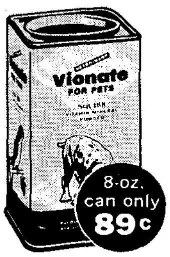

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I never did get to play Dornoch again. On the following day, a Sunday, the course was closed to play, for the northern reaches of Scotland are extremely strict about observing the Sabbath. We spent that day driving the breadth of Sutherland to the mountainous west coast and then back again, and not once, though it was perfect weather for sport, did we see anyone fishing in or boating on any of the sea and inland lochs that abound in that country. One day, I suppose, some high-voltage syndicate will build a Scottish version of our Pebble Beach course along the craggy headlands of the west coast, but up to now the obvious expense of such an undertaking has frightened the developers away. Currently, the only course up north along the west coast is at Gairloch, and that one is a nine-hole billy-goat layout where most of the holes intersect one another and a single cry of "Fore!" can send all the golfers on the course diving flat on the ground. McKinlay rates it at half a thistle. On Monday, there was nothing to prevent our playing Dornoch again, but McKinlay decided that we shouldn't. Relieved and happy that I thought so highly of a course he loved, he felt it was best to leave well enough alone. This proved to be a very prudent decision, for we played the nice little course at Golspie instead, and I was all over the place. McKinlay allowed me to have tea at Dornoch that afternoon, however, and to walk over the links afterward, without a club.

The next day, we made the return trip to Glasgow, and I said goodbye to the McKinlays and went on to St. Andrews, where the British Amateur was in progress.

IT is always a pleasure to revisit St. Andrews. Apart from its position in golf, it is, far more than is generally appreciated, a picturesque town, with wide Flemish avenues and old sandstone

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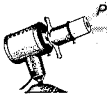

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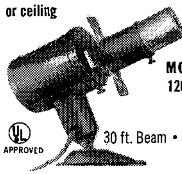

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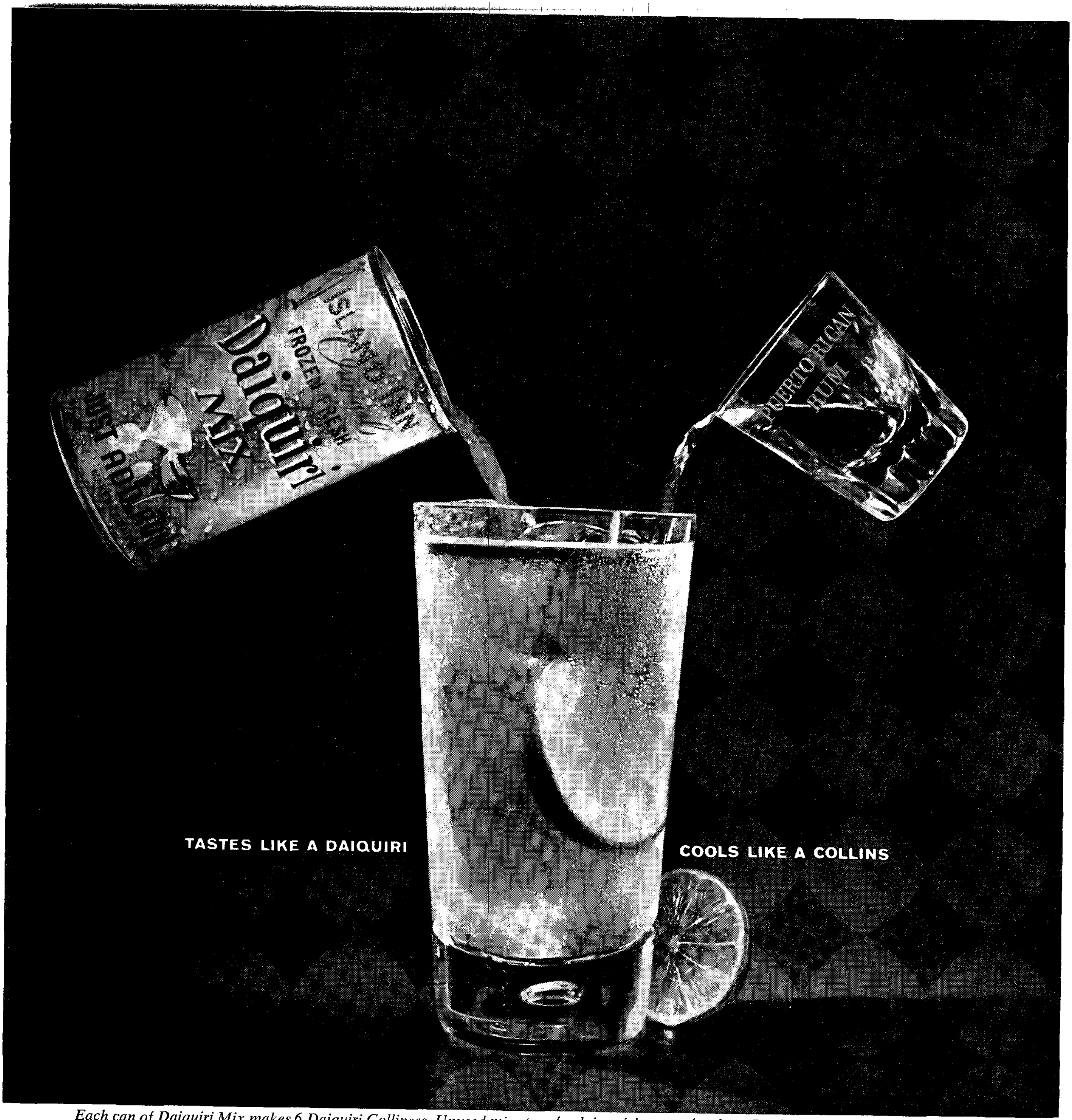

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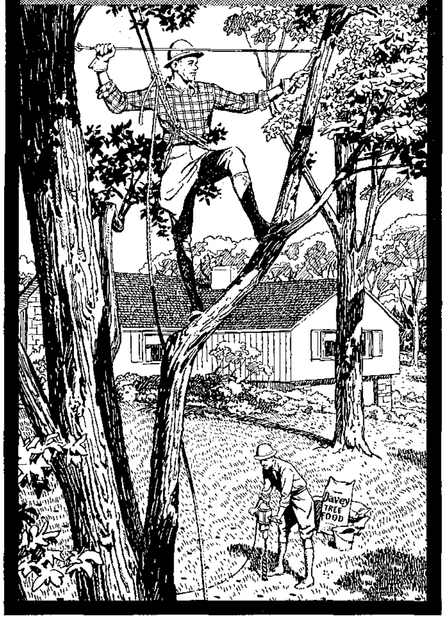

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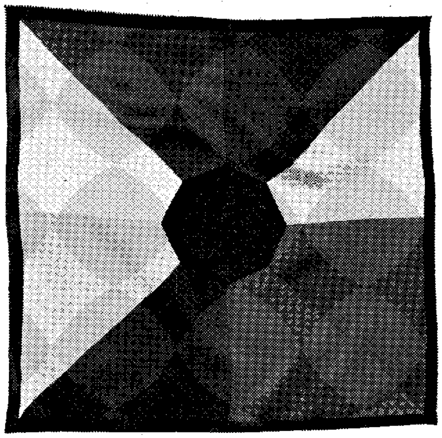
buildings; it's a lively place, too, largely because of the presence of the hundreds of red-gowned young men and women attending St. Andrews University. The town itself sits atop a considerable hill edged by sharp cliffs, with the four famous courses—the Old, the New, the Eden, and the Jubilee—occupying a large strip of linksland at the foot of the slope. Early last June, during Britain's unusual stretch of balmy weather, the town looked sparkling, but the continuing lack of rain made the courses sere and hard after a while, and during the Amateur the Old Course played as "short" as I can remember it over the past twenty-five years. I was extremely glad of this chance to see and study the Old Course so soon after leaving the far north, for I was anxious to find out how Dornoch stood up against a somewhat surer touchstone than Golspie. It stood up very well, I thought. I quickly learned, though, that those of my British golfing friends who follow the tournament circuit (I had last seen them at the Walker Cup match, twelve days before) were not at all interested in hearing the detailed report on Nairn and Dornoch that I was prepared to give them. I remember with particular vividness an encounter I had with an old friend who has been one of the guiding lights of R. and A. officialdom for the last twenty years. I had always assumed that *he* knew Dornoch, but now I found that he had never been north of Inverness and had no intention of rectifying that omission. "Dornoch's simply too far out of the way," he explained, rather curtly, I felt. "I've no reason to go anyplace near there. I have all the Shetland sweaters I need."

Far from being on the other side of the moon, I reminded him, Dornoch was an easy six hours by auto from St. Andrews. I added, with a little steam, that it was a downright shame for a course of Dornoch's genuine distinction to be so methodically ignored as a venue for an important national or international competition.

"No, we could never risk that," my English friend answered, with a tone of finality. "It's much too cold up there, much too grim. Let's face it. Dornoch went out with the gutta-percha ball."

He had his facts wrong, but I let it go, for I was in exceptionally good humor that day. One thing that I'm sure had contributed to my mood was a letter from Kenny Cameron I had found waiting for me at my hotel. It



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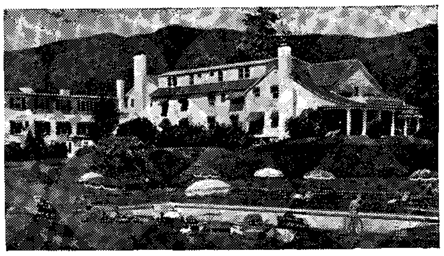

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was exactly the kind of letter I would have expected from him—six tightly packed pages in which he took me through each of the sixty-eight shots he had played in an especially brilliant round at Nairn the previous Saturday. The postscript, too, was completely in character. "The weather continues beautifully warm and sunny," he wrote. "As your James R. Lowell put it, 'What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, the weather is perfect.' "

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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[*Letter received by a resident of Sutton Place South*]

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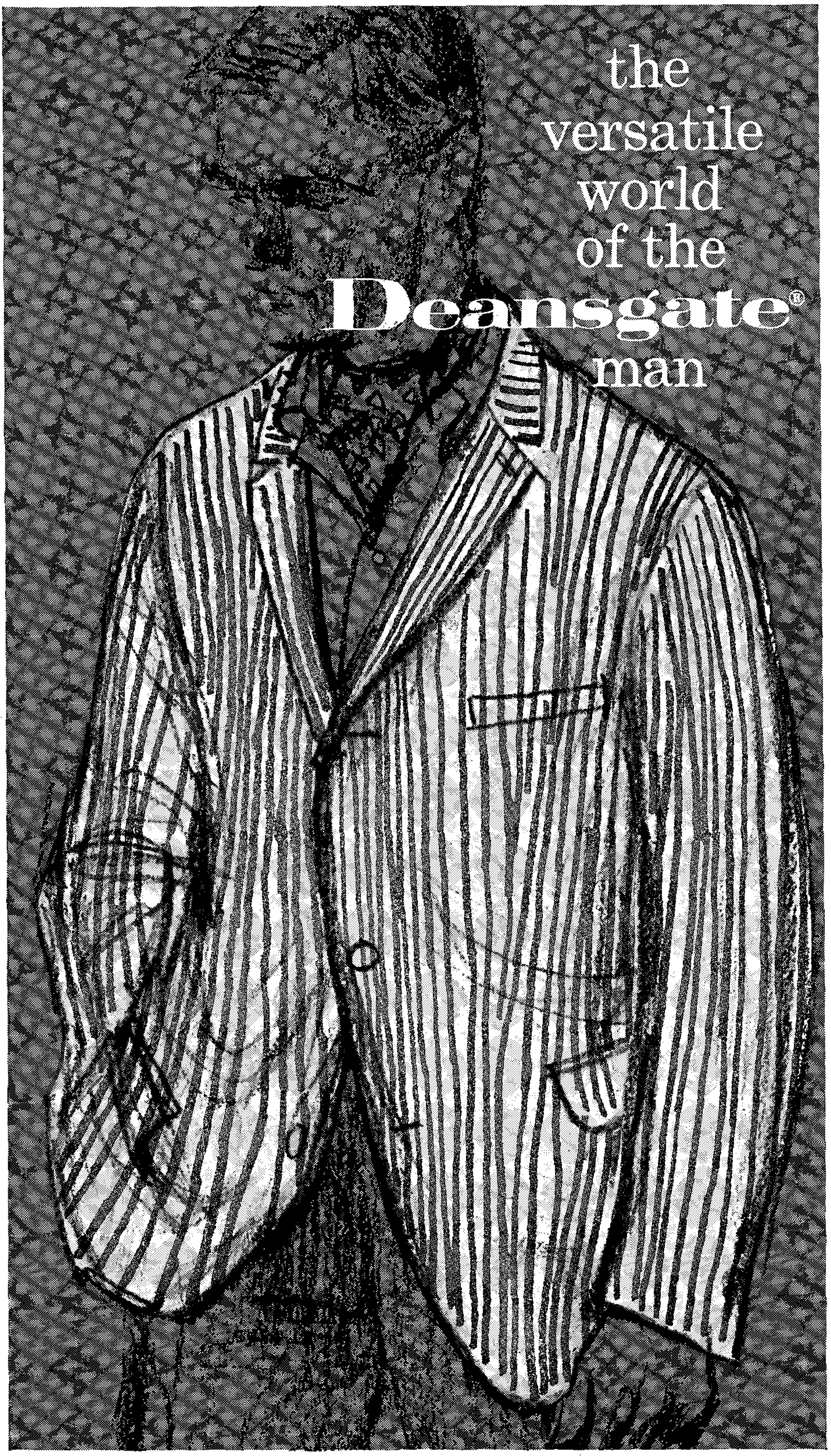
When you have a building such as ours with over 300 tenants there are bound to be varying shades of opinion about different matters but let's not run away from reality. We must realize that the desires of the greatest number for the good of the building are the conditions that should prevail and that this small minority, vocal though they be, cannot foist this nefarious scheme upon us.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ANKARA, ISTANBUL, AND THE STEPPE

WHEN I was last in Turkey, shortly before the Cyprus crisis boiled up, Ismet Inönü, the eighty-year-old Premier, was having considerable trouble staying in power; the mutual suspicion that separated his party, the Republican People's Party, from its principal opponent, the Justice Party, was becoming steadily more ominous. In many ways, the Cyprus crisis came at just the right moment for Inönü, and people in Turkey write me that everyone is much more friendly these days. Considering how much Inönü's government might gain from whipping up an external crisis, the remarkable thing is how restrained it has been. But while the Cyprus conflict has brought a greater appearance of unity to the Turkish political scene, the basic political problems of Turkey will almost certainly outlast it. The recess from internal quarrels that the Turks are enjoying is, I suspect, a temporary one, and if the Inönü government does not soon succeed in effecting a Cyprus settlement that represents at least some concession to Turkish feeling, the recess will probably be very temporary. As municipal elections throughout Turkey revealed late last fall, just before Cyprus took people's attention away from events at home, the Republicans remain a minority party, and less popular than the Justice Party. Until the Cyprus affair, only the nervous support of two smaller parties, and what might be described as the friendly concern of the Army, were keeping Inönü at the head of the government.

Yet the Republicans are the party of Kemal Atatürk, the father of the Turkish Republic, whose picture adorns every village hall and schoolhouse in the country, and Inönü, who was Atatürk's closest collaborator, may fairly be said to be the father of free elections in Turkey. In 1946, he ordered that preparations be made for the first competitive national elections in Turkish history, and permitted the formation of an opposition party. Adnan Menderes and Celâl Bayar subsequently broke away from the Republican Party and formed a new one—the Democrats. In 1950, the new party won a surprising victory; what was even more surprising, Inönü stepped down peacefully, remarking, it is reported, that he had served Turkey as General, Foreign Minister, Premier, and President, and that it was now time for him to become a Leader of the Opposition. Despite this history, if the Republicans and Inönü are going to stay in power, the Army is probably going to have to stand behind them.

For at least a century, the Army has been the center of the movement for the Westernization of Turkey and the development of constitutional government. In 1960, a group of Army officers overthrew the ten-year-old government of Premier Menderes; paradoxically, the Army's leaders intervened in politics because they wished to preserve a principle of Atatürk's—that the Army should stay out of politics. Menderes had insisted upon using the Army to suppress his political opponents; the Army could maintain its political neutrality only by taking sides against him. Within a few hours after the revolution, a committee of professors had been convened and ordered to draft a new Constitution; within eighteen months, a plebiscite on a new Constitution had been held, and the military junta's promise to hold elections for a new government had also been fulfilled. Inönü and the Republicans were returned to power, and since that time the Army's leaders, with one or two slips, have done their best to allow—indeed, to force—civilians to govern. They have put down two attempted coups by younger officers impatient with politicians and the political parties, and they insist on holding elections that they know are going to make trouble for them. There is not much chance, however, that they will soon be able to withdraw from politics.

The Army's and Inönü's troubles with the Turkish electorate stem from a variety of circumstances, only a few of which are of their own making. To a considerable extent, they are paying the price for the Atatürk revolution. At the end of the First World War, in which the Turks fought on the side of the Germans, the Allies planned to dismember the country, leaving to the Turks only a small area around Ankara, in central Anatolia. To the Allies' considerable surprise, however, and also to the surprise of the reigning Sultan and his government, who were coöperating with the Allies, a large number of the Sultan's subjects had different ideas, and in May, 1919, when the Greeks landed forces at Izmir, under the protection of British, French, and American warships, these recalcitrants grouped themselves in Ankara around Kemal Atatürk—Turkey's one authentic war hero. These beaten, disgraced, and apparently exhausted people, who had been fighting and losing for eight years, then proceeded to fight on for four more years, and ended by driving the Greeks out of the country and compelling the Allies to write a new peace treaty that granted all the Turks' basic demands.

As a reward for performing these miracles, Atatürk ordered the Turks to perform a whole series of others. They

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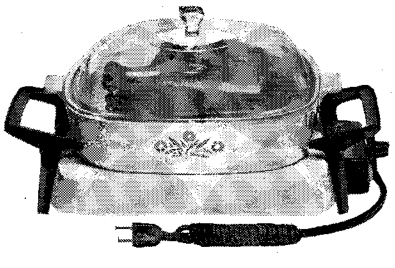

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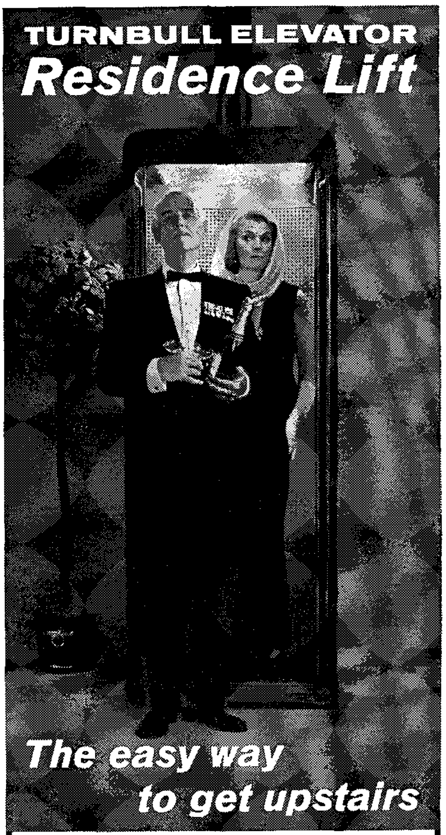
were to give up the fez and dress like Christians; they were to renounce polygamy; they were to learn to use soap and to read; they were to enter business and trade, which good Turks had never done before; they were to follow scientific methods in their agriculture. Their children were to be sent to schools where they were to be taught anatomy and science and the secular wisdom that the citizens of a modern society must have; their religious leaders were to be regarded as purveyors of dangerous superstitions and were to stay out of politics; their women were to abandon the veil and to stop cringing like animals—the simile is Atatürk's—when men looked at them on the streets. Not least, the Turks were to knuckle down to work, like the infidels they had always despised, and make something of themselves. The Atatürk revolution was a typically modern revolution, which aimed at refashioning a society, beginning with its ways of thinking and feeling. For twenty-seven years—until 1950—the Turkish people had a government whose main business, it seemed, was to goad and instruct them.

Since 1950, when the elections gave the Turks their first chance to exercise some choice, they have obviously enjoyed teaching their old teachers a thing or two. That year, the Republicans, who had made the revolution, won fewer than seventy seats in the Assembly, out of a total of four hundred and eighty-seven, and in the next election, in 1954, they lost over half of these; in fact, in not a single free national election, before or after the revolution of 1960, have they received more than forty per cent of the votes. Menderes and the Democrats were the first to enjoy the benefits of the new system of government. Few impartial observers in Turkey think that Menderes had any desire to undo the basic reforms of Atatürk, but everyone agrees that he was willing to loosen things up. He promised businessmen more free enterprise, he built as many mosques as schools for the peasants, and, perhaps most important of all, he stopped lecturing the Turks. By the end of his regime, there was inflation and a heavy foreign debt, and crowds were rioting on the streets of Ankara and Istanbul, where the majority of the educated classes were opposed to him. Yet even after the Army had overthrown Menderes, and imprisoned him in the fortress of Yassiada, an island in the Sea of Marmara, he continued to seem larger than life to many of the



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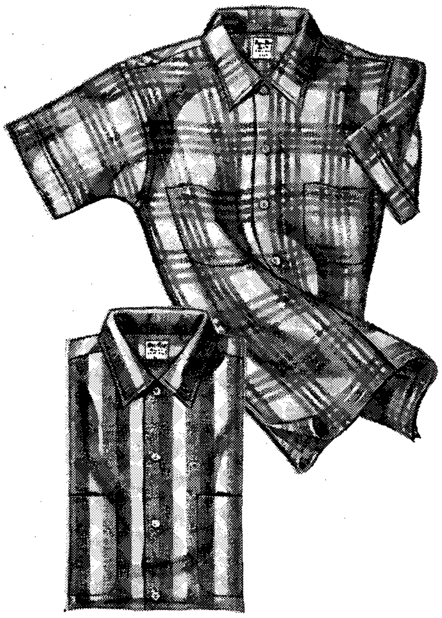
peasants. During his imprisonment and trial, the story was widely circulated that he came to Istanbul every night, riding across the waves on a white charger. It can be said for Menderes that he would never have discouraged that kind of talk. It meant votes. And even if he had tried to discourage it—after his downfall, it almost seemed that he *was* trying—he could not have done so. At his trial, he cringed before his accusers, and threw the blame on others. He went to the scaffold after a badly botched attempt at suicide. Yet his name is still a rallying cry in Turkey. His accusers, who had made every effort to discredit him, revealing scandalous stories from his personal life, and even accusing him of the murder of an illegitimate child, learned that Turkish peasants were not shocked as easily as they were supposed to be. In conversations I had with peasants in Anatolia, I learned, indeed, that the stories had helped Menderes rather than hurt him. The peasants felt that his accusers were being vindictive as well as foolish, and besides, as one of them said, while others nodded approvingly, a man's private life is his own, and ought not to be injected into politics. In 1959, Menderes had walked away unharmed from an airplane crash in which fifteen other members of a Turkish delegation to London were killed. After that, a good many of his supporters came to think that he was immortal. Now, despite his execution, a large number of his enemies are equally convinced that he is hard to kill.

While the revolution of 1960 put an end to Menderes' demagoguery and, for the moment, to the threat of dictatorship, it solved none of the major problems and changed none of the circumstances that any Turkish government faces. The most important of these are not consequences of recent political history but facts of moral and cultural geography. In mood, perspective, and experience, there is an enormous distance between Ankara and the Turkish countryside, between Istanbul and the Turkish countryside, and between Ankara and Istanbul. These are the apparently permanent divisions of the Turkish political landscape, and every Turkish government has to do what it can with them. The last Sultan bet on Istanbul and lost his power to Ankara and the countryside. Menderes bet on the countryside and was overthrown by Ankara and Istanbul. Inönü has tried to make Ankara the base and center of Turkey, but Istanbul condescends to Ankara, and the peas-



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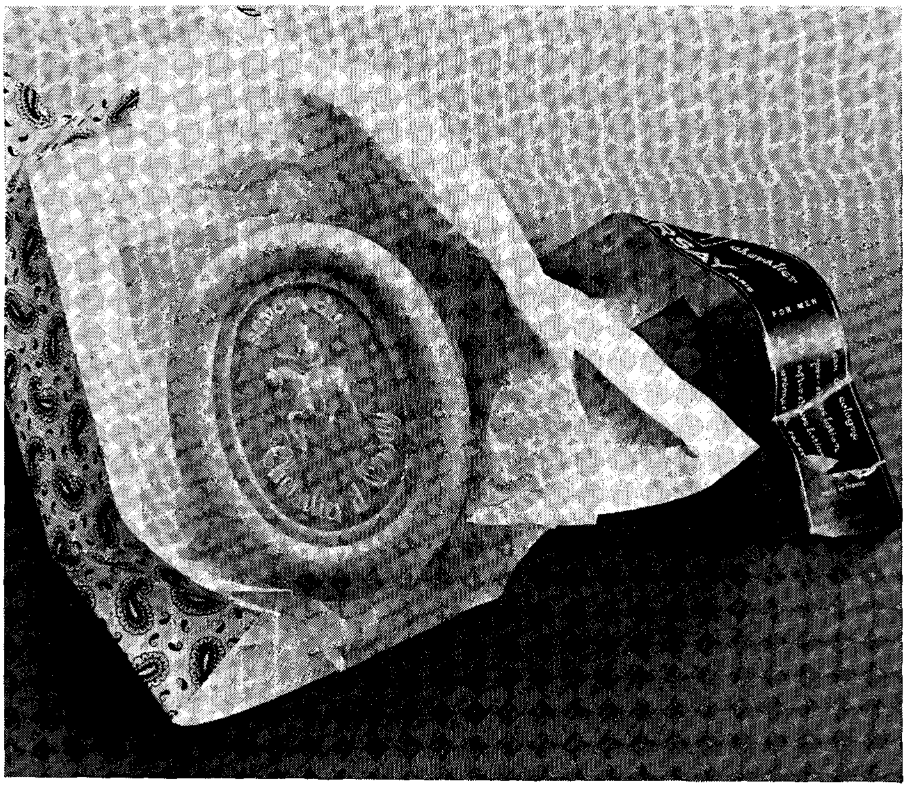

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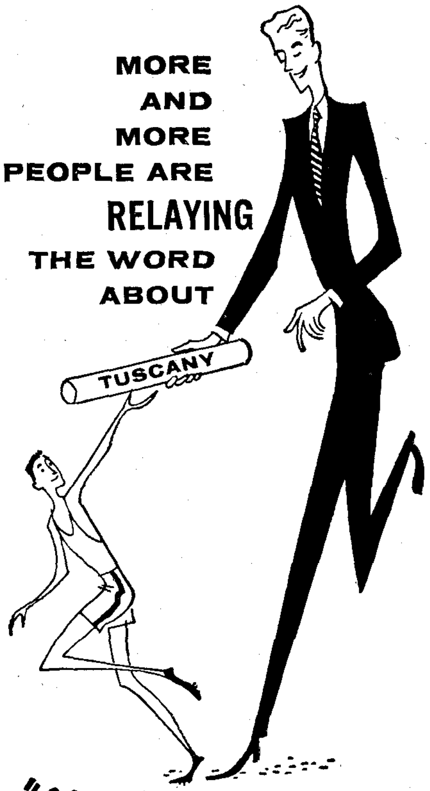

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ants, for the most part, treat Ankara as though it were as far away and as alien as Istanbul.

IN trying to build Turkey around Ankara, Inönü has simply followed in Atatürk's path. After the war for independence was over, Atatürk—whose name means "the father of the Turks"—abandoned Istanbul, with its Byzantine poisons and Ottoman prejudices, and moved the capital of the country to Ankara, in the heart of Anatolia, where the real Turks live. In Turkey, it is often remarked that the Turks were the last of the Ottoman Empire's subject peoples to win their freedom. If the word "Turk" has only recently ceased to be a fearful word to Europeans, it has just as recently ceased to be a term of opprobrium to the old Moslem families of Istanbul. Such people called themselves "Ottomans," which meant, more or less, what Brahmin means in Boston. The Ottomans used the word "Turk" as a synonym for "bumpkin" or "yokel," and reserved it for the peasants of Anatolia. In its broadest significance, the word "Turk" stands for any Turkish-speaking Moslem. (There are more of them outside Turkey, with its population of thirty million people, than there are inside.) But the members of the established families of Istanbul had often been born in the Balkans and educated in Paris or Berlin. They lived and worked with Greeks and Jews. They were civil or military servants of the Sultan, who was the chief of an empire, not the head of a nation, and their loyalty was to the Ottoman dynasty, not to the people with whom they shared nothing but a common religion and language—and not quite either of these. Atatürk's decision to establish the capital at Ankara was a decision to change Turkey's center of gravity. It was a decision to change the idea of Turkey, to treat it not as a dynastic possession but as a nation. In moving to Ankara, Atatürk moved at once closer to Europe and farther away from it—closer to the wholly European, and extremely un-Turkish, idea of nationhood, and farther away from cosmopolitan and imperial Istanbul, whose old families' strongest connections were with Europe.

Ankara is clearly a city that has been created by an act of will. It is a combination of Washington and a Scandinavian capital set down in the hot Anatolian steppe. The old city, which was once Ancyra, the capital of the Roman province of Galatia, and later became Angora, famous for its

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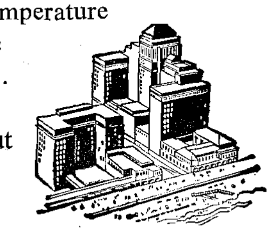

goats, is on a high, steep rock, crowned by a walled citadel. The new city spreads out at the base of the rock, in broad, straight streets lined by heavy, determinedly modern buildings. Its population of about three quarters of a million is composed largely of government workers, who live in new apartment buildings or in two-family houses. Most of them are young, most of them make about the same amount of money, and most of them speak in the same tones—the aggressive, optimistic, proud tones of Atatürk. From the streets of modern Ankara one can see, stretching away from the line where the city ends, the brown, treeless steppe. But in Ankara trees are planted along the sidewalks, and the grass has been forced to grow. Atatürk wanted to make Ankara a city that would show the Turks what they could do, and in Ankara—in government offices, in the Army, in the university and the technical institute—there are many young men and women who hope to build a thousand more Ankaras in Turkey.

One of the most impressive groups in which such people have been brought together is the State Planning Organization, which was created in September, 1960, and was made a permanent part of the Turkish system of government by the new Constitution of 1961. Most of its members are under forty, and a large proportion of them were trained in the United States. The State Planning Organization naturally includes a Department of Economic Planning, but it also includes a Department of Social Planning, which is vested with equal authority. This department has the twofold object of looking into the social conditions on which successful economic investment depends, and of seeing to it that the social implications of economic decisions, as far as they can be known, are taken into account in planning. This is not a usual precaution in other countries, whether they have "planned economies" or not, and it suggests the ambitiousness and the sense of responsibility of the Turkish planners. They are equipped with an array of sophisticated techniques of social inquiry, learned mainly in America, and they also appear to be equipped with a saving dose of skepticism, learned heaven knows where, about these techniques or any others. The State Planning Organization has introduced large and hopeful plans for birth control and also for a major effort to achieve popular education. Once before, in the case of the so-called Village Institutes, an ambitious and ingenious educational experiment was tried in

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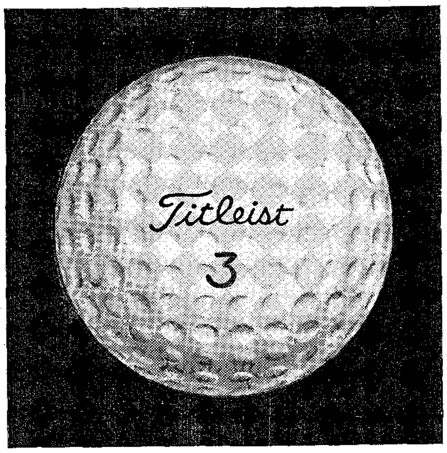

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Turkey, where the illiteracy rate approaches seventy per cent. The Village Institutes, established in 1940, when Inönü was president of the Republic, were schools for teachers deliberately planted in the villages, so that prospective teachers would not be lured away to the towns and cities, never to return. The Village Institutes were abolished after the war; one of the principal reasons given was that they were breeding places for dangerous ideas. Despite the outcome of this experiment, the young planners are apparently willing to try again. They are very careful, however, not to let their ideas be identified with the old Village Institute program.

The planners are working on a very slender margin for error. They have projected a rate of growth for Turkey over the next five years of seven per cent a year—which, as the Organization for Economic Coöperation and Development has pointed out, means that practically everything must go according to plan. The planners are still picking up the pieces left by the Menderes government, under which Turkey, almost alone among the developing nations, proceeded without a planning organization. And it is not going to be easy to execute any plans if the political situation continues to be unstable, as it almost certainly will. Indeed, if the Justice Party should take power, planning will have to be carried on in a distinctly unfavorable environment. The party, which is the old Democratic Party in everything but name, contains a large number of people who have inherited Menderes' distaste for planning. That the planners do not understand business, that the planners do not understand the Turkish people—these charges are constantly being made by the party that speaks for the largest section of Turkish voters. Nevertheless, the Army and Inönü are banking heavily on the State Planning Organization. They hope that planning will improve the Turkish economic situation rapidly, and, just as important, they hope that it will bring to Turkey a stability and sense of direction that the Turkish political system has been unable to achieve by itself. The atmosphere in the State Planning Organization, when I was there, was rather like the atmosphere that existed in New Deal agencies in Washington thirty years ago. The people in charge agreed that Turkey's problems were serious, but they were almost cheerful about it, for the problems had given them a chance to go to work.

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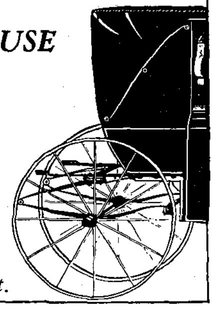

that in many important respects Turkey is not an "underdeveloped" nation. She has a large and well-trained intellectual élite, the inheritors of the sophisticated bureaucratic tradition of the Ottoman Empire; in fact, she has been exporting brains to Europe for many years. With a relatively small increase in the number of economists, engineers, agronomists, architects, and the like, the planners maintain, Turkey will have enough trained professional people to manage her affairs without turning to the outside world for help. The planners appear to be right, but, even so, their plans rest on some hopeful assumptions. The biggest is that the contemporary representatives of Turkey's old educated class are going to have the same chance to govern that their predecessors had—for, partly as a result of the achievements of those predecessors, that class is no longer the only "developed" stratum of the Turkish population.

In many parts of the country, the peasants have changed; enough tractors have arrived to alter the notions of human felicity that had been traditionally entertained in the countryside. And ever since 1950, when the politicians took to wooing them, a large number of peasants have been feeling their power. Nor are they alone. A class of home-grown Turkish entrepreneurs has emerged in the course of the forty years since Atatürk declared that Turkey must be modern—new men with new power who have never before been seen in Turkey, who feel that they have arrived, and who are convinced that the old bureaucratic leadership is not in touch with the living forces of the country. Menderes' great achievement—or his great sin, as some people in Turkey prefer to think—was that he recognized, encouraged, and exploited the upstart political aggressiveness of the peasants and the new businessmen. Under Menderes, many of these men found that the Turkish government, traditionally a lofty and remote power, had become approachable. When they spoke to the political leader in their village or town, there were results. If they knew where to go and whom to see, they could teach the civil services how to be more friendly and the courts how to be more generous and forgiving. Menderes and the Democrats called this democracy; the Republicans called it corruption, political favoritism, and the subversion of honest and responsible government. Regardless of the words used, both sides agreed that under Menderes the community of politically interested and active people in

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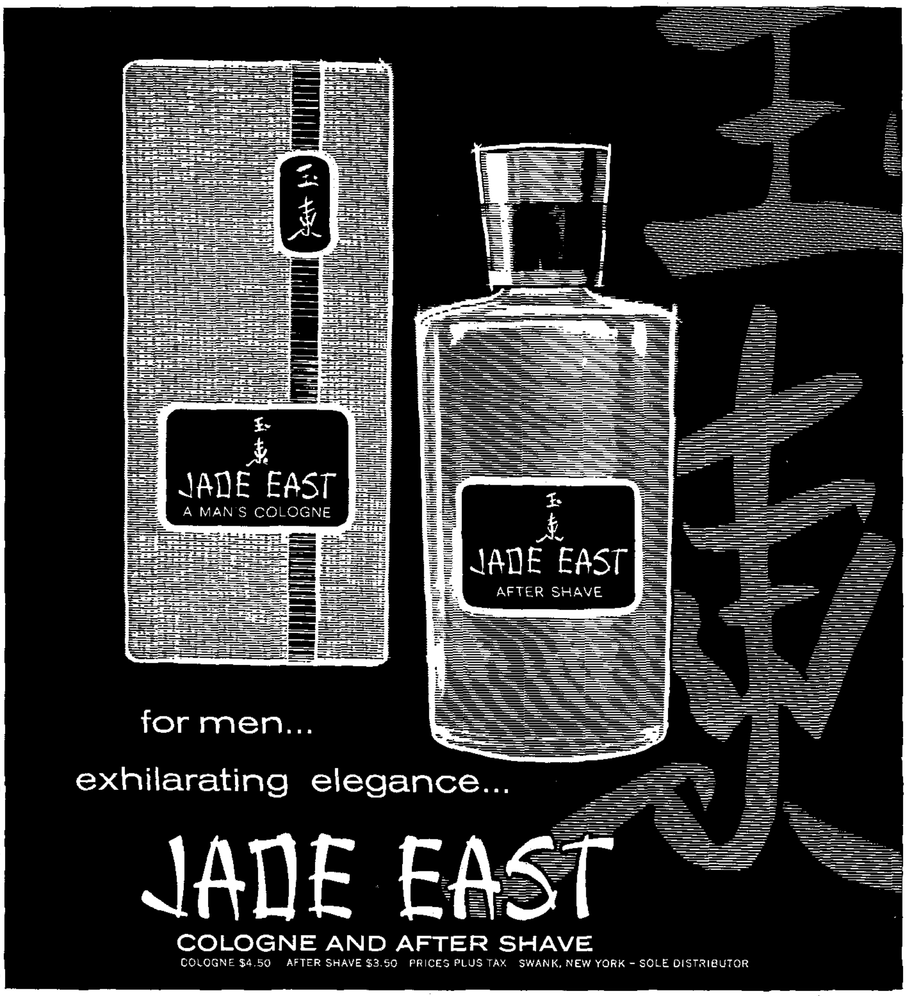

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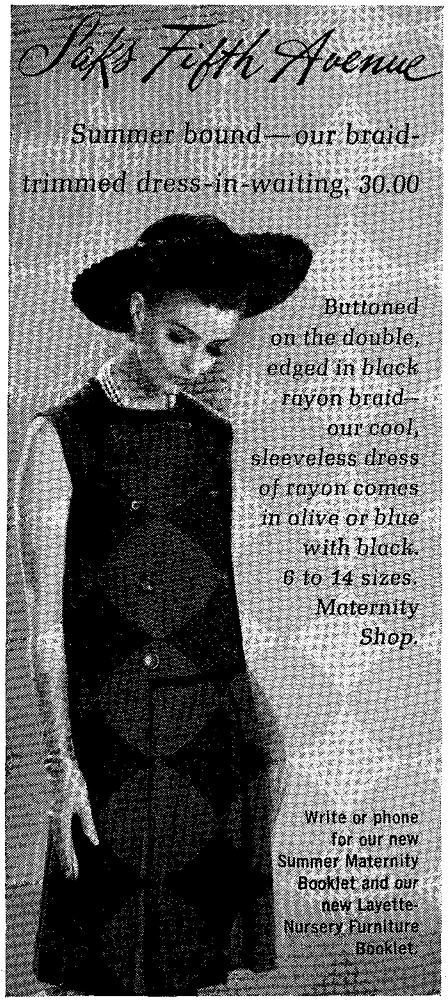
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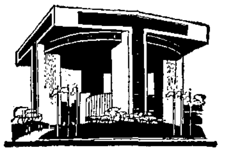
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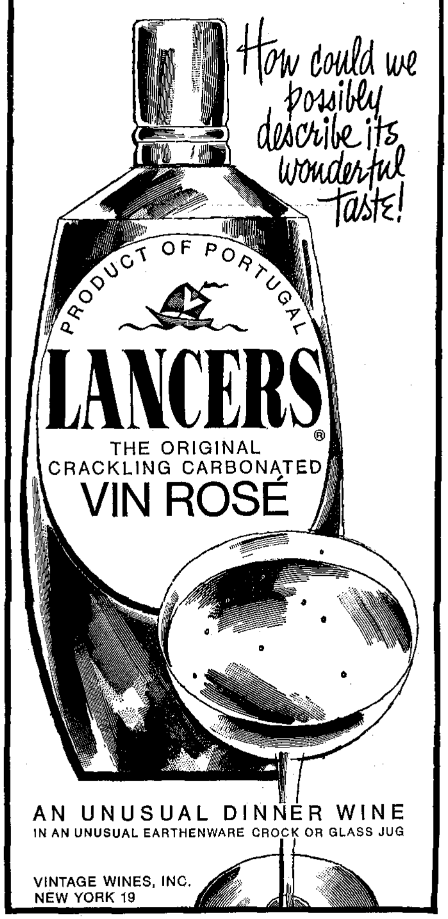
Turkey was immensely expanded, and that large numbers of Turks, for the first time in Turkish history, came to think of the government as their own, instead of thinking of it as something set over against them and existing only to tax and conscript them. The problem now being faced by Inönü, the Army, and the young planners in Ankara is that the revolution of 1960 upset this emerging relationship between the government and the governed. The revolution was led by men who in a dozen ways were more "progressive," "liberal," or "modern-minded" than Menderes, yet it established an older, more traditional sort of relationship.

When I asked one of the men at the Ankara headquarters of the State Planning Organization how the facts about the new Five Year Plan were communicated to the peasantry, he said that the problem was primarily physical—a matter of reaching some twenty million people scattered in forty thousand villages, most of them with fewer than five hundred inhabitants and most of them separated from one another by impassable or almost impassable roads. A day or two later, I asked a peasant in Mesudiye, a village in Eskişehir Province, around a hundred or so miles from Ankara, about the difficulties of communication between him and the people in the capital, and he stressed another aspect of the problem. "When the Republicans come to our village, they talk to us," he said. "When the Democrats came, they listened."

In Mesudiye, and in a neighboring village called Şerefiye, I had glimpses of the difficulties of communication between Ankara and the countryside. Both villages were established about sixty years ago, by Tartars, a Moslem people of Turkish-Mongolian origin, who had fled from Russia, fearing that they would be conscripted into the Czar's Army and forced to eat pork and break other rules of their religion. Mesudiye is a prosperous village by Anatolian standards. I arrived there from Ankara one afternoon with some friends, one of whom had relatives in the village. A group of men were waiting for us, sitting around a small table outside the village coffeehouse and listening to one of their number read a newspaper aloud. They greeted my friend from Mesudiye affectionately, and greeted me diffidently but warmly, one pulling a chair up to the table for me and another bringing me a glass of thick coffee. As we talked, a crowd gathered around us. One of the men at the table asked after Mustapha Kemal,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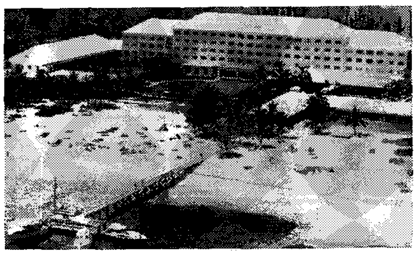
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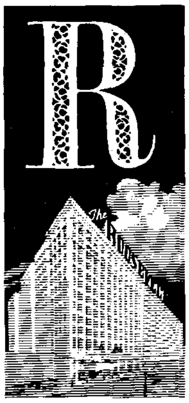
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my friend's son, and went on to remark that the wheat crops this year were good. The farmer Şerif had a tractor and rented it out to the others, he said, but whenever something on the tractor broke, it was a catastrophe, for there were no spare parts. The man on my right, who was wearing an old pith helmet, leaned over to my friend, and, pointing to me, spoke passionately. My friend turned to me and translated: "He says that you are an American, and the Americans are good businessmen, so you should understand him. We don't want anything for nothing, he says. Just flood Eskişehir Province with spare parts." While his message was being translated, the man watched my face intently. I nodded to him to show that I understood, but he shook his head impatiently. "I don't want my talk to blow away on the air," he said. "Write my words down."

I took my notebook from my pocket and wrote his words down, whereupon he laughed and pushed my arm. "You are like our deputy in the Assembly," he said. "He always writes down what we say. Then he tears the paper out of the book and throws it away."

They went on to ask me, with intense interest, about the Black Muslims in America. Did this mean that the message of Islam was spreading in my country? It was not easy to explain that the Black Muslim movement was more political than religious, but I tried.

Then I asked the men what they thought of the new Five Year Plan, which I had been hearing so much about in Ankara.

A middle-aged man said, "The time to answer your question is at the end of the five years."

He had hardly uttered these noncommittal words when he was interrupted by a wiry old man in the rear of the crowd. I had noticed him there, silent, with his eyes half glazed and turned inward, and had wondered what had brought him out, in his dotage, to listen to talk that seemed to have no meaning for him. The glaze left his eyes when he began to speak. "The plans made by people in Ankara who have never dug in the earth do not interest me," he said. "Our problem here is simple enough—there are too many people and too little land. Why, then, does the government keep so much land for the government school? Let them give that land to the people who live here. In Ankara, they can live on their plans. We need land."

"But the land for the government school all belonged to the Sultan before the war of independence," my friend

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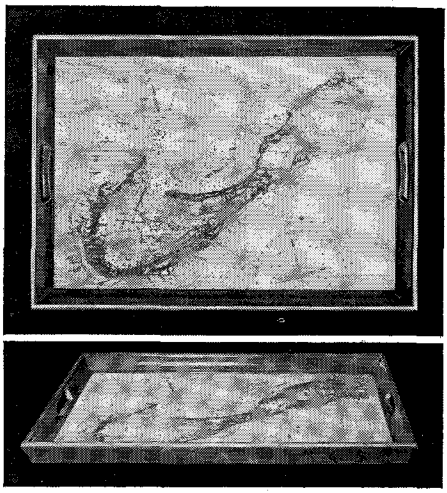

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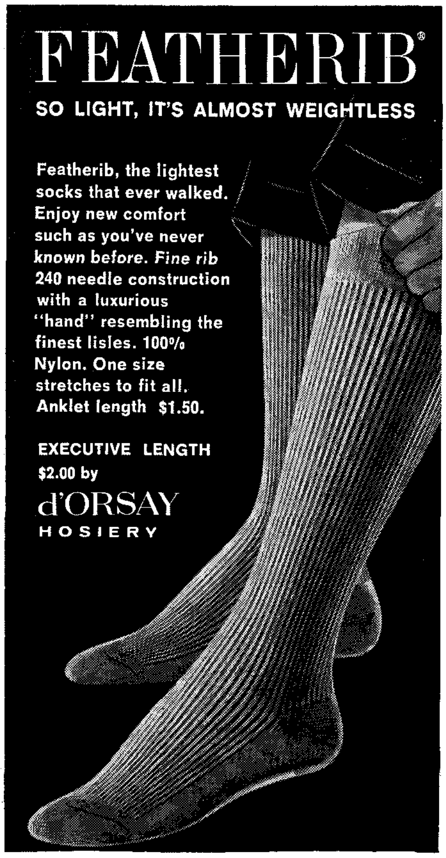

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said. "When the Republic was formed, naturally that land went to the new government."

"Don't talk to me about the Sultan!" the old man shouted. "It was I who went out in my bare feet to fight for this land here, and I never saw the Sultan! We need the land! Why should the government have it?"

"The government needs that land to teach your children better methods of farming," said my friend.

"My children are all grown up," said the old man. "It is they who need the land. And they should have it. Instead, we are told about plans, and given lessons in how to farm. They tell us to use new fertilizers. But there is not enough water here, and the fertilizers will burn the soil."

"The directions tell you how to use the fertilizers," my friend said.

"The directions are written by people who are not peasants but sit at desks," said the old man.

We drove across the fields to Şerefiye on a road that was barely visible, and that evening, after dinner, as we sat in the courtyard of the village headman's house, I asked the village schoolteacher, who had come to pay a call, whether he had tried to explain to the villagers why the government held on to the school lands. While the call to the last prayer of the day drifted over the village, the schoolteacher, a strong-looking man in his early thirties, told me that he could do very little. His position was compromised. He had believed that the revolution of 1960 was necessary, but after it was over the new government had called upon him to explain to the villagers what had happened and to let his schoolhouse be used for meetings. As a result, he was now looked upon not just as the schoolteacher but as a political figure, an apologist for one side. If he was to continue teaching the children of this village, he would have to win back the trust of their parents, and this meant steering clear of politics. Fertilizers, five-year plans, and the disposition of school lands were political subjects. With all due respect to their importance, somebody else had better discuss them, not he.

I turned to the Muhtar, or village headman—a Republican who had been elected to his position. If the schoolteacher could not communicate the views of the government in Ankara to the villagers, could he?

"I am leaving the village," he said. "A headman can do nothing here. There are three hundred people in this

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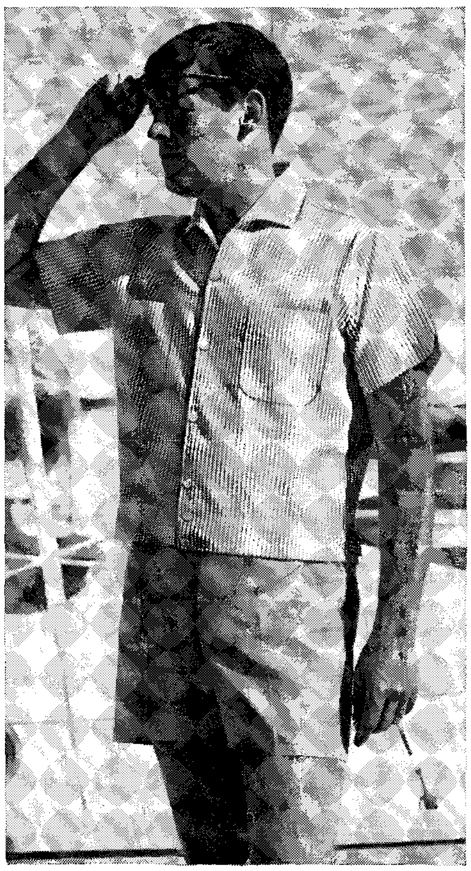
village, and almost half of them are relatives of Hasan Polatkan, who was Finance Minister under Menderes, and who was executed after the revolution. This is not a village anymore. It is two clans."

I WENT to Istanbul from the city of Eskişehir by train, getting off at the station on the Asian side of the Sea of Marmara and taking the ferry across to the Golden Horn, a fifteen-minute trip. When you approach the city in this way, from the sea, the minarets and palaces of Istanbul seem suspended under black smoke and blue skies; its seven hills are clearly defined, and its great walls run down to the sea; the green fields of Asia are behind you, just across the Bosporus. The city that you see is the New Rome of Constantine, or else the great capital of Sultan Mehmet the Conqueror, who captured the city and inherited the imperial and cosmopolitan vision that went with it.

When you land, you find that Istanbul is something else again. It is not an eternal city; it is a city that has somehow managed to survive. Each of its invasions, including the Menderes invasion, has left its mark. Menderes, who believed that Turkey was engaged in a race between roads and disaster, built a great many boulevards in Istanbul. He was in a hurry, and he cut through whatever was in his way. Istanbul is crosshatched with broad, sweeping roads lined by piles of rubble and the broken walls and jagged corners of buildings that have otherwise disappeared. Unlike Rome, Istanbul is not built up in layers, with the present superimposed on the past. As in an invaded city, what belongs to the old and what belongs to the new exist side by side, and both look temporary. Hagia Sophia, the oldest great cathedral in Christendom, was built by Justinian in the sixth century. A millennium later, it was made into a mosque by the Turks. It is now neither a church nor a mosque but a museum maintained by a secular state, enshrining the past in a form it never had. The whitewash that the Turkish conquerors applied to the Christian mosaics has been removed to let the mosaics be seen. But they cannot be seen as the Christians saw them, for the building is dominated by great ornamental shields, covered with Arabic inscriptions, which hang on the walls, and by low-hanging chandeliers, characteristic of mosques, which obscure one's view and produce a sense of clutter rather than space. In its present form, Hagia Sophia commem-



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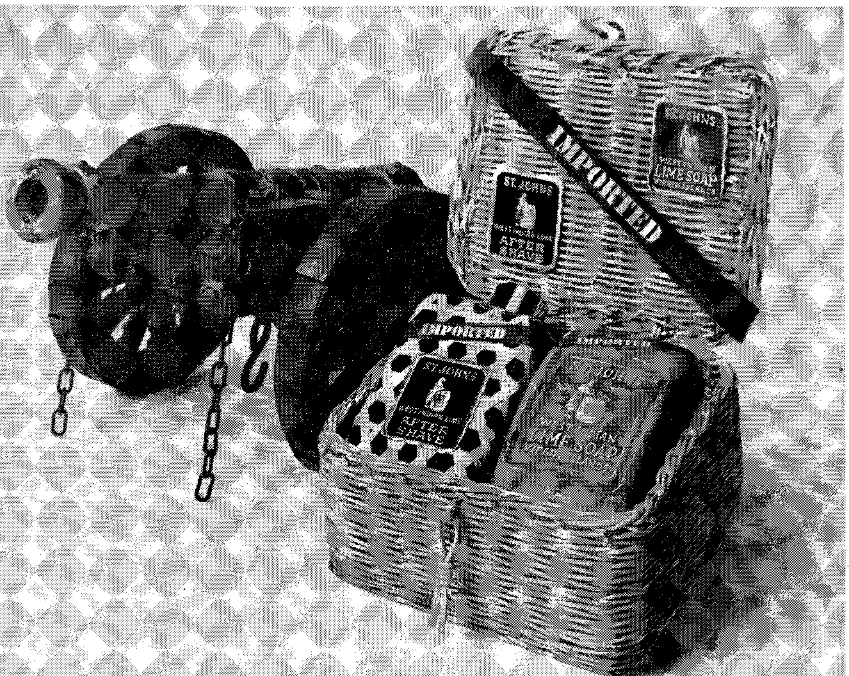

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The city's history is largely a history of long aftermaths to disaster, of dogged persistence through time with only the memory of past glories to sustain life in the present. For almost two thousand years, Istanbul has been the seat of civilizations too worn out to prosper but too tough to die. In the West, we think of Rome as having fallen in the fifth century, but Rome *went on in Istanbul for another millen*nium, though for much of that time there was little more to the Empire than the city itself and its imperial ritual. And as the Ottoman capital, Istanbul enjoyed only a brief resurgence following its capture in 1453, and then returned to its customary role. The Ottoman Empire began its decline in the sixteenth century, after its first defeat, at Vienna, but it took "the sick man of Europe" four centuries to give up the ghost. Historians argue a good deal about the causes of the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire. But the mystery and, for Istanbul, the exhausting tragedy, is that the Empire lasted so long.

The influence of Istanbul's enervating imperial past is still palpable. The city is full of Ottoman families who are loyal to the Atatürk Republic and proud of its achievements but are made uncomfortable by its touchy nationalism. This they regard as pushy and parvenu, a reversion to primitive tribal feelings just at the moment in history when civilized Europeans are beginning to rise above nationalism—to think and act like Ottomans. When I visited Bursa, once the Ottoman capital, three or four hours by boat and car from Istanbul, my host was a young engineer of about thirty, a member of an old Istanbul family. His grandfather had been educated in France, his father in Germany, and he in Kansas. He spoke French, German, and English beautifully. The language that gave him trouble, he told me, was Turkish. He went on to explain, with some amusement and some despair, that he had difficulty understanding the Turkish spoken by people ten years younger than he—the new, purified Turkish of the Atatürk Republic, from which all words with Arabic and Persian roots had been removed. "It makes life hard for us, and particularly for those of us who work in the sciences," he said. "It's as though all the words with Latin roots had been expelled from the English language, and absolutely new words invented from Anglo-

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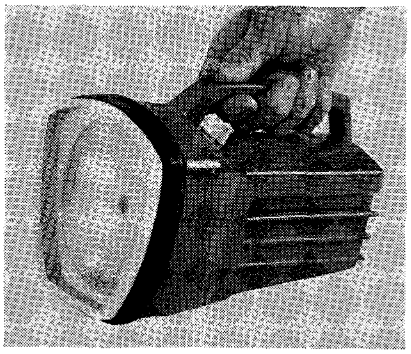

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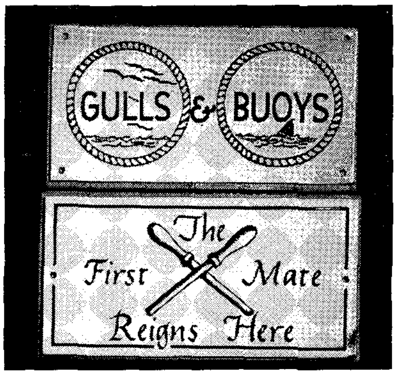

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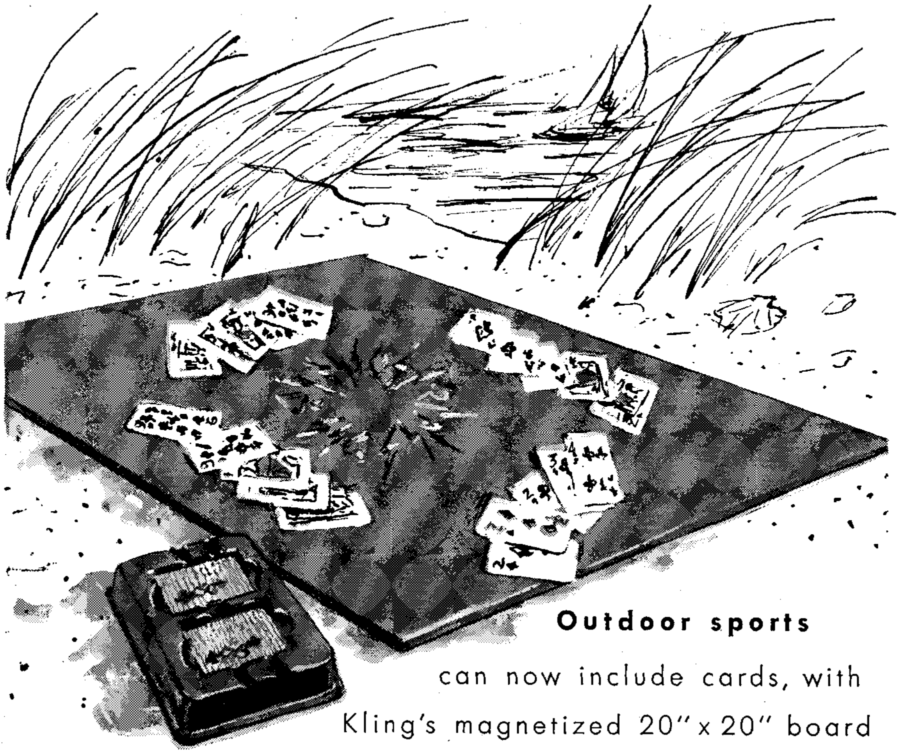
Saxon roots—and all this were done in the name of liberating the Anglo-Saxon spirit." Then he looked up with a smile that could not have been more urbane. "Still, I suppose it's coming to us," he said. "It took us a long time to free the Turks."

Large numbers of Turks are now descending upon Istanbul, and, to judge by the arrangements that were being made to receive them when I was in Istanbul, they are hardly more welcome than were the first Turks to come to Istanbul, five hundred years ago. Istanbul has a population of approximately two million, of which about four hundred thousand, it is estimated, live in *gecekondu*. The *gecekondu*, which exist in Ankara, too, are the Turkish equivalents of shantytowns or *maisons aux champignons;* the word means literally "a shack built in a night." The shacks are illegally built on unoccupied public or private land. A peasant family will arrive in Istanbul, pick out a plot of land, usually in an existing *gecekondu* community, and, when night falls, set to work to get at least a roof over their heads by morning. If they succeed, they acquire a shadowy squatter's right to stay, for old Turkish custom recognizes the right of a man to stay under a roof once he has put it up, and it is not easy to find a judge who will evict them. As a result, great communities of landless property holders have grown up in Istanbul and just outside the city limits. The municipal government has adopted a variety of methods for dealing with these people at its gates. One method—the direct approach—recognizes that a man settled under a roof in a field that does not belong to him cannot be evicted; the municipal authorities therefore proceed to tear down the roof. They have torn down *gecekondu* dwellings at periodic intervals. In one area, there is a man who has had his house torn down sixteen times; he has built it seventeen times. Many of his neighbors have had their houses torn down four or five times; not only are they still there but some of them are renting out rooms and living on the rents. Another of the municipal government's methods consists of giving with one hand and taking away with the other. In one section of Istanbul, for example, the municipal government, bowing to necessity, has provided a *gecekondu* community with basic services—electricity, telephone lines, garbage collection, police supervision, schools, municipal buses. All the people in this community, however, live under the constant threat



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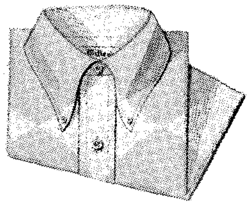

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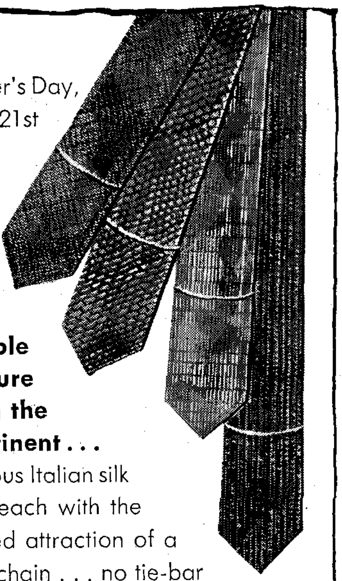

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that their houses will be torn down. On the other hand, there is a community of *gecekondu* dwellers just outside Istanbul who are occupying land with the explicit connivance of the municipal authorities. Their property rights have a quasi-legal standing. Most of the people living in this community once occupied dwellings inside Istanbul's walls that were demolished in the course of Menderes' road-building operations. At that time, the stretch of land outside Istanbul—Gültepe, it is called—was picked out for them; the municipality divided the land into parcels, and issued permits to individual families, telling them which parcel they might build on. The authorities stopped short of giving the people in Gültepe title to their parcels, however, and absolutely no community services have been provided. In short, the municipal government's only consistent policy seems to be to try to blink the *gecekondu* away by refusing to do anything that might suggest that the people who live in them are in Istanbul to stay.

Naturally, some longer-range approaches to the problem have been advocated. The one I heard most frequently mentioned reflects the hope of many people in Istanbul that they can somehow find a way to hold Anatolia at arm's length. This approach is to mount such extensive programs for village improvement that the peasants of Anatolia will have no reason to come to Istanbul. Needless to say, this idea rests on a certain amount of wishful thinking. The people who are leaving their farms and coming to Istanbul are doing so, it appears, for much the same reasons that Puerto Ricans, farmers from Kyushu, and Arabs from the back country of Algeria have made similar journeys. The men are looking for a better way to support their families, the women for schools for their children and a chance to escape work in the fields, the children for excitement. The flow of people to the cities of Turkey seems likely to continue, village-improvement schemes or no, particularly since Turkey has one of the highest population-growth rates in the world.

Moreover, according to the few reliable estimates that have been made, only about half the people living in the *gecekondu* actually come from Anatolia. Some are from Istanbul itself, others are from Central Asia, having escaped from China by way of Pakistan, and a very large number are from the countries to the west—Albania, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Greece. The long, slow withdrawal of

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the Turks from Europe is still going on. The most recent arrivals are people whose forebears lived in Greece and Yugoslavia for centuries. These newcomers are sometimes reasonably well-to-do—families who have sold their farms and businesses and returned to Turkey because they prefer to live among people who speak their language and share their religion. Istanbul, which was the advance base for the great movement of the Turks out of Central Asia into Central Europe, is the inevitable receiving center for the people who are returning now that this movement has been stopped and turned back.

What disturbs established citizens of Istanbul about all this is not that Istanbul should still be the center of an empire of sorts; it is that, as they say repeatedly, something new has entered the mix. In 1955, there were riots in Istanbul. They were sparked by the explosion of a bomb on the grounds of the Turkish Consulate in Salonika, Greece. At the time, the Turkish government was in the midst of negotiations on Cyprus, and there is considerable evidence that Menderes thought that a small demonstration would strengthen his hand. At any rate, the police stood by while Greek houses and shops were attacked. But the demonstrations grew in size and changed in quality. Mobs invaded the stores in the rich quarters of Istanbul, and they did not simply steal and loot; they smashed refrigerators, they dropped radios from high windows to the streets, they kicked typewriters. People still talk about those riots in Istanbul, and one of the principal charges against Menderes at his trial was that he helped foment them. For the feelings reflected in those riots were not simply feelings against Greeks or other foreigners. They were feelings against other Turks, against rich people, against wealth, against—or so it seemed at the time—the very idea of value itself.

Traditionally, many Turks have held the notion that the bitterness that has characterized the relations between social classes in other countries does not exist in Turkey. The riots in 1955 badly shook this belief. And while there is no evidence that the people in the *gecekondu* played a larger part in these riots than anybody else, the idea still prevails in the city that they did. It is natural that this should be so, for the *gecekondu*, which surround the city, give visible substance to the feeling of the old Ottoman families that they are living in a city under siege. It was sentiments like these that Ottoman friends expressed to me one evening after din-

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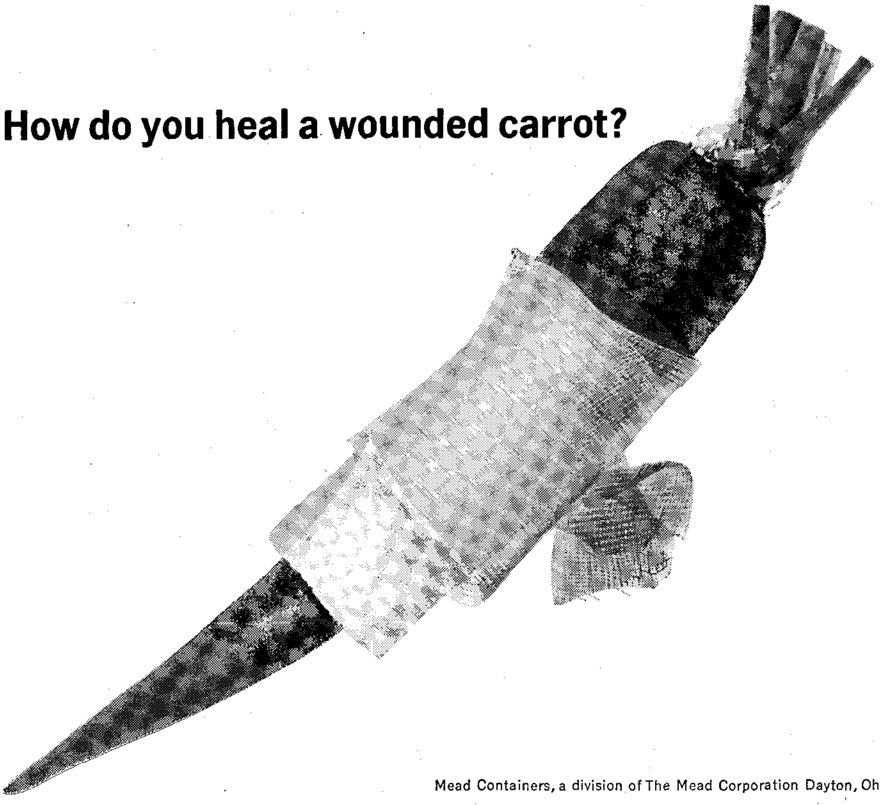

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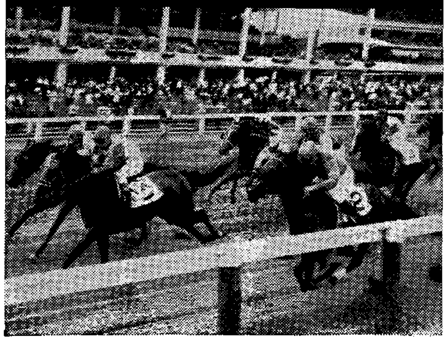

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ner as we sat on the terrace of a fashionable hotel overlooking the Bosporus and the lighted ships in the harbor. I remarked to them that they might be looking at only one side of the *gecekondu*, and suggested that perhaps one could also find in them the "new men" of Turkey—people with drive and a spirit of innovation. One family living in a *gecekondu*, I reminded them, had worked out a way to manufacture plastic raincoats of good quality and sell them more cheaply than at the bazaar. And another man who had started his career in a *gecekondu* area, and still lived there, was building modern bakeries all over Istanbul. The people in the *gecekondu* had shown industriousness, inventiveness, and, most of all, an ability to hang on.

"Yes," said one of my friends. "They can hang on. But so can we. All of us in Turkey know how to hang on."

"Ankara has its *gecekondu* problem, too, and has not solved it," I said. "But the mood there is different."

"Ah, yes," said my friend. "They are always optimistic in Ankara."

Even on the terrace, the sound of the city was the sound of a camp bedded down. The dogs began to bark, as they do every night in Istanbul, calling for hours into the enveloping silence.

—CHARLES FRANKEL

•

One shareowner questioned the chairman about the proposed name change. She expressed the opinion that "Monsanto Company" sounds uninspiring, dull, and uneuphonious and asked why it was chosen rather than "Monsanto International" or "Monsanto Incorporated." The chairman replied that the matter had been gone into in great detail and that a variety of names had been considered, including "Monsanto Corporation." He said "Monsanto Company" was recommended in the belief that the name has a warmth that the others lack. There were no other questions or comments.—*From the report of the annual meeting.*

God's hush lay over all.

•

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[*From the Hollywood* (*Calif.*) *Daily Variety*]

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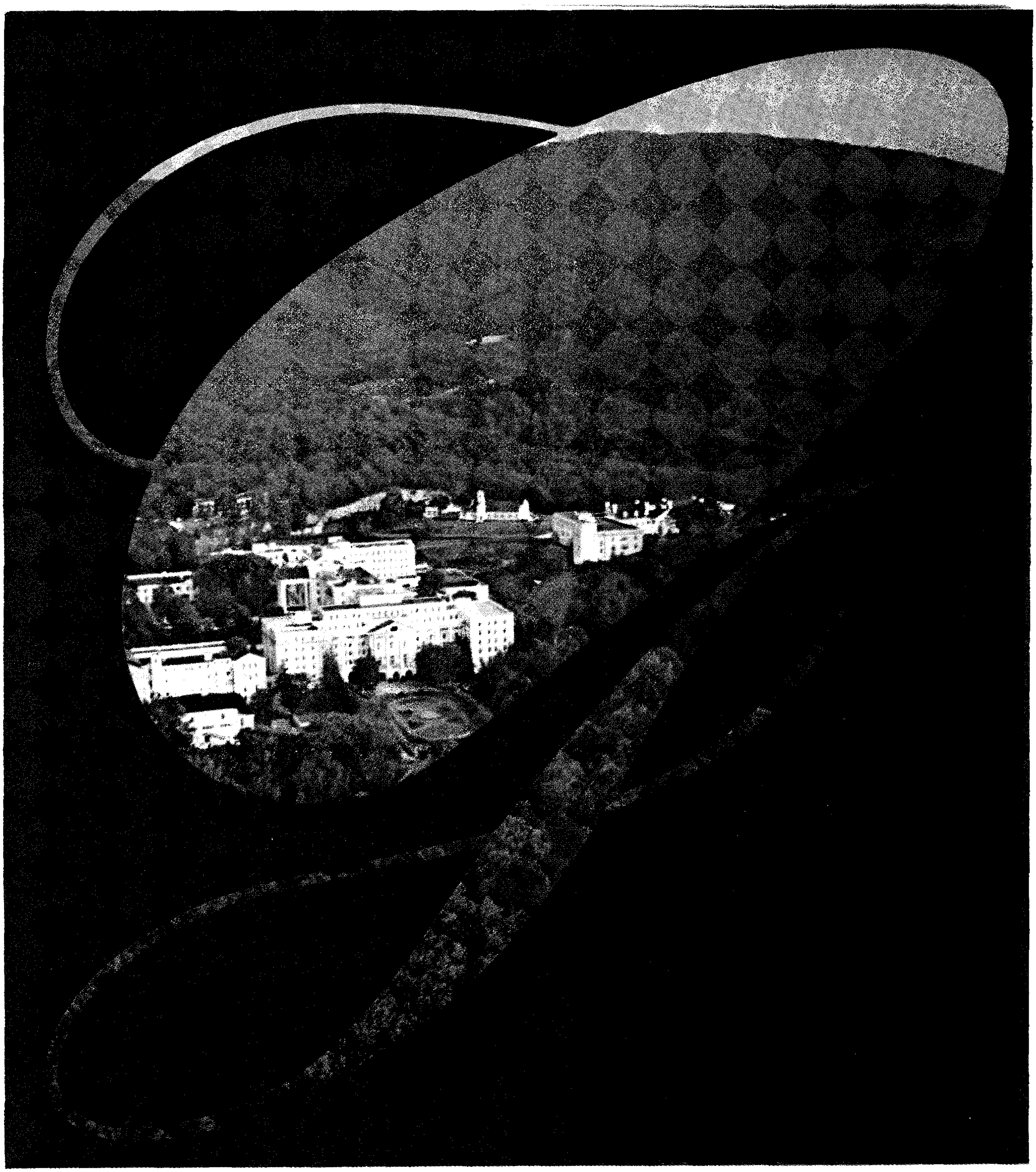

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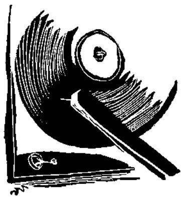

JAZZ is not inclined to the corporate form, yet the ripples made by its few institutions often travel on, disembodied and ghostly, long after the greatest non-joiners are forgotten. This is true of the ripples set off in the late thirties by the Benny Goodman band, which was the best-equipped, best-run, and best-lighted institution the music has known. They take the form of recordings (more than a million copies of the Goodman Carnegie Hall concert album have been bought—a figure unmatched among jazz L.P. albums), a nostalgia aging like a good soft cheese, and the continued renown of such Goodman alumni as Harry James, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, and Gene Krupa. Krupa, who is fifty-five, is possibly the steadiest Goodman wavelet. He is one of the handful of universally known jazz musicians, and he remains the most famous jazz drummer. He records frequently, and he draws sizable crowds wherever he plays. And he is credited with putting jazz drumming on the map and with showing the public the way to such lesser-known drummers as Baby Dodds, Jo Jones, and Sidney Catlett. He is, in short, a sub-institution.

Krupa came to prominence in 1935, after being hired away from Buddy Rogers by Goodman. Not much later, Goodman boomed, and Krupa boomed with him. In the seven or eight years before that, Krupa had recorded frequently with such jazz groups as the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans and the Mound City Blue Blowers, and with Adrian Rollini, Goodman, Red Nichols, and Bix Beiderbecke; he had made his living, though, with the dance bands of Russ Columbo, Irving Aaronson, Mal Hallett, and Rogers. He stayed with Goodman until 1938 and then, shooting out of the Goodman canon, formed his own band, which was a commercial success. He gave it up for a time in the early forties, re-formed it, and abandoned it for good in 1951. He has since toured with Jazz at the Philharmonic and with small groups. His big band offered a fare consisting largely of novelties, ballads, and showcases for the leader's drumming. His small groups, which have included the likes of Charlie Ventura, Eddie Shu, and Teddy Na-

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Krupa the drummer is difficult to isolate from Krupa the showman. Short, handsome, dark-haired, and smiling, he established the image of the drummer as madman. It was an image—calculated or not—that hypnotized the eye and stopped the ears. When he played, his hair fell over his eyes; he chewed gum; he hunched over his drums like Barney Oldfield or reared back, arms straight in the air, like a politician at a rally; he sweated exuberantly; in his climactic moments he converted his arms and hands and drumsticks into sculptured blurs. The mania for speed had begun to take hold by the late thirties, and Krupa was its epitome. Sorting out the components of the thunder underlying this spectacle was not easy at the time, because it was a *new* thunder. Before Krupa, drummers had largely been timekeepers. Their rare solos were limited by their technique, and their showmanship was homely. Krupa, however, was the first book-learned drummer. He started, in the twenties, as an admirer of Baby Dodds and Zutty Singleton, and slowly expanded their styles by keeping a four-four beat on the bass drum, by relying on cymbals rather than on wood blocks and temple blocks, and by instituting the crackling rimshot. He tended to rush the tempo, and he was heavy. (Dodds and Singleton were equally heavy, but they dragged the beat.) Then he began studying his instrument and, before he joined Goodman, fell under the sway of Chick Webb.

When all this had settled, Krupa's style—or, better, manner, for he had, and has, little style—went something like this: As an accompanist, he was busy and unselective. He got a loose, low-thyroid sound from his drums, and he depended a good deal on the high-hat, on which he achieved a fair imitation of Webb's clean, imperious *shoo shi-shah*. His ride-cymbal work was straightforward, dull, and largely inaudible (light, small cymbals were in vogue until the mid-fifties), and he sometimes punctuated breaks by fly-swatting a sock cymbal the size of a cookie. He occasionally marked the afterbeat on the partly closed high-hat—a sound that suggested a man getting his breath knocked out—or on the tom-toms. He used rimshots continually—on afterbeats and offbeats, and for double on-the-beat blams. His time was still uneven, and he now rushed fast tempos and dragged slow ones. The total effect was predictable and mechanical, for much of his energy went into his solos. These had a good deal in common with

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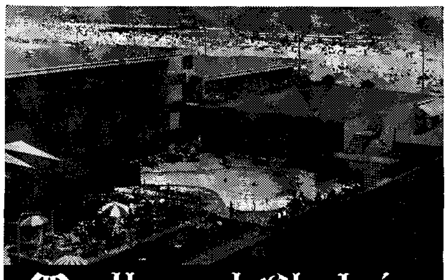

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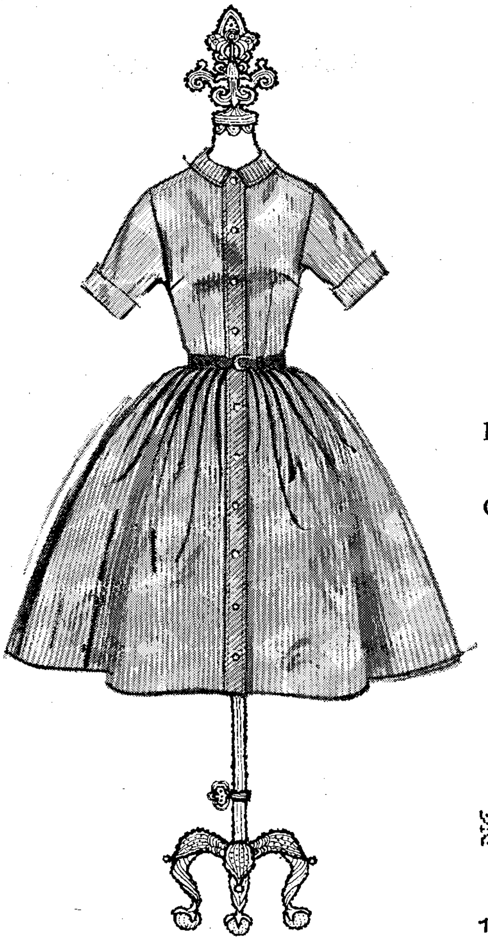
Singleton and Webb, but they were more academic. He might start with rapidly swelling and subsiding rolls on the snare (accented here and there on the rims), break into an irregular pattern of rimshots mixed with tomtom beats, press into an even, multi-stroked roll, pass his way with greater and greater speed through half a dozen drum rudiments (there are twenty-six in all), and close with staccato rimshots. He didn't bother with adjusting his volume, and he rarely paused, not realizing that unexpected silences in drum solos are twice as stunning as a mounting roar. His brush solos were fast and crowded. Through the years, Krupa has grafted a few of the innovations of modern drumming onto his approach, but in the main his playing has not changed. What he started has been carried forward, in different ways, by Buddy Rich and Louis Bellson.

These reflections have been caused by "Drummin' Man: Gene Krupa" (Columbia C2L 29), which consists of thirty-one reissues and one unissued number made between 1938 and 1949. Thirty are by Krupa's big band and two by his trio. Aside from several decent semi-bop numbers from the late forties (Gerry Mulligan arranged one) and a fine 1939 Leo Watson scat vocal ("Tutti Frutti"), the album is valuable only for eight selections done between late 1941 and early 1942, when Roy Eldridge was with the band. (In many ways, these recall the Paul Whiteman-Bix Beiderbecke recordings.) Indeed, "After You've Gone," "Rockin' Chair," and "Let Me Off Uptown" are almost all Eldridge, and, despite their occasional grandstanding, they are magnificent. "After You've Gone," which Eldridge had recorded several years before with his own band, is taken at a machine-gun tempo, and it includes three Eldridge breaks that have been matched on records only by Dizzy Gillespie. In the slow "Rockin' Chair," Eldridge is at the height of his powers. His tone is brilliant and edgy, but he plays softly,



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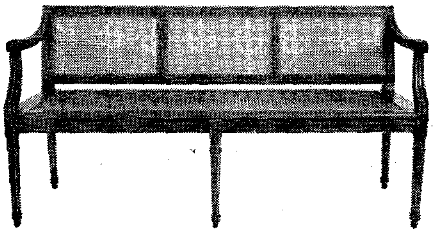

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alternating dancing middle-range notes with high, surreptitious jabs, and he closes many of his phrases with a loose vibrato. The opening of his solo in "Let Me Off Uptown," which includes cheering-crowd sounds from the rest of the band, is an idiotic and priceless moment. He solos briefly and well on the other sides, and in "Knock Me a Kiss" he delivers a classic, funny, low-down vocal. Krupa's backing up in the album is instructive, and his solos are short and restrained. But his drumming is no better and no worse than that of such forgotten contemporaries as Frankie Carlson (Woody Herman's band), Mickey Scrima (Harry James), and Moe Purtill (Glenn Miller). Nor does it have much in common with the groundbreaking that was being done elsewhere—with no one but musicians looking—by Sidney Catlett and Jo Jones and Dave Tough. The booklet accompanying the album has good photographs and an exclamatory appreciation by George Simon.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

MEANS OF PROTECTION

As plovers trail their wings
To hide a nest from men's concern,
Right lovers turn
Talk that nears treasured things.

The best of judgment says
No case is won by what speech proves,
Least of all love's.
We live by silences.

All that is fair courts danger.
When wit with daring lights a face
Of candid grace,
I, the protecting stranger,

Must turn my gaze, for fear
I lose that vision, for the mind
Needs shade to find
The full light of the sphere.

Such means will fortify
The true from uncouth trespassers,
And keep, in verse,
All hushed, till they pass by.

I must, seeing I have fought
Error, both in myself and men,
Build, like the wren,
To understand my thought,

A number of small nests
In branches that may catch the sun,
To guard that one
In which the interest rests.

—VERNON WATKINS

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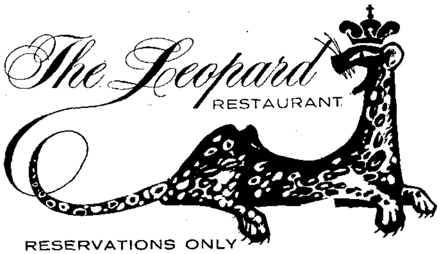

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

SCARBOROUGH, N.Y.,
MAY 26, 1964

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

SINCE your publication of my treatise on beagling several issues ago (*The New Yorker*, March 8, 1941), I have had a number of second thoughts, but have kept them to myself. Now that President Johnson has made writing about beagles fashionable again, however, I hope that I, as one who was up to his knees in them long before their ears became political cat's-paws, may be permitted a few appendant comments. As you know, the initial reaction to the President's picking up Him and Her by the ears and making them yelp was that he had pulled a monumental blooper. But was it really all that simple? Had the President actually made a politically self-immolating *gaffe*? Would Mr. Johnson—*Homo politicus*, if ever man was—have openly engaged in dog-ear-tweaking without weighing the consequences? Was there not a chance, rather, that he had astutely sensed that by teasing Him and Her he would *help* himself politically? There is only one approved method these days of gauging political moods in America. Accordingly—Gallup, Roper, Harris, and Lubell being otherwise occupied—I have done some sampling of public opinion, and I disclose herewith a few random findings:

1. *Do you feel better about L.B.J. or worse about L.B.J. since the beagle flap?*

	BETTER	WORSE
Beagle lovers[a]	64%	36%
Beagle haters[b]	64%	36%
Others[c]	50%	50%

a—Most beagle lovers are Republicans, and the reason that beagle lovers have swung over to Mr. Johnson is plain. Beagles used to be the most popular breed registered with the American Kennel Club. They have slipped to third place lately, behind poodles and German shepherds, and chihuahuas are coming up fast behind them—or fast for chihuahuas, anyway. The beagle lovers calculate that all beagle news is good beagle news, and as they struggle to cling to their rung on the A.K.C. ladder, they are grateful to the President for having given their breed such wide and arresting exposure.

b—People who were prejudiced against beagles from way back but were unsure about L.B.J. would naturally

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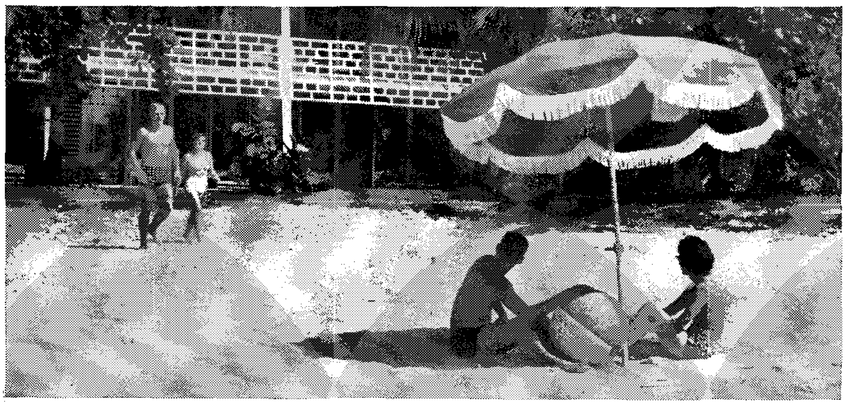

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have rallied to the cause of a man who publicly exhibited callousness toward their *bêtes noires*—or, to be precise, *bêtes noires-et-tannées*. That is the way doggy folk's minds work.

c—"Others" is a small category. Few people are indifferent to beagles. Actually, this group consists mainly of individuals who when they think they are talking about beagles are really talking about basset hounds.

2. *If you had to pick up one of the following by the ears, which would you be* least *reluctant to grab?*

Beagles	32%
Beatles	24%
Goldwater	16%
Lodge	15%
Rockefeller	7%
Nixon	6%
J. Edgar Hoover	0%

3. *Speaking of Him and Her, would you have voted for Mr. Johnson before he picked Them up, and would you vote for him now?*

	Before	Now
People who gave the A.S.P.C.A. over $100,000 last year	3%	6%
People who gave the A.S.P.C.A. between $100,000 and $10,000 last year	18%	39%
People who gave the A.S.P.C.A. between $10,000 and 0 last year	72%	71%
Anti-vivisectionists	0%	0%

These figures are interesting. (In fact, *all* figures are interesting.) While it is to be noted that the percentage of Johnson fanciers in the higher brackets has more than doubled, part of this shift may be attributable to the tax cut. The slight drop in the lower-income category is of little significance. As for the anti-vivisectionists, they never see eye to eye with anybody anyway.

4. *Whom would you favor as President Johnson's running mate?*

	Bobby	Humphrey	McNamara	Wagner	Shriver	Others
Dog-show judges	17%	11%	8%	13%	21%	30%
Field-trial handlers	4%	2%	40%	23%	1%	30%
Fox-hound riders	23%	10%	14%	8%	15%	30%
Chihuahua fanciers	6%	15%	24%	16%	9%	30%
Water-polo players	24%	4%	6%	32%	4%	30%
Others	27%	11%	8%	7%	17%	30%

It would take a computer to digest these figures properly. Suffice it to say that it would appear that unless Bobby Kennedy manages to hoist his Newfoundland by the ears before Convention time, the race is still wide open.

The following summary table, which pretty well shows how the land lies at the moment, has been culled from a heap of ancillary statistical material. The question asked was: *Were you for President Johnson's reëlection before the incident, and would you vote for him today?*

	Total (In millions)	For L.B.J. Then (In millions)	For L.B.J. Now (In millions)
Small-dog fanciers	53.2	26.1	27.8[1]
Large-dog fanciers	47.8	23.4	25.2[2]
Cat fanciers	33.7	13.8[3]	17.1[4]
Rabbit fanciers	38.7[5]	14.4	28.6[6]
Otorhinolaryngologists	0.06	0.01	0.04[7]
People who give presents marked "Him" and "Her"	4.3	2.1	2.3[8]
People who buy "Him" and "Her" things for their own use[9]	0.001	0.0005	0.0006
Daughters of the American Revolution	13.7[10]	0.01	0.01[11]
Sons of the American Revolution	1.1	0.4	0.6[12]
TOTALS	192.561	80.2205	101.6506

1. At first glance, this is astonishing. Why should small-dog people lick, as it were, the hand that taunts them? The only explanation that makes sense is that owners of small pets harbor them because they like to feel superior to weak, defenseless animals. People of that sort are not above kicking a small pet when it gets in their way. President Johnson's behavior has, in their warped view, made their own loutish behavior acceptable, if not admirable.

2. Owners of large dogs have always been partial to L.B.J., because of his well-known partiality for horses. Anybody who has ever owned a large dog knows that in attitude and appetite it is indistinguishable from a horse. (These figures have been adjusted, incidentally, to eliminate owners of box-

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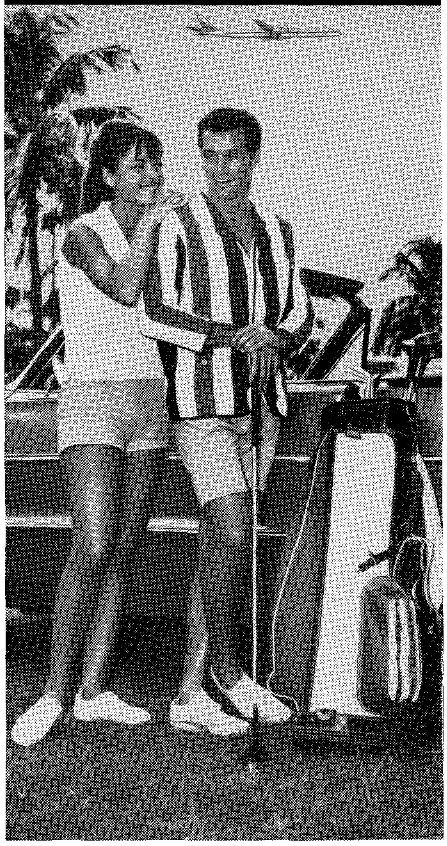

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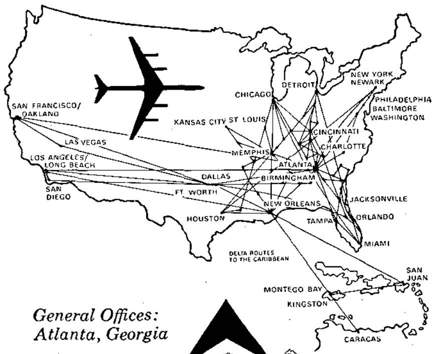

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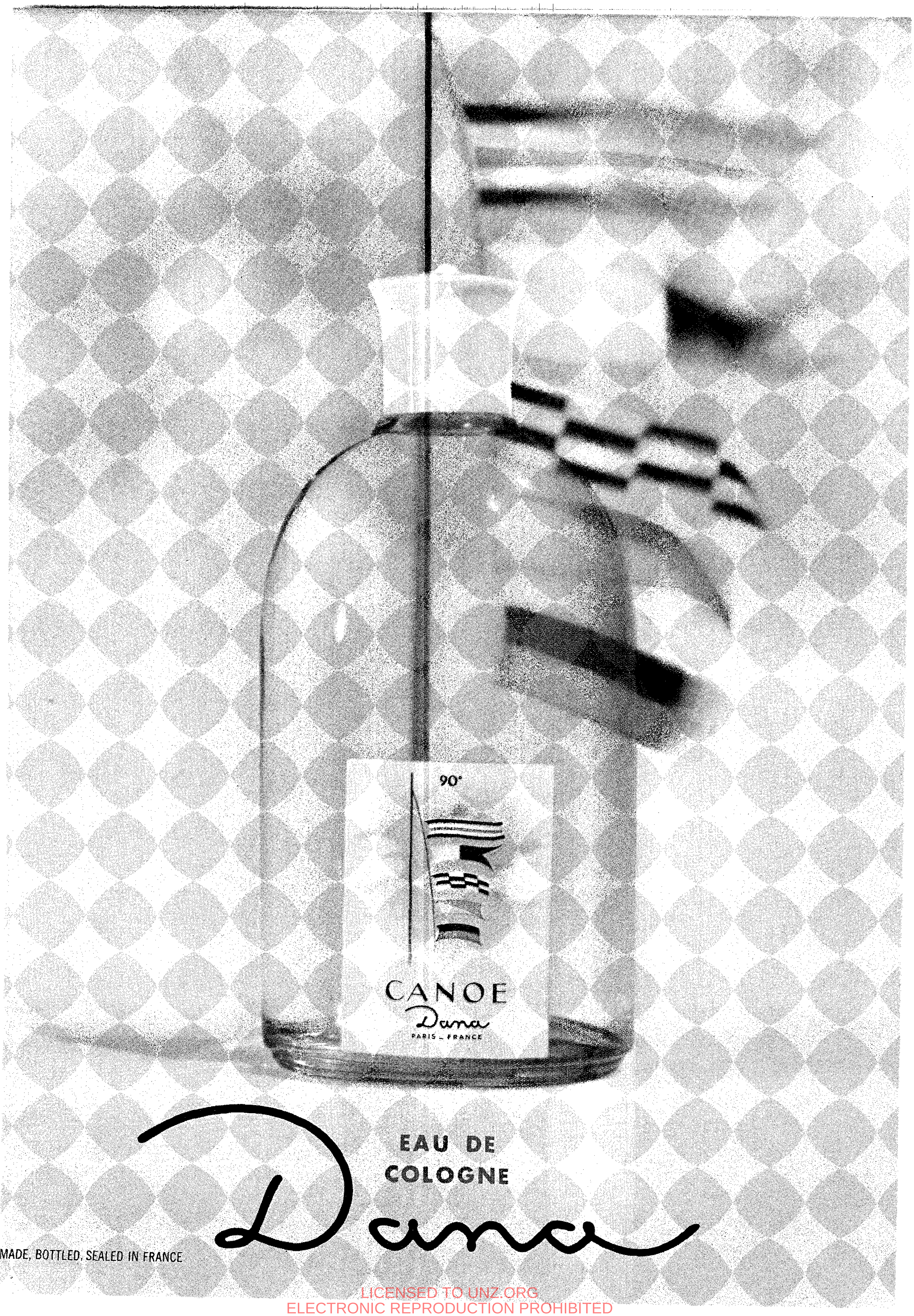
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Don't be bashful, tell him you'd like to try a Brazilian coffee soon.

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Incidentally, if you'd like a free booklet, "How To Make Better Coffee," write to Dept. C., Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall St., N. Y. C. 5. **COFFEE OF BRAZIL** ers, which have clipped ears and can't readily be hoisted by them.)

3. Cat fanciers tend to be spinsters, and spinsters tend to be conservative.

4. Cat fanciers can't help fancying a man who gives dogs their comeuppance.

5. This figure includes parents, grandparents, and maiden aunts of children who adore bunnies.

6. Any man who publicly chastises rabbit-eaters is bound to score heavily with this crowd. If Alf Landon had cuffed a beagle or two in 1936, he might have defeated F.D.R., Fala or no Fala.

7. If, following the Presidential example, everybody goes around tugging at ears, business is bound to pick up. The nose-and-throat men will go along with the ear boys, because when it comes to politics doctors are clannish.

8. After all these years, they're suddenly respectable.

9. A splinter group, to be sure, but potentially troublesome, and well worth having on one's side.

10. This is an approximation, but it certainly often seems as if there were that many of them around.

11. This is the only category of citizens in which no change can be discerned. The explanation is that the D.A.R. traditionally concerns itself only with the most serious issues, and will not be swayed by petty day-to-day fluctuations in the political fever chart.

12. The S.A.R. was polled after the D.A.R. was. If the D.A.R. had somehow embraced President Johnson, the S.A.R. would have turned against him. Any psychiatrist can tell you why.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, then, seems to have picked up more than enough votes to win in November. He seems to have almost more votes than there *are*, but some duplication may have crept in here—for instance, a Daughter of the American Revolution married to a Son of the same, with matching towels. In any event, I interpret these statistics to mean that, by his adroit handling of Him and Her, Mr. Johnson, as I have a hunch he has known all along, has wrapped up the election.

Sincerely,
E. J. KAHN, JR.

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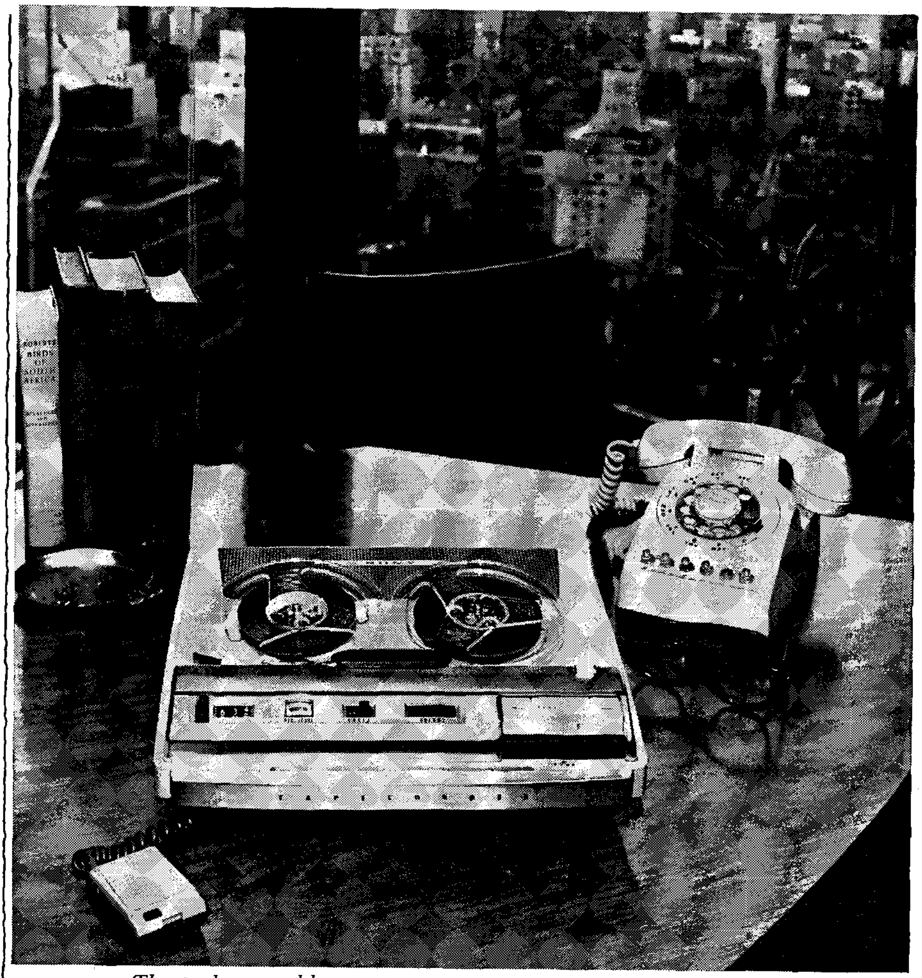
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Saturday Evening Post]

Many doctors, hospitals and social agencies dislike treating suicidal patients, who often require lengthy, delicate therapy and have been known to kill themselves between visits.



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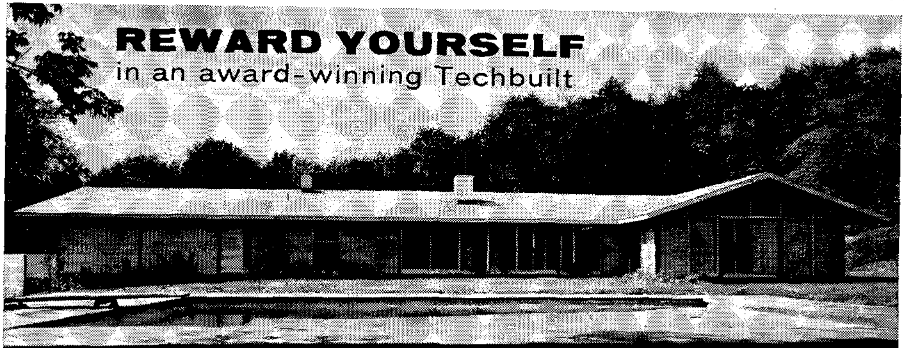

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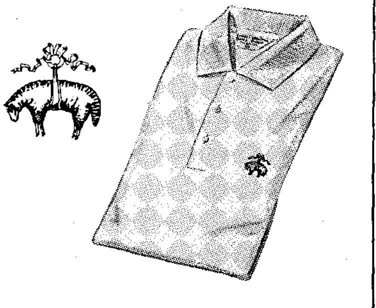

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IT has been famously the function of the novel to give its readers plenty of practical information as well as entertainment. One gets the impression that in the nineteenth century, for example, the lower orders were able to sneak their way upward almost entirely thanks to a diligent aping of the dress, speech, and deportment of their betters as described in precise detail in the fat novels of the period. This principle of indirect education is at least equally to be taken advantage of by the ambitious moviegoer. Nowadays, indeed, when it comes to the question of what to wear, what to say, and even what to feel under certain unfamiliar circumstances, one applies to films instead of to fiction for the correct answer. The mobility of the social escalator having reached a particularly dizzy rate not only up but down, we happen to be in need of more instruction, and instruction of a more exotic nature, than ever before, and it's lucky that the movies are here to provide us with the very facts that the contemporary introspective novel tends to scamp. Many of us are growing rich for the first time, and a few of us are growing poor for the first time; some of us find ourselves uneasily far from the homely discomforts of jail, while others of us approach incarceration terrified lest, as obvious parvenus, we be observed by the criminal élite employing the wrong postprandial hacksaw or file. For the latter group, the data on display in "The Night Watch," a quasi-documentary account of an attempted escape from La Santé, the celebrated maximum-security prison in Paris, should prove especially helpful. From first to last, the picture amounts to a manual of time-tested, if not quite foolproof, jail-breaking techniques. Nothing is omitted that your ordinary apprentice escape artist might need to know. Patiently, step by step, he is advised of (1) the proper choice of materials for making a periscope with which to observe, through a cell door, the ac-

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tivity of the unwitting guards outside; (2) the best instrument available for breaking up a concrete-and-rubble floor; (3) the best means by which to conceal a hole in the floor between digging periods; and (4) the best way to rig up a dummy body under a blanket at night, when one's true body is more profitably engaged in seeking freedom. "The Night Watch" is, in short, a learned, even a scholarly, handbook of a movie; it is also a very exciting melodrama, with a climax so surprising and painful that the management of the theatre has wisely forbidden anyone to be seated during its last eighteen minutes.

"The Night Watch" was directed by Jacques Becker, who died of a heart attack a couple of weeks after it was finished, in 1960. M. Becker is best known here for his "Casque d'Or," which brought fame to Simone Signoret and which, by its nature, strikes a note—lyrical, sexual, springlike—in conspicuous contrast to that struck by Becker's final picture. With a detachment purposely as bleak as the cell that his five chief characters inhabit, he portrays the disciplined anguish of men who have pledged themselves to perform a well-nigh impossible feat and who come within a hairsbreadth of bringing it off. Moreover, he makes us see that their anguish isn't merely physical; daily, as they tunnel toward the light of a Paris a few yards away and yet, it may be, years away, each of them must bear the burden of trusting the others not to betray him and of trusting himself not to betray them. If they sweat to become free, they also sweat to become better men than, up to these hard hours, they have known how

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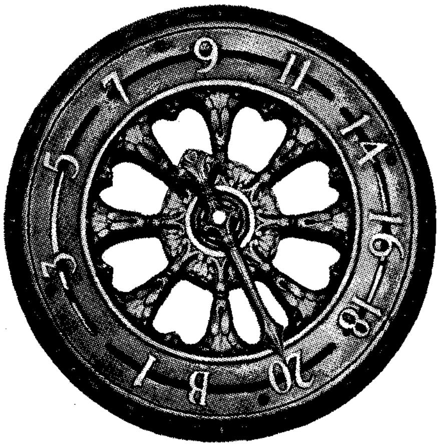

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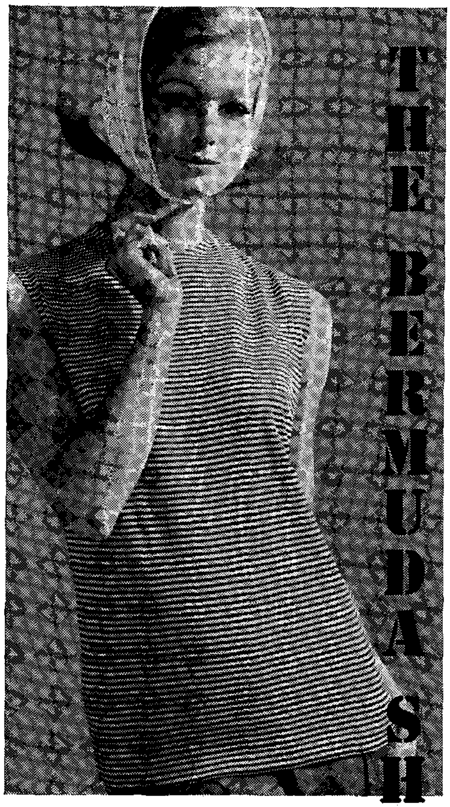

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to be, and the artistry with which Becker conveys this unspoken, steadily heightening sense of their own worth is all the more remarkable because he has chosen to use, in most of the roles, unprofessional actors. (The story closely follows an attempted escape from La Santé that stirred Paris some years ago, and one of the ringleaders in that attempt, Jean Keraudy, brilliantly plays himself in the movie.) The severe documentary style and the use of amateurs make "The Night Watch" seem almost unbearably real, and in the end one feels of the diggers that they are more heroic than any climbers of Mount Everest.

OF an Italian picture called "Disorder" it would be cruel to say more than "Don't see it." Don't see it.

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•

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[*Letter received by a man in Stamford, Connecticut, in answer to one he wrote to the Schimmelpenninck cigar factory, in Wageningen, Holland, complaining that he had found a large piece of wax paper inside a cigarillo*]

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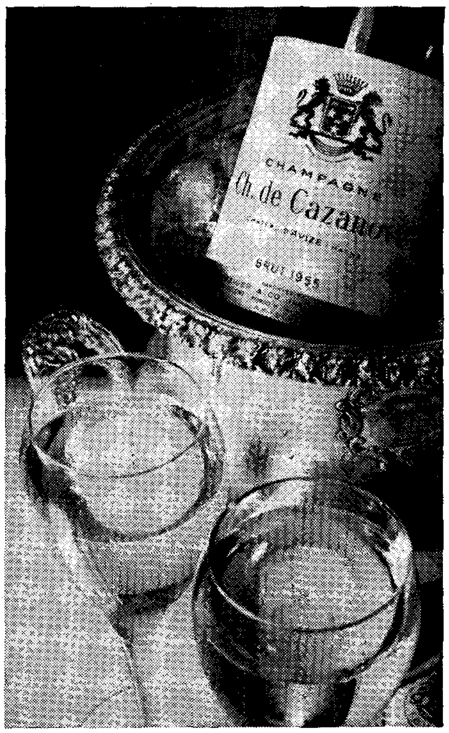

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“The Prophet Outcast,” recently published by Oxford, covers the last years (1929-40) of Leon Trotsky’s life—the years of exile that ended in his murder—and completes the invaluable three-volume biography on which Isaac Deutscher has worked for more than a decade. His “The Prophet Armed: 1879-1921” and “The Prophet Unarmed: 1921-29” described Trotsky’s swift rise to power (he was only thirty-eight in 1917, when he became second in command of the Bolshevik Revolution) and his amazing fall (at the summit of his glory, Stalin was plotting his defeat). The third volume, the account of Trotsky’s battle against what became known as “Stalinism,” shows him fighting until death not so much against his fate as for his cause.

The trilogy is a great success. From first to last it justifies its large scale by making vast and terrible events and powerful figures not only fascinating but comprehensible. Without Deutscher we would have difficulty understanding who Trotsky was, what he did, what he stood for, and why he suffered, because we share so few of his ideas. And Trotsky not only was fertile in ideas—at least within the limitations of Marxism—but was motivated by them more than most men are. Deutscher, a scholar who has lived his subject matter, is peculiarly well qualified to be his interpreter. In the preface to “The Prophet Unarmed,” he writes:

> From the middle of the nineteen-twenties, I was active in the Polish Communist Party, which stood closer to Bolshevism than did any other party; soon thereafter I was leading spokesman of an inner-party opposition strongly influenced by Trotsky’s ideas; and in 1932 I had the somewhat curious distinction of being the first member ever to be expelled from the Polish party for his anti-Stalinism.

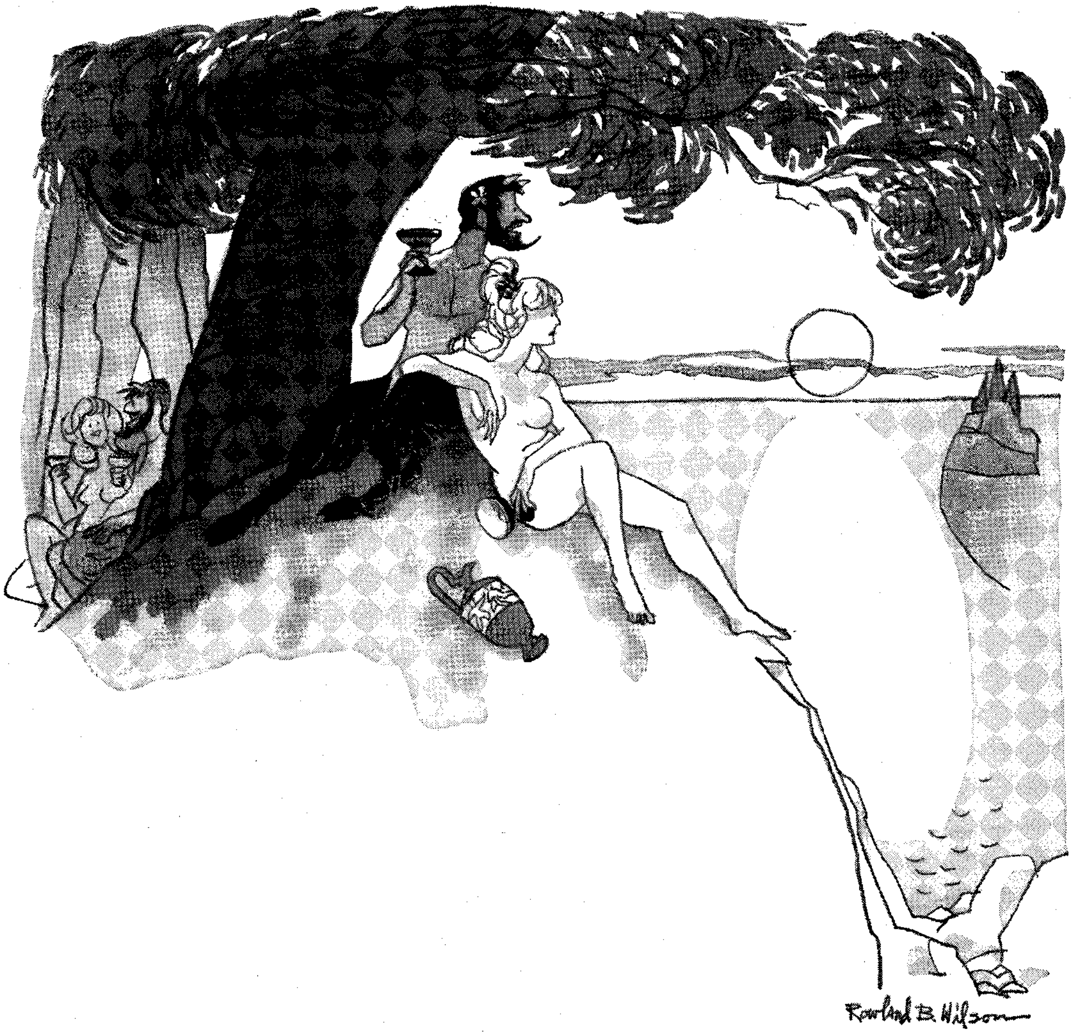
Moreover, during the nineteen-thirties, as Deutscher recalls in his preface to “The Prophet Outcast,” he was “deeply involved in nearly all the controversies described in this volume.” And he draws on his own experience in “relating the climate of ideas and describing the parties, groups and individuals involved in the inner Communist struggles of the nineteen-thirties.” As he makes exotic old quarrels take on life and meaning, the advantages to the reader are evident. He uses his own biography with discretion; his recollections illuminate but do not substitute for intelligent, painstaking research.

Yet a reader who is not a Marxist or a revolutionary (by temperament, at least) must read Deutscher against the grain. Neither tolerance nor skepticism, nor the good nature so valued in America—so many memoirs of our best-known radical, Debs, emphasize Debs’ kindness—is among Deutscher’s virtues, as they were not among Trotsky’s. Author and subject share a discomfiting for-us-or-against-us view of mankind. Trotsky opposed practically everything the American middle class cares about, and Deutscher is not in the least interested in our sensibilities. Readers who were rooting for the Allies in 1917 (or who grew up hating Erich von Stroheim at movie matinées) cannot share Deutscher’s thrill when Trotsky helps take Russia out of the First World War. Deutscher assumes that his readers are fairly sympathetic to the acts and aims of the October Revolution, and forgets to remind those of us who are not that the (to us) dreadful things Trotsky was doing most of the time were directed toward realizing a vision—the prospect that Trotsky held out for humanity under Socialism:

> Man will grow incomparably stronger, wiser, subtler; his body will become more harmonious; his movements more rhythmical; his voice more musical. The forms of his existence will acquire a dynamic theatrical quality. The average man will rise to the stature of Aristotle, Goethe, Marx. And above these heights new peaks will rise.

That goal, though implausible, is not ignoble.

Deutscher writes to give Trotsky his



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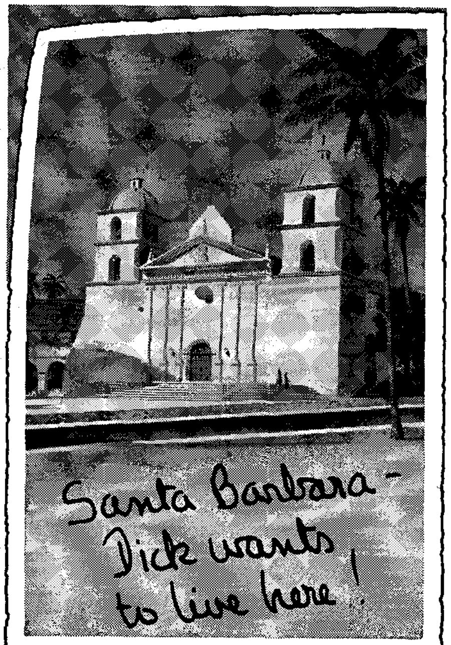

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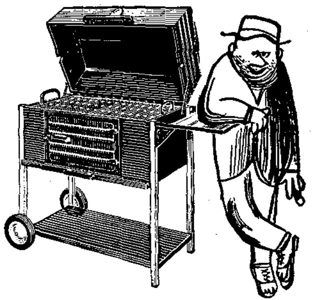
due and to clarify his place in history—necessary tasks, since Stalin, in the nineteen-thirties, used him as a caricature demon, and "de-Stalinization," to Deutscher's regret, has not gone so far as to restore truth to Soviet textbooks. To the rest of the world, Trotsky is just the loser. But Deutscher does not write as a simple-minded follower of Trotsky. Deutscher did not think Trotsky was always right; he records in "The Prophet Outcast," for instance, that he argued against Trotsky's decision to found a Fourth International to supplant Stalin's Comintern. While he does believe that Trotsky was "one of the most outstanding revolutionary leaders of all time, outstanding as a fighter, thinker, and martyr," he also believes that Trotsky had faults to match his gifts.

The gifts were dazzling. Trotsky was always the brightest boy in the class, good at numbers, good at languages. His zeal to grasp new ideas and new kinds of knowledge lasted all his life. He was an early appreciator of Freud's work. During his eighteen harassed months of illness and exile in Norway in 1936, he wrote a book, was put under an annoying form of house arrest, and still managed to pick up a working knowledge of Norwegian. In Mexico, where he next took refuge, he improved his understanding of Surrealism and he collected cacti. He knew how to express himself, and he could use language to move others. In the revolutions of 1905 and 1917, he was what Communists call a superb agitator—in our usage, a great demagogue. Still, it is a talent. And Trotsky was brave. In his teens, he left school to organize a union in a port town near Odessa and was deported to Siberia. He escaped and, though a wanted man, returned to Russia at the outbreak of the revolution of 1905. It failed. He was deported again—this time supposedly for life—and escaped again. He came back to St. Petersburg in May of 1917. The Bolsheviks (along with practically everybody else) were planning to overthrow the Provisional Government, and the beleaguered government was looking for a way to liquidate the Bolsheviks. Lenin thought it prudent to retire to Finland. Trotsky stayed in trigger-happy St. Petersburg, part of the time in jail, preparing the October insurrection. (Deutscher never says that any of these were acts of courage; to him, bravery is part of the field equipment of any revolutionary, and he is more impressed by Trotsky's courage in exile, when he held to his ideas and tried to rally a movement despite his



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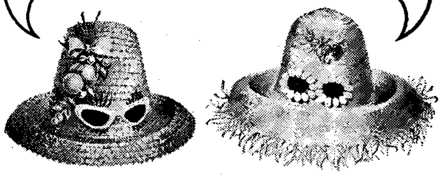

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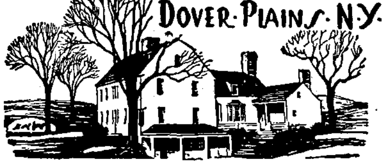

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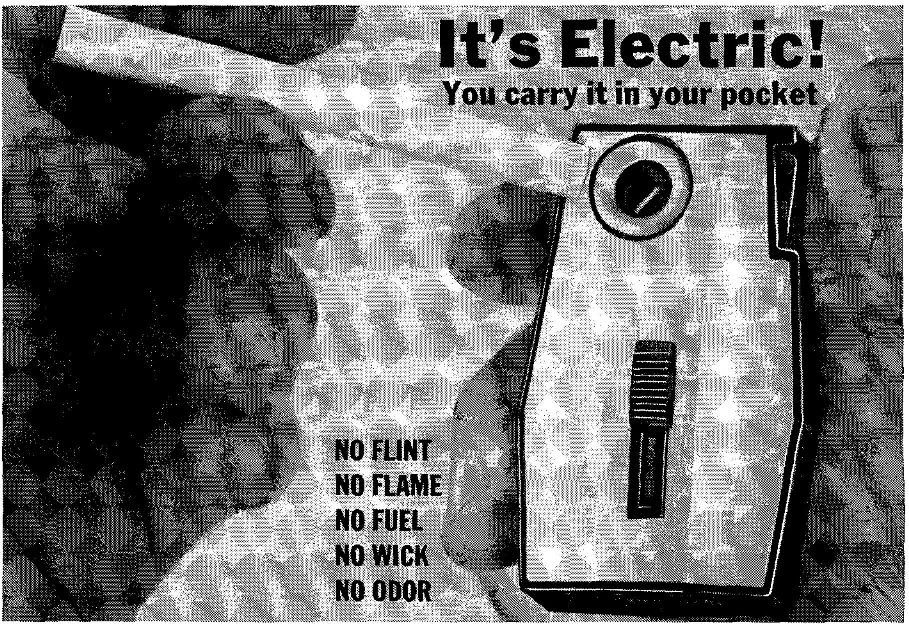
illness, poverty, and isolation.) Trotsky was a hard worker—all three of Deutscher's volumes are jammed with quotations from eyewitnesses astounded by his diligence—and he was effective in action as well as in speech. He lacked Lenin's and Stalin's day-in-day-out organizing experience. (He had broken with Lenin in 1903, when the Russian Social Democratic Party split into Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, but he had never taken an active part in the Menshevik party machinery. He did not become a Bolshevik until 1917.) He was not in any sense an organization man, yet by energy and will, rather than executive skill, he put together the Red Army out of Czarist officers, Bolshevik workers, and demoralized peasants, and led them to victory in the Russian Civil War. He won the confidence of Lenin, whom the Bolsheviks revered. And he had no wine-women-and-song weaknesses, no Hermann Göring showy-uniform tendencies.

Trotsky had instead, as Deutscher shows us, a great fault—a vast arrogance. His attitude toward others was not merely lack of empathy but lack of interest, unless they immediately showed themselves to be as bright and revolutionary as he was, and in the same ways. He was not a good follower or, Deutscher says, "a real leader of men." He was "imperious and wrapped up in himself" and tactless: "Not only did he not suffer fools gladly—he always made them feel that they were fools." And in contrast to Lenin, who had the ability to persuade other men—if he thought they could be useful to Bolshevism—of their own brilliance, Trotsky, Deutscher says, "could rarely withstand the temptation to remind others of their errors and to insist on his superiority and foresight."

When Trotsky was very young, one of his acquaintances said that he was dominated by his ego, and that his ego was dominated by the revolution. Deutscher in general accepts this summary. "The Prophet Unarmed" suggests that Russia's revolutionary failure in the nineteen-twenties owed something to Trotsky's ego. In Deutscher's first volume he reprimands Trotsky for ignoring Stalin.

> Reserved, inarticulate, at times vulgar, [Stalin] did not catch Trotsky's eye, because Trotsky was inclined to look in other people for the qualities which distinguished himself. . . . [Trotsky] continued to treat his future rival with an unintentional yet all the more hurtful haughtiness, even after Stalin had become his colleague in the smallest group which managed the party's and the government's



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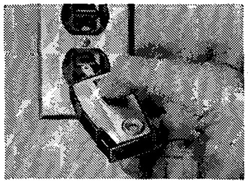
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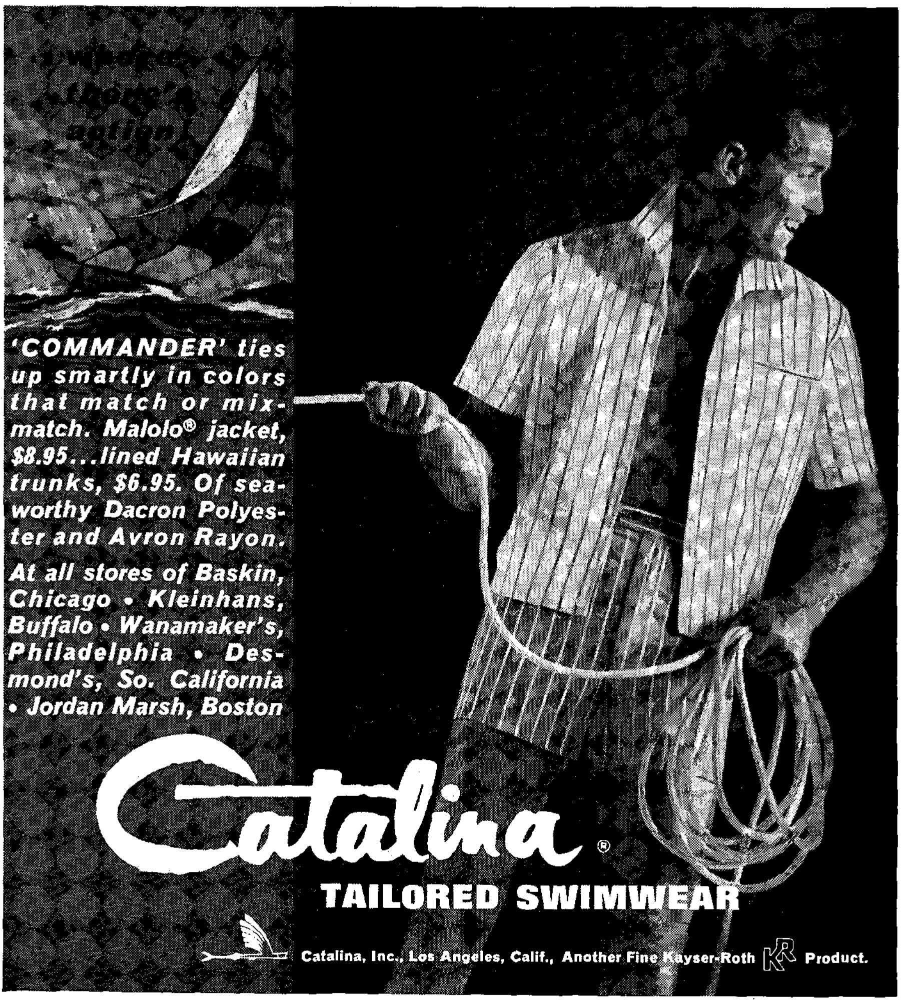
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affairs. It is hardly surprising that Stalin's pride was stung.

By the early nineteen-twenties, Stalin was not only stung but frightened; he mistakenly thought that Trotsky was plotting against him. Stalin had botched several assignments, and Lenin wanted to get rid of him, but Lenin suffered a stroke in 1922 and was in semi-retirement until he died, in 1924. Trotsky's offensive manner honestly reflected his contempt for Stalin, nothing more. Unfortunately, Trotsky had been unable to develop close ties with other leading members of the Bolshevik Old Guard, whose importance grew after Lenin's illness; they allied themselves with Stalin merely because they disliked or envied Trotsky. Stalin's moves against Trotsky usually had ideological or practical pretexts, and Deutscher is very good at translating the Bolshevik verbiage; he functions like a critic explaining metaphors in difficult poetry. Stalin's tactics—an alliance with a second faction to finish off a third, followed by an attack on his ally—were, and are, commonplace. He pulled the trick more than once; he allied with the "left" to isolate Trotsky, then allied with the "right" to break the "left." His success demonstrates not so much his shrewdness as the confusion and malice of the Bolshevik Old Guard. One can scarcely blame the fratricidal struggles of the nineteen-twenties on Trotsky's ego, big as it was, but the point stands out in Deutscher's narrative: the Prophet—and conceivably his country—might have had a happier fate if he had ever learned to ask after the wife and kiddies.

Trotsky, in sum, was a revolutionary—a stirrer-up, an overturner—not a politician, a settler-down, an arranger. But because he was a revolutionary, he could not fade away when he thought that the revolution was threatened by counter-revolution or bureaucratic mismanagement or Stalin's brutality. That meant, in Russia in the twenties, that he had to try politics, and under what were, for his fast mind and quick temper, extremely unpropitious circumstances. Deutscher is excellent at explaining the circumstances, as he is at supplying historical background. He has assumed that the biographer's task requires much more than accounts of his subject's comings and goings, so he will tell you about the condition of Russian railroads when Trotsky was War Commissar, or describe the struggles and misfortunes of the Chinese Communist Party when its policy became an issue between Stalin and Trots-

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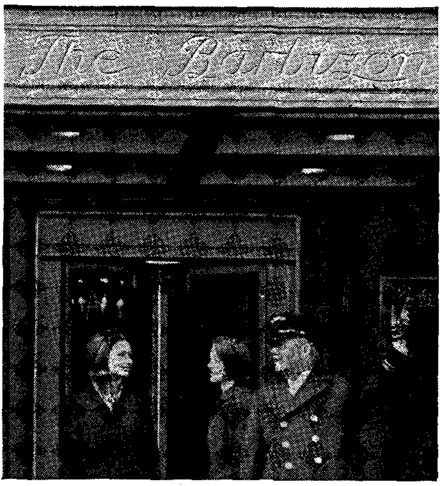

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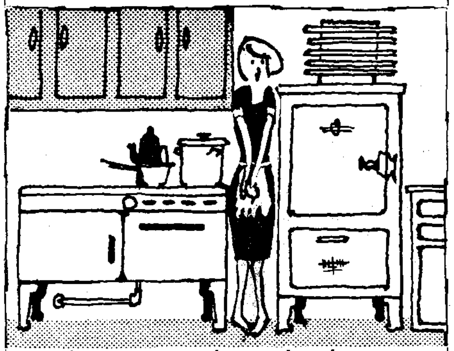

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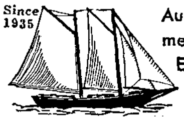

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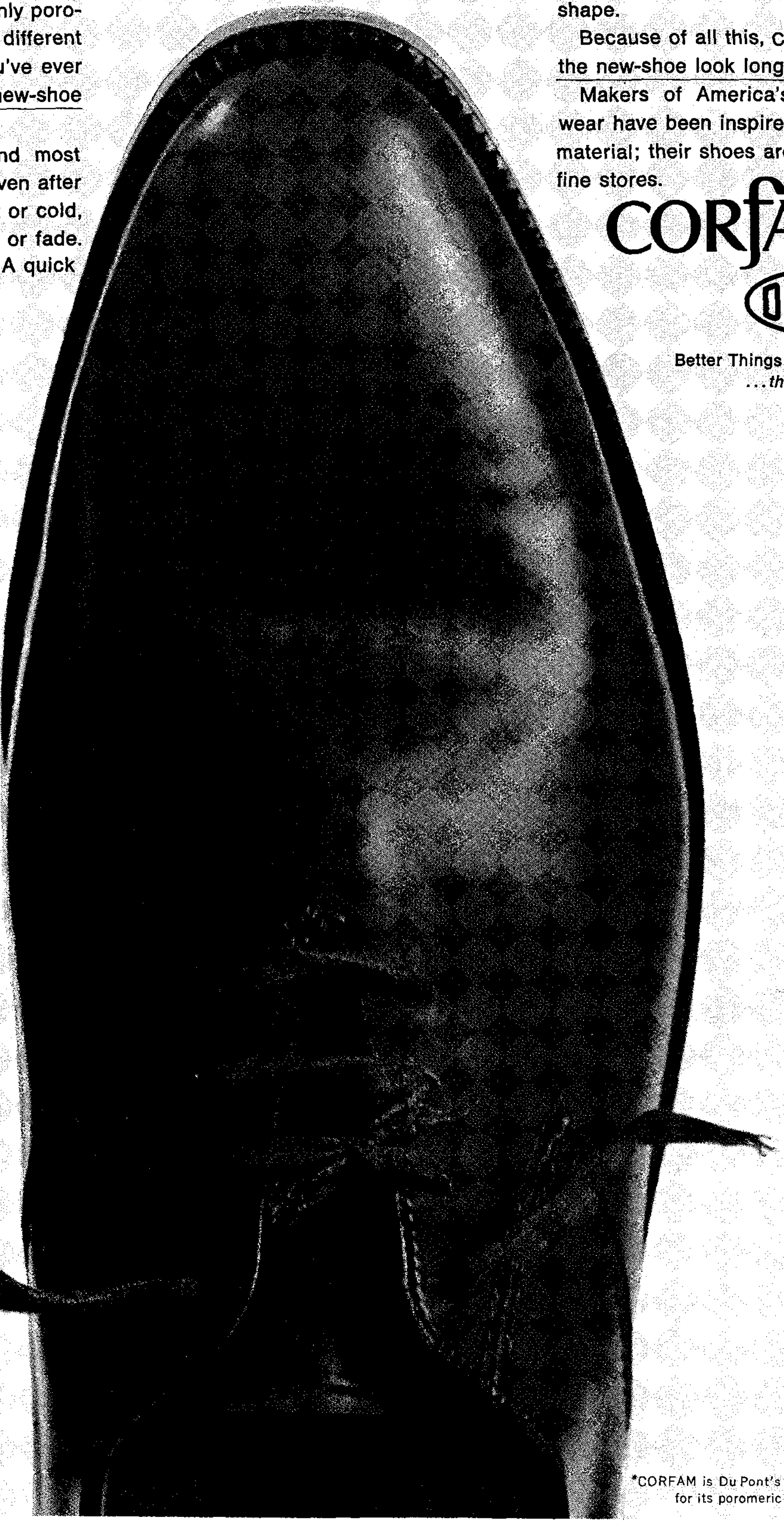

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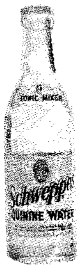

ky. His placing of this information where the reader needs it is one of his most impressive achievements. He is also concerned, as a Marxist as well as a biographer, with trying to discover mistakes the Bolsheviks made—the ones that Trotsky saw and the ones that he didn't. One mistake was the destruction of political liberty in Russia. The matter has begun to worry Deutscher by the end of "The Prophet Armed," and it is very much part of "The Prophet Unarmed;" the restoration of some freedom to Russia or to its Communist Party is an important aspect of Trotsky's program in "The Prophet Outcast."

The Bolsheviks destroyed liberty haphazardly. During the Civil War, they suppressed political activity they thought might help the White armies. When peace came, they found that they had lost whatever popular mandate they had had; they were usurpers. They had no constitutional machinery for stepping down from power, and they were quite unprepared for their situation:

> The question of what Socialists in office should do if they lost the confidence of the workers had hardly ever been pondered. It had never occurred to Marxists to reflect whether it was possible or admissible to try to establish Socialism regardless of the will of the working class.

The Bolsheviks met this novel philosophical predicament by suppressing all other political parties, and thereby "wrought so radical a change in their political environment that they themselves could not remain unaffected." Their party was stultified by the need to suppress dissent and look unified. In 1921, the Party Congress banned "factions" within the Party, and the next year it showed that it was a self-perpetuating oligarchy by expelling a third of its members on assorted grounds of unworthiness. The Party could turn itself into a machine mainly because Bolshevik doctrine was politically naïve; it did not sufficiently inculcate distrust of the Party and its satellite state. Trotsky shared this naïveté. At the end of the Civil War, he believed that workers did not need unions to protect them against their own state. He apparently had misgivings about political repression, but he helped Lenin enforce it. And until the summer of 1926, Trotsky, who was called "domineering" and "imperative" by other Bolsheviks, accepted a considerable diminution of his own liberty—and, by the bye, steadily lost power—for the sake of Bolshevik unity. He was completely

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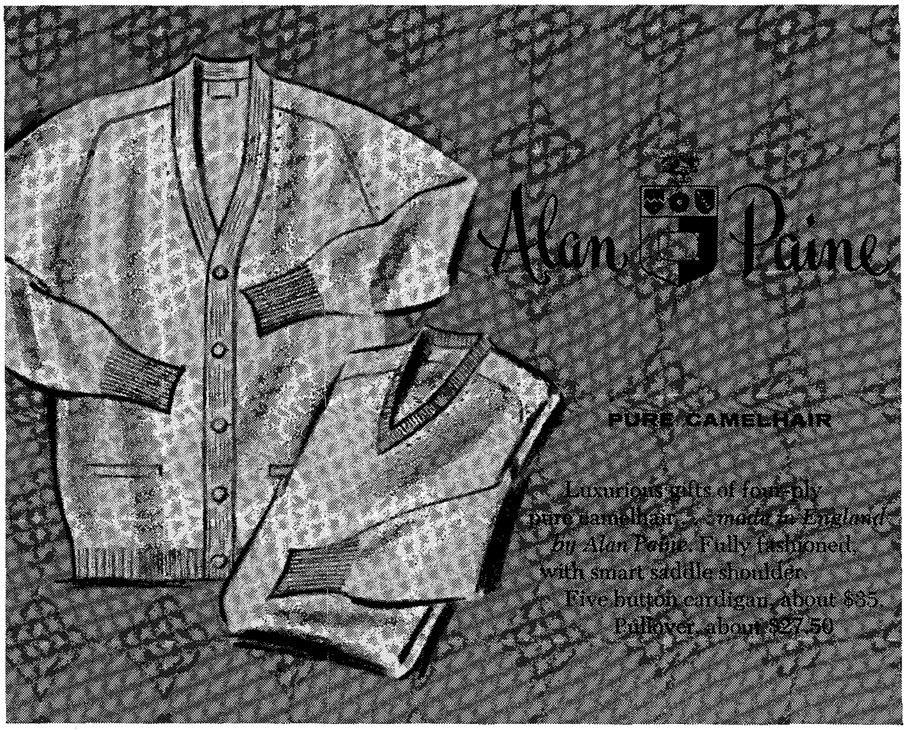

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in earnest when, in 1924, he made the absurd statement

> None of us wishes to be or can be right against the party. In the last instance, the party is always right, because it is the *only historic instrument which the working* class possesses for the solution of its fundamental tasks. . . . One can be right *only with the party and through the party* because history has not created any other way for the realization of one's rightness.

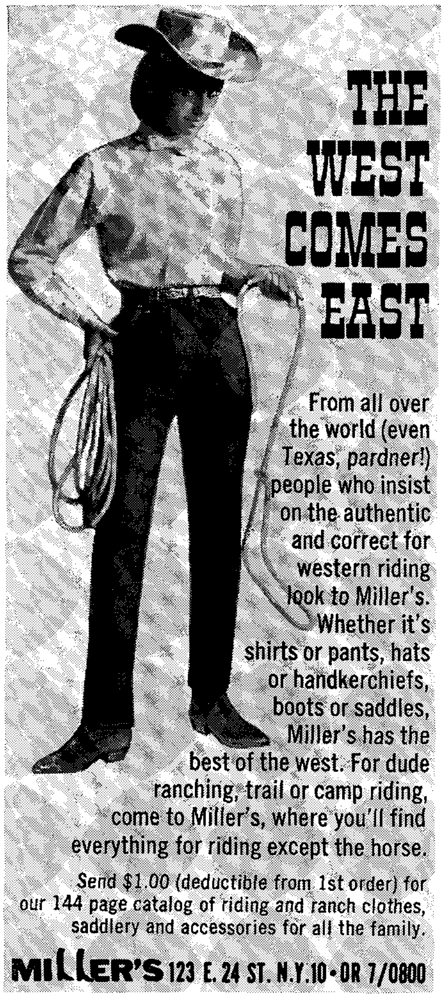
This quotation, from "The Prophet Unarmed," is quite a long way from Trotsky's attack on Lenin in 1904 over the matter of Party discipline:

> Lenin's methods lead to this: the party organization at first substitutes itself for the party as a whole; then the Central Committee substitutes itself for the organization; and finally a single "dictator" substitutes himself for the Central Committee. . . . Perish that discipline which suppresses the vital interests of the movement.

By the time Trotsky saw that the vital interests of the movement—as he conceived them—were being suppressed by Stalin's leadership, the discipline he had helped enforce was severely limiting his freedom to act, and Deutscher reprovingly remarks that Trotsky's adversaries "struck him down with his own weapons."

Trotsky faced another difficulty as a Soviet politician in the twenties: he had lost his audience. When he was ready to fight for control of the Party, the men who were running the Party, the state, and the country could not understand him. They were not the studious revolutionaries with whom he had debated successfully in the past, or the St. Petersburg workers he had guided to revolution; they were self-satisfied upstarts. Deutscher doesn't suggest that the Bolshevik cadres were full of ignorant Philistines only because Stalin had packed the Party. Along with the old ruling class, the revolution had dispersed what you might call the old reading class. Trotsky could not write a book about literature without irritating the sensibilities of half-lettered Bolsheviks whose aesthetic tastes were like Stalin's. And when Trotsky cited Clemenceau, "few, very few Bolsheviks had any idea what it was that the French 'Tiger' had done."

Trotsky regained his freedom of speech and an audience after Stalin bundled him out of Russia, in February of 1929. He used his unwelcome liberty in tireless historical, journalistic, and polemical writing, as well as in an attempt to take the world Communist organization away from Stalin, and, when that failed, to found a new movement embodying his vision of the revo-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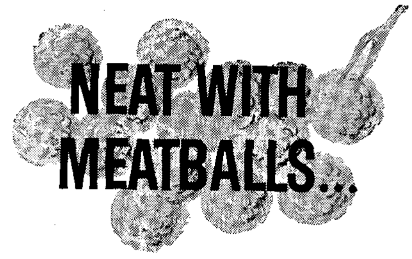
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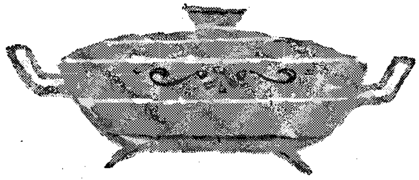

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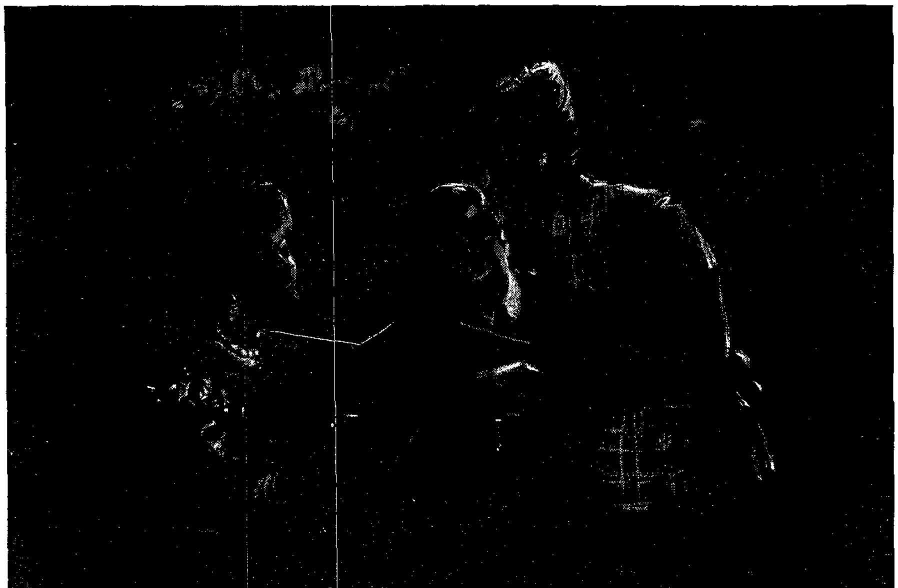
lution. The last volume, which relates these imposing efforts, was all that Deutscher had at first intended to write. Then "I began to doubt whether Trotsky in Exile could be made at all comprehensible if the earlier part of the story was not told," so he dug in and told it. We owe Deutscher great thanks for taking on this burden.

For me, "The Prophet Outcast" is the least rewarding of the three volumes. Trotsky's terrible sorrows, frustrations, and disappointments—the deaths of his children (all four were killed by Stalin, directly or indirectly); the murders of his former comrades-in-revolution; his own enforced wanderings from Turkey to France to Norway to Mexico; his ability to see the consequences of some of Stalin's mistakes (Trotsky was horrified because Stalin would not let the German Communists unite with the Social Democrats to keep Hitler out of power) and his inability to affect events; the ineffectuality of his Fourth International—may have made his personality more heroic, but, perhaps because of that, made it more rebarbative. He would not let himself be weak, and less than ever would he tolerate the limitations of others; he could not stop harassing his devoted, overworked son Lyova. Trotsky's will to be rational led him to formulate rules to live by in danger. One of them was not to suspect any recruit to the Trotskyist movement of being an agent of Stalin without the equivalent of judicial proof, even when Stalin was sending assassins throughout the world. Trotsky overlooked warnings about Lyova's closest friend, who was an agent of Stalin and who was an accomplice in Lyova's mysterious death. Trotsky distrusted the man whom Stalin sent to murder him, yet he went into a room with his killer and closed the door. I suppose that if you can like King Lear, you can like Trotsky in "The Prophet Outcast." (The resemblance, by the way, occurred to Trotsky.)

Never mind liking, then. The third volume treats Trotsky's ideas and Deutscher's interpretations of and addenda to them most amply. Is there anything in them that we—I mean Americans coping with or trying to understand our own society—can use? Not much. The Marxism that emanates from Russia and China today is largely a body of theory about the development of unindustrialized countries which has not worked out well. Deutscher places Trotsky in another tradition—"classical Marxism." Deutscher speaks skeptically of "the extent to which it may



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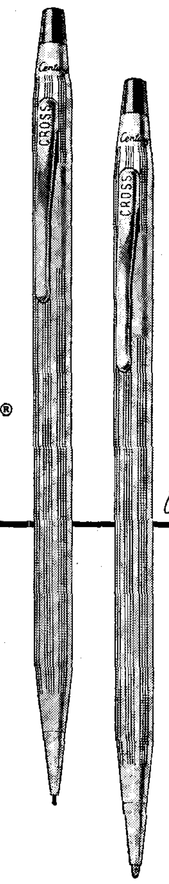

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be permissible to characterize the Communist movement under Stalin and Khrushchev as Marxist," yet he agrees with them that collective, as opposed to private, farming is "progressive"—so did Trotsky—and he goes further than Trotsky did in accepting the atrocities by which Stalin collectivized Russian agriculture. At times, in fact, Deutscher appears to be saying that there are such things as "progressive" massacres.

Trotsky leaves the problem of political liberty muddled. His "proletarian democracy" sounds like freedom for Party members to agree with Party policies in their own words instead of in Stalin's. A state carrying on vast schemes that injure its citizens cannot allow much debate even to Party members. The choice is very much either-or—either collectivization, say, or inner-Party democracy. And it seems to me that the arguments in favor of collectivization display a formidable misunderstanding of the processes by which economic development occurs, so the Deutscher-Trotsky-Stalin discussions seem awfully academic. So does Trotsky's concern with deciding whether, by the second half of the thirties, the Soviet Union could any longer be considered a workers' state. He knew that the Russian workers were at least as badly off as the Manchester workers whose condition had so appalled Engels, but he decided that it could be, because industry was nationalized, and Deutscher sees Trotsky's adherence to that Marxist touchstone, nationalization (even when the incidental beneficiaries of his support were killers and scoundrels), as levelheaded classical Marxism. It looks to me like Trotsky's unwillingness to let go of his past, of his revolution. None of Trotsky's aims—material abundance, internationalism, intellectual or artistic sophistication, "proletarian democracy"—has so far been achieved within the Communist bloc. The classical-Marxist revolution, which is supposed to occur in a fully industrialized state, has not yet appeared. It is no wonder that Deutscher, in discussing the years since Trotsky's death, says, "There was no room for classical Marxism in this cycle of revolution."

Deutscher himself hopes for what he calls a "revolution from above"—liberalization undertaken by the Soviet bureaucracy, which will make room for some of Trotsky's better values. I don't know where in Marxism the concept of revolution from above belongs. One can't help noticing that

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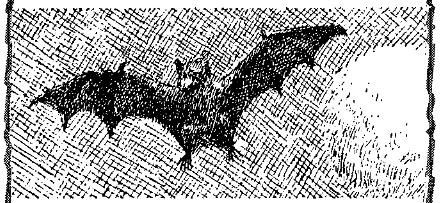

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though a state can enforce conscription, it has a harder time evoking creativity, spontaneity, or imagination. Then, too, whenever any Communist state has attempted a "thaw" or a "hundred-flowers campaign," it has been faced with something very like a revolution from below.

Even though Deutscher's third volume suggests to me that Marxism—classical or pop—is about as relevant as Confucianism, my high estimate of his work is not affected. I don't think it matters that his work is intended as a political biography, because I think it is a great literary one. Trotsky is not a social-science teacher; he is not for instruction but for awe; he is tragedy. He was not good but grand, not likable but large. He was not, as Stalin once noticed, a man for quiet times, or, as Deutscher points out, a man who could ever appear ordinary life-size; he suffered, as he had triumphed, monumentally. His life and his tragedy were on so huge a scale that they deserve to be taken out of history and awarded the permanence of literature. Deutscher has done this. He has magnificently given us the tragedy of a rebellious spirit who destroyed the liberty he needed for his own survival, the tragedy of a man who saw his own dream realized as another's nightmare, and the tragedy of a first-rate mind wedded to a second-rate philosophy.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

One Day in the Afternoon of the World, by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace & World). Everyone who reads this book will know immediately that what William Saroyan was meant to do was to live to be fifty-five years old so that he could write about New York City. When he writes about this city, he is himself. The story revolves around a Hollywood writer, Yep Muscat, who is paying a visit to New York, and the action is a saddened merry-go-round of Yep's old friends, his creditors, his divorced wife, his half-estranged, affectionate children, and the strangers he sees and would like to know. The year of the story is 1955.

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The Making of the English Working Class, by E. P. Thompson (Pantheon). This big history has some flaws, but it is an impres-

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sive work of imagination as well as of documentation. The author, an English historian, describes the industrial revolution's effect on working people during the years 1780-1832. He argues that the English workers, though they were impoverished and degraded, nonetheless developed class consciousness, organizational ability, and a self-confident sense of their just place in society. On his own evidence, however, this was true of only a few—those of whom we have any record. Mr. Thompson quarrels—perhaps too hard—with recent writers who, sometimes to the point of fatuity, have been looking for silver linings in the mills; they actually were, as Blake wrote, dark and Satanic. For the most part, though, the author concentrates, with marvellous results, on getting the feel of this period of turmoil, recording both the riots over the price of bread and the clashes over constitutional ideals. Fifteen dollars.

MUSSOLINI: A STUDY IN POWER, by Ivone Kirkpatrick (Hawthorn). A big, basic biography—the definitive work so far. Sir Ivone, who, as a British diplomat, had first-hand encounters with his subject and with many of the other figures in the book (and who died last week), discusses Mussolini's fatal mixture of unstable purpose and ruthless means at considerable length. His picture of a man who often knew better than he did, who repeatedly sacrificed a solid, long-run advantage for a short-term one-upness, is brilliantly lifelike. The author's literary voice is just right for the job—sober and discerning, not moralizing—and however instructive the book may be about, say, Italian politics or economics, it is also a thoroughly fascinating narrative.

BONES, BODIES, AND DISEASE, by Calvin Wells (Praeger). An illustrated introduction to the seldom celebrated science of paleopathology—the study of the ills of ancient man (congenital abnormalities, injuries, infections, degenerative conditions, deficiency diseases) as deduced from the examination of naturalistic art, old bones, and mummified or otherwise preserved bodies. Dr. Wells is a physician, an anthropologist, and an excellent writer. He also has the temper of a reliable guide: "In paleopathology, as in other sciences, imaginative insight is laudable enough, [but] it must stop well short of delirium." This, however, does not prevent him from enlivening his survey with an

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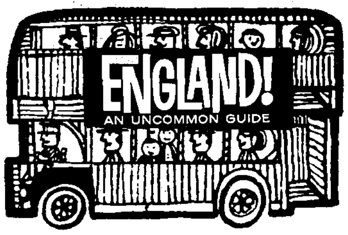

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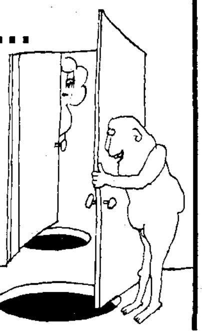

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abundance of extremely interesting stories—the reconstruction of a fatal mastoiditis in a Rhodesian man, the almost certain confirmation of leprosy in Robert the Bruce, the gruesome inference to be drawn from the mummified remains of a pregnant teen-age Egyptian girl with two broken arms and a fractured skull. Eighty-eight photographs and forty-one drawings that are precisely illustrative.

THE HAIRCURL PAPERS, by William K. Zinsser (Harper & Row). The subject under discussion in most of the twenty occasional pieces collected here is conformity. "We need dissenters, mavericks and wits again to jolt us out of our sheepish condition," Mr. Zinsser says in a prefatory note, and some of the aspects of our culture from which he wittily (and occasionally even hilariously) dissents are encoded bank checks, hair curlers, smiling models, docile audiences, ubiquitous canned music, and the "study in depth of a movie 'personality' who has no depth—or personality."

MY PEOPLE IS THE ENEMY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POLEMIC, by William Stringfellow (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Stringfellow is a passionate Episcopalian layman and a graduate of the Harvard Law School who recently spent several years living and working on East 100th Street in association with the East Harlem Protestant Parish, and this seething book is an account of what he learned—as a white man, as a Christian, and as a lawyer—about the realities of ghetto life: "the slum landlord [who is quite often an insurance company or a university or a church], the scab employer, the insolent municipal bureaucrat, the shyster merchant, the loan shark, the bribable building inspector, the corruptible cop, the paternalistic politician, and the whole array of parasites whose own power or profit or status or livelihood depends upon the continuance of poverty." He also tells us what he thinks about what he calls the Negro revolution: "The estrangement between the races in the North is virtually complete." And he sees no hope for reconciliation until the white community faces "the fact that the real decisions determining how the racial crisis will be resolved are for the Negroes to make."

THIS VIEW OF LIFE, by George Gaylord Simpson (Harcourt, Brace & World). Darwin's "The Origin of

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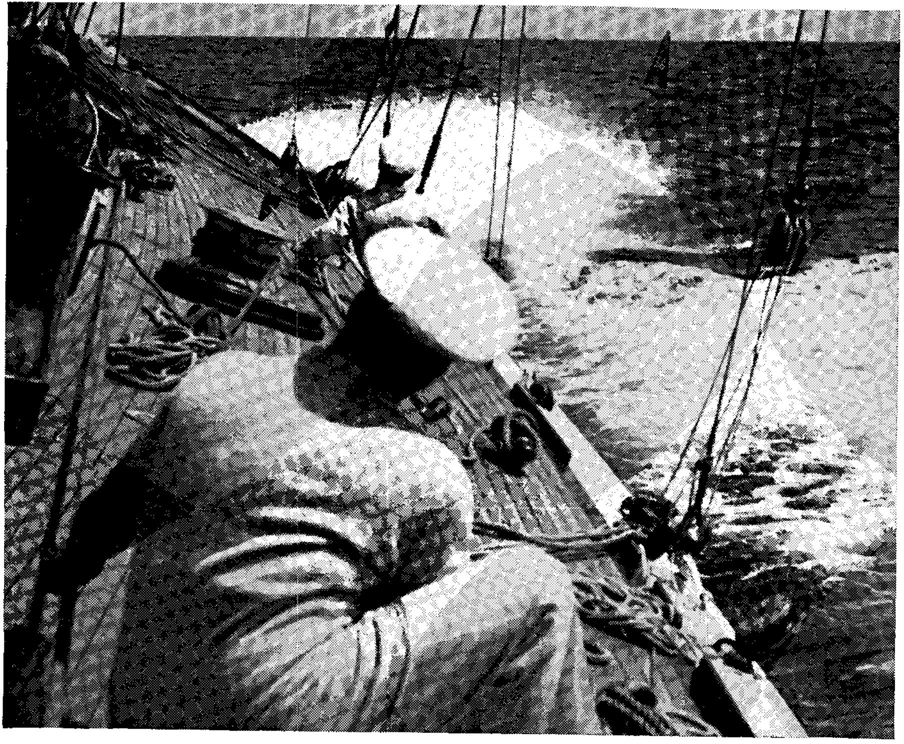

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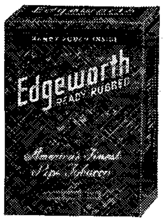

Antisesqui-pedalianism

Current fashion seems to require literary critics to sprinkle their pronouncements with such words as *cognitive, autochthonous,* and *luminous.*

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Species" is a little over a hundred years old, and ever since it was written, the theory of evolution has attracted universal attention. Professor Simpson, a paleontologist at Harvard, has spent a lifetime studying its implications for both science and philosophy, and his present book, which is a collection of delightfully written connected essays, ranges over the whole field. There are chapters about the effects of evolutionary theory on religious thought and about the effects of religious bigotry on the teaching of evolution. (Professor Simpson contends that most schoolchildren are still prevented from receiving an unbiassed introduction to the theory, if not by school boards that maintain it to be either pure speculation or disturbing heresy, then by teachers who do not understand enough of its scientific bases to give a reasonable explanation of it.) There are chapters about the historical precursors of the theory, about the distortions of it introduced by Soviet biology, and about the contributions of modern genetics to the understanding of how heredity works on the molecular level. Altogether, a rich survey of evolutionary biology that contains much of interest to both scientists and humanists.

WAITING FOR THE END, by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein & Day). Mr. Fiedler continues, as he did in his recent, more ambitious critical work "An End to Innocence," to use literature as a diagnostic instrument for determining what is amiss with our culture and our collective psyche. Though productive of some sharp lines and funny ideas, his method is not convincing; it is too facile and too fast, and too many judgments are bounced off the work of novelists and poets who deserve a more attentive and precise scrutiny. Besides, we have more objective self-diagnostic tests than fiction and poetry—census reports, police records, sociological surveys, naturalization records, cost-of-living indexes, and so on; Mr. Fiedler's habit of using works of art to do the chores of sociology is no more fitting or efficient than putting Northern Dancer to the plow.

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In 24 hour period ended at 5:30 A.M. today, the maximum was 83, the minimum 56.

Forecast: Considerable

—*Sacramento Bee.*

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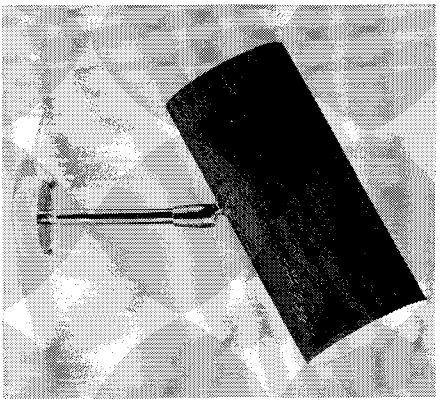

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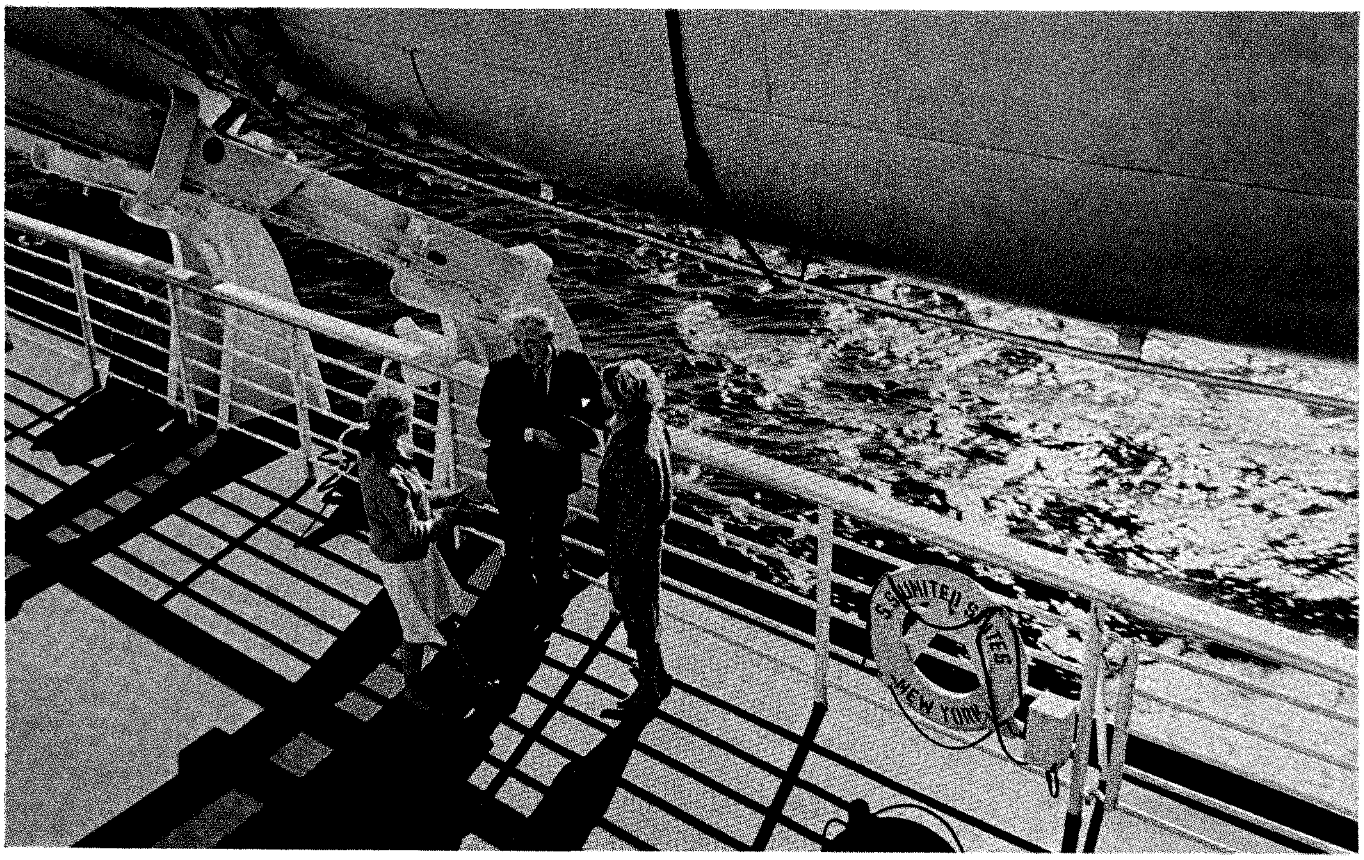

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